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CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

THE

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

AND THE

REGION AROUND.

THEIR SCENERY, LEGENDS, AND HISTORY;

WITH SKETCHES IN PROSE AND VERSE, BY

COOPER, IRVING, BRYANT, COLE, AND OTHERS.

BY

REV. CHARLES ROCKWELL,

DUTCH DOMINIE OF THE CATSKILLS,

AND AUTHOR OF "FOREIGN TRAVEL AND LIFE AT SEA."

"This prospect vast,—what is it?
Viewed aright, 'tis Nature's system of Divinity,
'Tis elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand;
Scripture authentic,—uncorrupt by Man."

—*Akenside.*

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DEDICATION.

To the General Reader who may wish through other eyes than his own to look on the beauty and magnificence of nature; to the inhabitants of the counties of Greene, Ulster, and Schoharie, fond of the history and traditions of their fathers; to the multitudes who have visited the mountains, and love to read and think of them, and to the thousands who each year visit them, with those who may do so in time to come, this work is respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

EARLY in the year 1860, the writer, or more properly, perhaps, the compiler of this work, was led, by professional duty, and the healthful climate of the mountains, to make his home in a place of peculiar and romantic beauty, on one of the lower cliffs of the Catskill range, directly in front of the high projection on which the Mountain House stands.

Parochial visits, funerals, weddings, and excursions with friends from abroad, led to peculiar familiarity with scenes, objects and events of interest, in and near the mountains, as also with historical and traditionary matter, of permanent value and importance. Events of early Indian and pioneer history were also met with, connected with war, captivity, and patriotic martyrdom, recorded only in early newspapers, manuscripts and pamphlets, rare, difficult to be found, and so worn and torn by long and frequent reading, as to have well-nigh passed away. So, too, there were aged men, who, with their fathers, were pioneers in the mountain wilderness, some of whom were, like Nimrod, mighty hunters, both of men

and beasts of prey; who had fought with and overcome, bears, panthers, Indians, and tories. With these, too, were women, long and late dwellers on earth, some of whom had lived near a century and remembered well the whole of our Revolutionary War, and events earlier than that. What they knew and told ought not surely to pass away and be forgotten.

There were also only small and imperfect guide-books to places and objects of interest in and near the mountains, and a compilation, far from full and complete, of what has been written with regard to them, by authors of high literary and historic fame. In preparing this work, too, the writer has thought, incorrectly it may be, that its historical and traditionary matter, with the glowing record and description of mountain scenery, legends, and history, by some of the most gifted and brilliant writers of our own and other lands, would be of scarcely less interest and value to the general reader than to those who visit the mountains. It is also true of most of those who go there, that they see but a small part of the most interesting scenery, and may hence wish to learn what they can of it from the pages of such a work as this.

As looked upon, also, from a strictly religious and professional point of view, the author has felt that the time, thought, and labor, which for several years have, as occasion required, been bestowed upon this work, were not wholly useless and misplaced. God himself reared the everlasting mountains and perpetual hills, as emblems

most impressive of Almighty power and endless duration; thus ever teaching us lessons of humility and awe, which it is well for us to consider ourselves, and to urge upon others. Mountains, too, have ever been the rich storehouse of heavenly blessings, and the chosen conductors by which the Most High has conveyed to man health and wealth, and has clothed the earth with fertility and beauty. From mountains come the sources of mineral wealth, and they draw from the clouds the moisture which makes glad the earth. As the Psalmist truly says of God, "He sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field. He watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of his works. He causeth grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth." Thus, true indeed is it, that

> The rude mountain, towering to the sky,
> Whose barren cliffs no food for man supply;
> Arrests the moisture of the passing cloud,
> Which veils its summit with a sable shroud;
> Thus pouring forth through chasms stern and wild,
> Mid rocks on rocks in lofty masses piled;
> The mountain torrent rushes fiercely down,
> Where towering cliffs in solemn grandeur frown;
> Then gently flowing through the lowland vale,
> Spreads life and verdure where life else would fail.

Mountains too, as rearing their bare and lofty heads to heaven, and pointing thither; hoary with age, or crowned with glittering whiteness and spotless purity, like those

which cheer and bless the world of life and light on high ; as thus lofty, and thus crowned, they have been the chosen places of the Divine presence and power on earth, and for ever stand as consecrated monuments of the greatness and glory of God, as made known to man in connection with them. The glittering summit of Mount Ararat was the prepared resting-place of man in passing from the old world to the new, and ever reminds us of that great event. Mount Moriah was the altar from which the humble, holy faith of Abraham shone so brightly forth upon the world. On Sinai, God in mighty power descended. On Tabor heavenly visitants came down to cheer our Saviour in view of coming agony and woe ; and from Olivet he ascended in triumph to heaven. Well, too, has the inspired poet said of the Most High : "Who by his strength setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power. In his hands are the deep places of the earth ; the strength of the hills is his also." While the prophet, in still loftier strains, has spoken of the Lord of all, where he says, "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. He stood and measured the earth ; He beheld and drove asunder the nations ; and the everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow. His ways are everlasting."

But aside from health, and wealth, and pleasure, as connected with mountains, and their great moral and religious teachings, which may be known and read by all,

there is also a direct personal, spiritual lesson, which we may well learn from them, and wisely put in practice. Augustine, in his Confessions, says: "Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the sources of rivers, while they neglect themselves." Petrarch, having read this passage on the summit of the Alps, exclaimed: "Admirable reasoning! Admirable thought!" "If," said he, "I have undergone so much labor in climbing this mountain, that my body might be nearer heaven, what ought I not to do in order that my soul may be received into those immortal regions." Thus, too, should we all so read the Book of Nature which God has spread out before us, that to us there may ever be

> "Tongues in trees, sermons in stones,
> Books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

It is further true that the saints of former ages have often found a refuge from the tempest, and a hiding-place from the storm of persecuting cruelty and rage "in mountains and deserts, in dens and caves of the earth." In view of such protection and deliverance too, as from lofty mountain heights they have, in safety, looked down upon their baffled foes, far, far below them, how often have they felt as did the old Waldensians, when from the mountain tops they sang the hallelujah chorus of their noble hymn:

> "For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
> Our God, our fathers' God."

In connection with the name of the author on the title-page of this work, he is styled "Dutch Dominie of the Catskills." Some years since Rev. Dr. Murdock, formerly pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Catskill, wrote an historical romance with the title above, the hero of which was Dominie Schunneman, who had charge of the Dutch churches in Greene County, east of the mountains, and resided in Leeds, where he died late in the last century. As he lived eight miles from the mountains, while the author of this work was pastor of a Dutch church among the mountains, and himself lived there, he has, as a matter of humor or caprice, merely assumed the title in question.

The author's early professional labors were, for years, on board a man-of-war in our navy, and he published on his return from sea two volumes, of more than eight hundred pages in all, entitled "Sketches of Foreign Travel, and Life at Sea; including a Cruise on board a Man-of-War, as also a visit to Spain, Portugal, the south of France, Italy, Sicily, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Continental Greece, Liberia, and Brazil, and a Treatise on the Navy of the United States." It was well received by the public, while the notices of it by the press were much more full and favorable than the author had anticipated. This is the book referred to on the title-page of the present work.

CONTENTS.

Page

CHAPTER I.

Discovery and Early History..... 1

CHAPTER II.

Early History continued—Geography and Geology of the Mountains..... 19

CHAPTER III.

Ulster County... 35

CHAPTER IV.

Incidents of Revolutionary History..... 52

CHAPTER V.

Narratives and Adventures of Revolutionary Prisoners..... 68

CHAPTER VI.

Sufferings and Escapes of Prisoners—Ravages of Tories and Indians.... 86

CHAPTER VII.

The Osterhout Narrative—Schoharie County..... 107

CHAPTER VIII.

Early Hunters and their Adventures..... 123

Page

CHAPTER IX.

Wild Animals..... 139

CHAPTER X.

Legends—Biographical Sketches..... 148

CHAPTER XI.

The Catskill Mountains, by Irving..... 162

CHAPTER XII.

Mountain Scenery—Cooper's "Pioneers"—"Rip Van Winkle" 177

CHAPTER XIII.

Sketches, by Willis Gaylord Clark, N. P. Willis, Park Benjamin, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Ellet, Dr. Murdoch, Bayard Taylor, and Rev. Dr. Cuyler..... 209

CHAPTER XIV.

Thomas Cole, the Artist..... 263

CHAPTER XV.

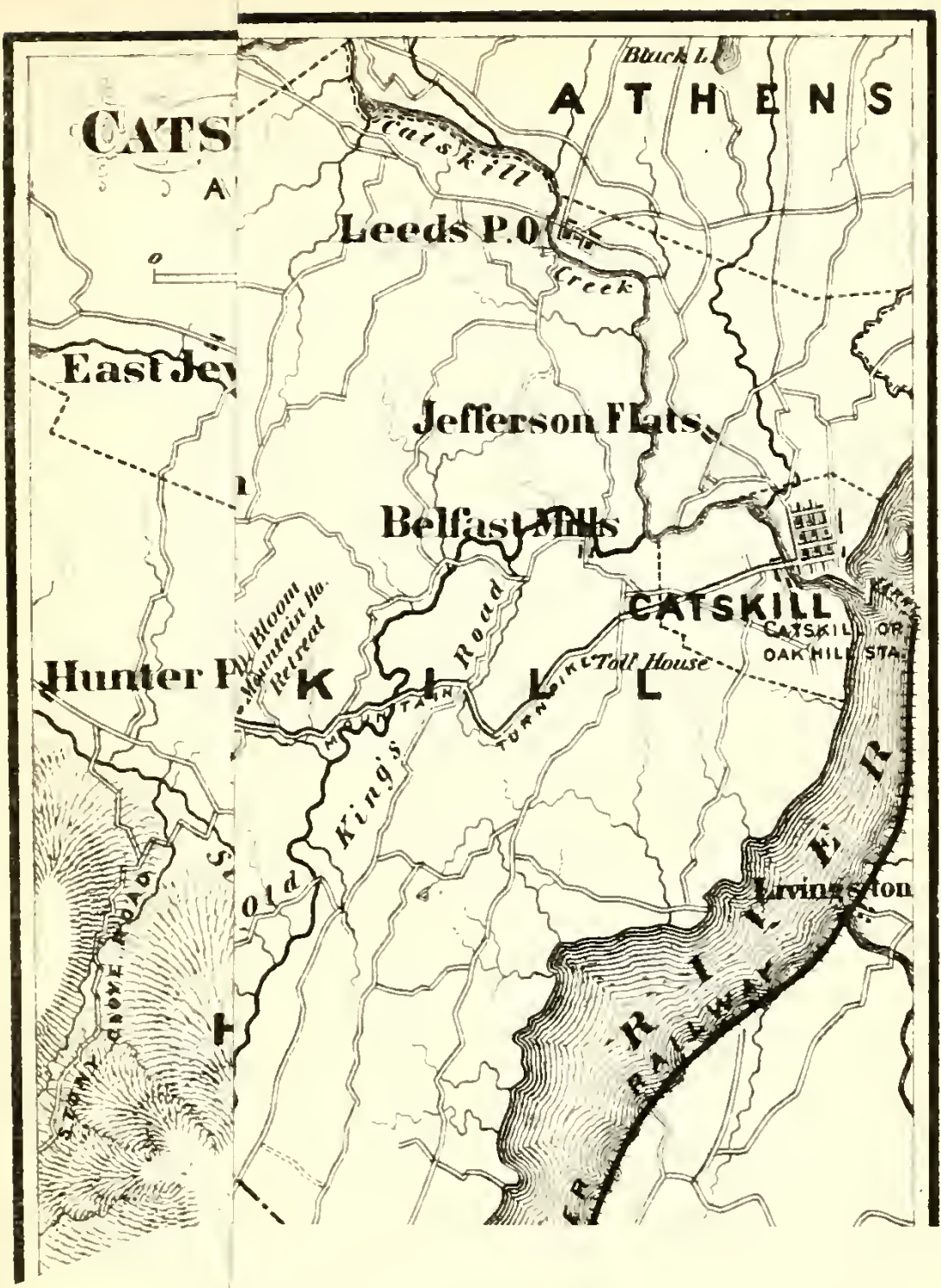
The Cauterskill Falls, by Cole—"The Dutch Dominie of the Catskills".. 288

CHAPTER XVI.

Autumn and Winter Scenery—Summer Resorts..... 315

CHAPTER XVII.

"The Cauterskill Falls," by Bryant—Directions for Visiting the Scenes of the Mountains—Conclusion..... 332


ATHENS
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Road
CATSKILL
CATSKILL OR OAK HILL STA.
Hunter P
Toll House
King's
Old
Irvington
RIVER
RAILWAY

Page

CHAPTER IX.

Wild Animals..... 139

CHAPTER X.

Legends—Biographical Sketches..... 148

CHAPTER XI.

The Catskill Mountains, by Irving..... 162

CHAPTER XII.

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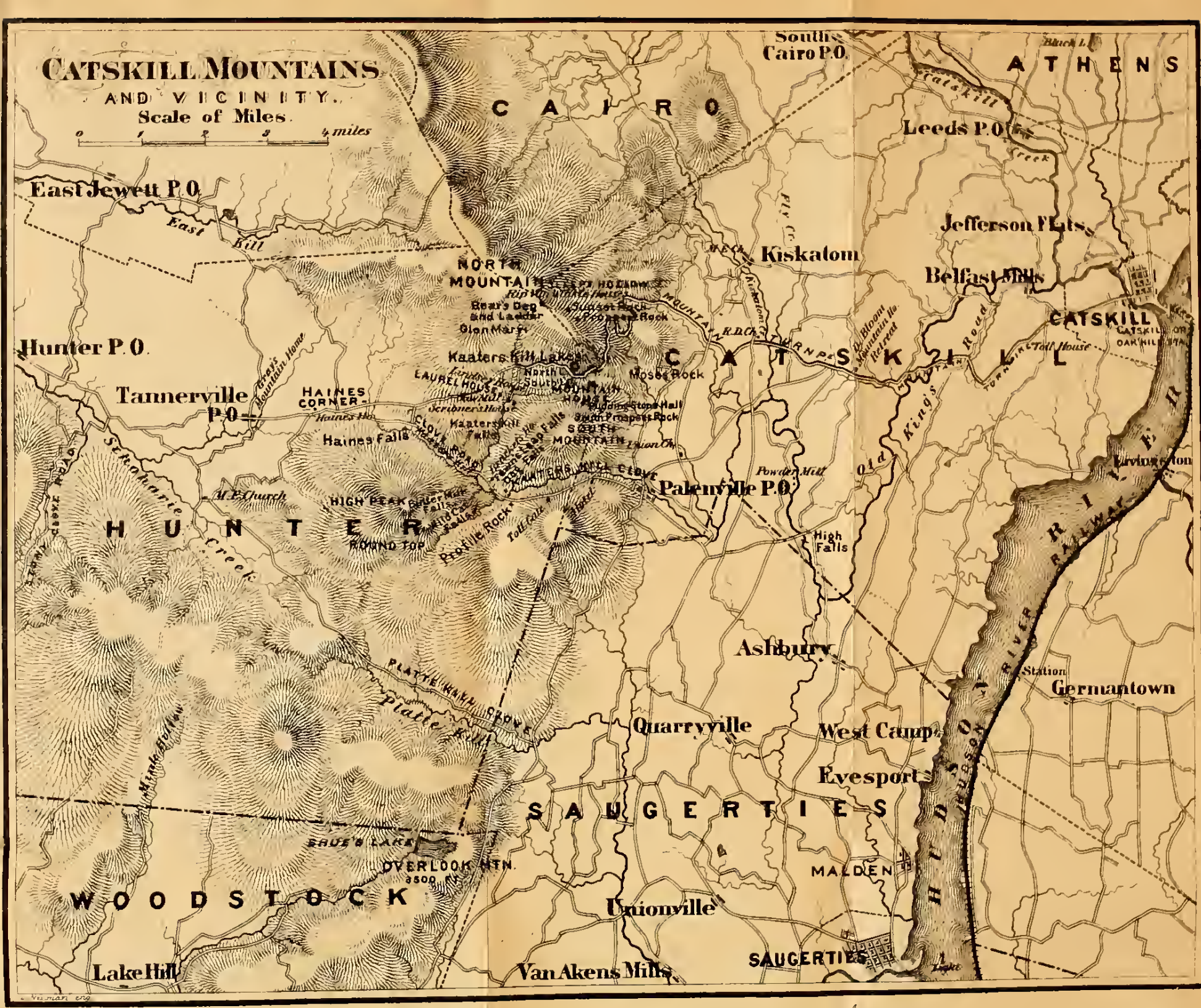
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS
AND VICINITY.
Scale of Miles.
0 1 2 3 4 miles
CAIRO
South Cairo P.O.
ATHENS
Leeds P.O.
East Jewett P.O.
East Kill
Jefferson Hts.
Kiskatom
Belfast Mills
NORTH MOUNTAIN
Bear's Den and Ladder
Glen Marie
Sunset Rock
Prospect Rock
Hunter P.O.
Kaaters Kill Lake
CATSKILL
MOUNTAIN
Moses Rock
Tannerville P.O.
HAINES CORNER
Haines Falls
Scribner's Hotel
Laurel House
Kaaterskill Falls
SOUTH MOUNTAIN
Pudding Stone Hall
South Prospect Rock
Palenville P.O.
Old King's Road
Powder Mill
Irvington
HUNTER
HIGH PEAK
ROUND TOP
Profile Rocks
Toll Gate
High Falls
Ashbury
Station
Germantown
Quarryville
West Camp
Evesport
SAUGERTIES
Plattekill Creek
Mink Hollow
Esopus Creek
Stony Clove Creek
Schutterkill Creek
Beaver Kill
Tannery Brook
Lake Creek
Bear Kill
Platte Kill
Platte Kill Brook
Tremper Kill
Hudson River Railway
Hudson River
Esopus Creek
Black L.
Catskill
Creek
Fly Creek
R.R.Ch.
Kiskatom Mountain
Mt. Bloom Mountain Retreat
Road
Tannery Brook
Tollhouse
Great Mountain Home
Clove Mountain Road
Schutterkill Falls
Lower Falls
Upper Falls
Twin Ch.
Mill Ck.
Sawkill
M.E. Church
Bear's Lake
OVERLOOK MTN.
3500 Ft.
WOODSTOCK
Lake Hill
Union Vale
Van Akens Mills
MALDEN
SAUGERTIES
Light
Engraved by Weiman &Co

THE

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS,

AND

THE REGION AROUND.

CHAPTER I.

Hendrick Hudson.—His vessel.—Newark Bay.—Attack by the Indians.—Man killed.—Colman's Point.—Two Indians seized.—Traffic with Indians.—Yonkers.—West Point.—Escape of the Indians.—Catskill Indians.—Hudson.—Schodac.—Castleton.—Visit to an Indian Chief.—Dog-meat.—Albany.—Trade with Indians.—Return to Catskill and New York.—Voyages of Hudson.—Hudson's Bay and Strait.—Mutiny.—His fate and that of his crew.—Humorous Sketch of Hudson by Irving.—Robert Juet.—Names of the River.—Indians near it.—Fight near Catskill.—Number of Indians there in 1701.—Indians in Schoharie.—Catskill Tories.—Routed by Captain Long.—Murphy and Elerson.—General Morgan.—His Riflemen.—A member of Congress.—Adventures of Murphy and Elerson.—Boyd and Parker.—Their Fate.—Murphy's Escape.—His Courtship and Marriage.—Scouting Party.—Invasion of Johnson and Brant.—Flag of Truce.—Major Woolsey.—Indians killed by Murphy.—He shot General Fraser.—Sawyer's Escape from Indians.—Harper and Brant.—Massacre of Indians.—Fate of Harper and his Party.—David Elerson.

WITH a view to give greater fulness and clearness to this work, by casting the light of early events on those of later times, a brief sketch will here be given of the first discovery of the Hudson River, and the country along its banks, by the brave and enterprising old navigator whose name it bears. From the history of the

cruise of Hendrick Hudson, in his vessel or yacht, the Half Moon, we learn that on September 7, 1609, while one of his boats was returning to his vessel, then lying in Newark Bay, one of his men, an Englishman, named John Colman, was killed, the boat having been attacked by two canoes full of Indians. He was shot in the throat by an arrow; and as he had been a companion of Hudson's in his Polar adventures, having buried him on the beach, he named Sandy Hook "Colman's Point," in honor of him.

September 11.—Several canoes full of Indian warriors having come off to his vessel, he seized two of the Indians as hostages, and, putting red coats on them, carried them with him up the river. Having passed the Narrows, Indians came on board, "making shows of love." The next morning, September 12, twenty-eight canoes, made of hollowed trees, and crowded with men, women, and children, came off to the yacht. They were not permitted to come on board, but their oysters and beans were purchased.

September 13.—The vessel was anchored just above Yonkers.

September 15.—As the morning was misty, they anchored near West Point, by the Mattéawan Mountains, the Indian name for the Highlands. When the Half Moon was getting under way from there, the two Indian captives leaped from the portholes, and, scornfully deriding the crew, swam ashore. Running sixty miles up the river, Hudson arrived, near evening, opposite the "mountains which lie from the river's side," and anchored near Catskill Landing, where he found a "very loving people, and very old men." This latter fact showing the healthful influence of the mountain air.

September 16.—Friendly natives flocked on board, with ears of Indian corn, pumpkins, and tobacco, which

were readily bought for trifles. In the afternoon, they went six miles higher up, and anchored near the marshes in the river, opposite where Hudson now is.

September 18.—They anchored between Schodac and Castleton, eighteen miles above Hudson, where Hudson went ashore in a canoe, with an old Indian, who was the chief of a tribe of forty men and seventeen women. There was a house, well constructed of oak bark, circular in shape, with an arched roof. The Indians had a great quantity of corn and beans. Two mats were spread, and food was brought in red, wooden bowls. Two men were sent to the woods with bows and arrows, for game, who brought back a pair of pigeons. A fat dog was also killed, and skinned in great haste with shells taken from the water. Before Hudson left for his ship, at night, the Indians, thinking that the reason why he would not remain with them until morning was, that he was afraid of their weapons, took their arrows, and, breaking them in pieces before him, threw them into the fire.

September 19.—Hudson sailed two leagues farther up, and anchored near where Albany now is. There the Indians came flocking on board, bringing grapes, pumpkins, and beaver and otter skins, which they exchanged for beads, knives, and hatchets. There they remained several days. While Hudson, on his return, was anchored near where the city of Hudson now is, two canoes, full of Indians, came up from Catskill, and two old men, one of whom gave him "stropes of beads," and showed him all the country thereabouts.

September 27.—He ran down the river eighteen miles, sailing past the wigwams of the "loving people" at Catskill, who were "very sorrowful" for his departure, and anchored near Red Hook, where some of the crew went ashore to fish.

It may be well here briefly to notice the adventures and the tragic end of the brave and enterprising navigator, Henry, or, as it is in Dutch, *Hendrick*, Hudson. He was a native of Great Britain ; but nothing is known of his birth, education, or early history. May 1, 1607, he sailed from Gravesend, England, in search of a northern passage to India, with a small vessel, manned by ten men and a boy ; explored the eastern coast of Greenland, as far north as latitude 80 ; discovered the Island of Spitsbergen, and, being stopped by the ice, returned September 15, of the same year. April 22, 1608, he sought a northwest passage between Spitsbergen and Nova Zembla, failed to find one, and returned in four months. He then went to Holland, entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, and April 6, 1609, sailed in the yacht Half Moon for the northeastern coast of Asia, but driven back by the extreme cold, and turning towards America, reached the coast near Portland, Maine, July 28 ; remained there six days ; his men abused and had trouble with the Indians ; reached Cape Cod August 3d ; the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, the 28th ; discovered Delaware Bay, and from thence went to Sandy Hook, Coney Island, Newark Bay, and up the North River. In April, 1610, he sailed for the northeast coast of America, discovered Hudson's Bay and Strait in June and July, wintered there, after which his crew mutinied, and put him and nine men, who were mostly sick and lame, in an open boat, in Hudson's Strait, abandoned them, and they were never heard of more. The leaders in this mutiny were killed soon after by the Indians on the coast. Robert Juet, the companion and journalist of Hudson in former voyages, died of hunger on shipboard ; and a small remnant of the crew reached Ireland in a condition of extreme weakness and exhaustion, from hunger and exposure on the sea.

The humorous account which follows, of the discoveries of Hendrick Hudson, and of the hardy old navigator himself, is from "Knickerbocker's History of New York," by Washington Irving, Book II, Chapter I.

"In the ever-memorable year of our Lord 1609, on a Saturday morning, the five and twentieth day of March, Old Style, did Master Henry Hudson set sail from Holland, in a stout vessel called the Half Moon, being employed by the Dutch East India Company to seek a northwest passage to China. Henry, or, as the Dutch historians call him, Hendrick, Hudson was a seafaring man of renown, who had learned to smoke tobacco under Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said to have been the first to introduce it into Holland, which gained him much popularity in that country. He was a short, square, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad copper-nose, which was supposed to have acquired its fiery hue from the constant neighborhood of his tobacco-pipe. He wore a true Andrea Ferrara (a sword so called), tucked in a leathern belt, and a commodore's cocked hat on the side of his head. He was remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders; and his voice sounded not unlike the brattling of a tin trumpet, owing to the number of hard northwesters he had swallowed in the course of his sea-faring life.

"As chief mate and favorite companion, the Commodore chose Master Robert Juet, of Limehouse, England. By some his name has been spelled *Chewit*, and ascribed to the circumstance that he was the first man that ever chewed tobacco. He was an old comrade and early schoolmate of Hudson, with whom he had often played truant, and sailed chip-boats in a neighboring pond, when they were boys; from whence, it is said, the Commodore first derived his bias towards a sea-faring life. Juet wrote

a history of the voyage, at the request of the Commodore, who had an unconquerable aversion to writing himself, from having received so many floggings about it when at school.

"Hudson had laid in an abundance of gin and sour-crout; and every man was allowed to sleep quietly at his post, unless the wind blew. He acted moreover in direct contradiction of that ancient and sage rule of the Dutch navigators, who always took in sail at night, put the helm aport, and turned in; by which precaution they had a good night's rest, were sure of knowing where they were the next morning, and stood but little chance of running down a continent in the dark. He likewise prohibited the seamen from wearing more than five jackets, and six pairs of breeches, under pretence of rendering them more alert; and no man was permitted to go aloft, and hand in sails, with a pipe in his mouth, as is the invariable Dutch custom at the present day. They ate hugely, drank profusely, and slept immeasurably; and, being under the especial guidance of Providence, the ship was safely conducted to the coast of America, where, on the fourth day of September, she entered that majestic bay which, at this day, expands its ample bosom before the city of New York. When Hudson first saw this enchanting island, he is said to have turned to Master Juet, and uttered these remarkable words, while he pointed towards this paradise of the new world,—'See! there!'—and thereupon he did puff out such clouds of dense tobacco-smoke, that in one minute the vessel was out of sight of land, and Master Juet was fain to wait until the winds dispersed this impenetrable fog.

"The river which emptied into the bay, it is said, was known to the Indians by the name of the Shatemuck; though we are assured in an excellent little history, pub-

lished in 1674, by John Josselyn, Gent, that it was called the *Mohegan*, and Master Richard Bloome, who wrote some time afterwards, asserts the same. This river is also laid down in Ogilvy's Map as Manhattan, Noodrt Montaigne, and Mauritius River."

It is claimed that the name "Hudson" was first given to the river by the English, at an early date, in honor of their countryman, who first discovered it; though Irving speaks of it as first given by the Dutch.

The Indians who, at an early date, were on the Hudson River, in the present counties of Ulster and Greene, were the Mingua clans of Minnisinks, Nanticokes, Mincees, and Delawares. They came from the upper valley of the Delaware, which the Dutch called "The Land of Baca," and, following the Neversink River and the Great Esopus Creek, reached the North River. They were called, by the Dutch, Esopus Indians, from Seepus, a river. It is said that the Dutch early built a rondout, or fort, near the creek; and hence came the name of "Rondout," given to the region around the fort. Wiltwyck, which means "Indian village," was near. The word "Minnisink," as applied to these Indians, came from the word "Minnis," or "island," which was in the upper waters of the Delaware, in the region where the missionary Brainerd so successfully labored among the Indians. The wigwams of these River Indians extended through Ulster and Greene counties, along the river to Kuxakee, or Coxsackie, which means "place of cut banks," the river there having cut or washed away the banks by a strong flow or current towards the west. The Indians on the east side of the river were called Mohiccans, or, by the Dutch, Mohikanders.

Beyond the Minnisinks and other Esopus Indians on the west side of the river, from Castle Island up, were the fierce Maguaas, or Mohawks, northward, to the lake of

the Iroquois, or Champlain, west, through the valley of the Mohawk, and south, to the sources of the Susquehanna.

De Vries, in sailing up the Hudson, April 27, 1640, came to "the Esoopus" where a creek emptied, and the Indians had some cleared cornland. In the evening they reached "the Catskill," where there was some open land, on which the Indians were planting corn. Up to this place the river-banks were "all stony and hilly, and were thought" unfit for dwellings.

Brown, in his "History of Schoharie," relates as a matter of tradition that the Mohawks and the River Indians being bitter enemies, a battle was fought between the Mohegans, living east of the river, and the Mohawks, on Wanton Island, near Catskill, with a view to decide which tribe should have the honor of naming or choosing a king from their own number. Having fought a whole day, and the Mohegans getting the advantage of the Mohawks, the latter tribe retired to another island, where they made fires and hung their blankets on the bushes, so as to give them the appearance of men. The Mohegans attacked the blankets in the night, and being plainly seen by the Mohawks by the light of their fires, they rushed upon and defeated them. A treaty was then made by which the Mohawks were to have the king, and the Mohegans were to reverence them and call them Uncle, as a title of honor.

In a petition of the Catskill Indians to Hon. John Nanfan, "Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New Yorke, in America, and Vice-Admiral of the same," under date of July 18, 1701, they say, "We are now two hundred fighting-men, belonging to this County of Albany, from Katskill to Skachkook, and hope to increase, in a year's time, to three hundred." They say also that it was then ninety years since Christians (whites) came among them, and speak of the peace there had ever been be-

tween the two races there. Thus, too, it continued to be. It is said that Schoharie was first settled by a French Indian, who had been taken prisoner by the Mohawks, and had married a wife from that tribe ; his father-in-law having sent him to Schoharie, fearing that he might be killed by the Mohawks, when drunk, as they hated the French Indians. Others from the Mohawks, Mohegans, Tuscaroras, Delawares, and Oneidas came to him, until they were three hundred strong, and had chiefs who pretended to own the whole region around, and sold and gave deeds of it.

The tories among the Catskill Mountains in Saugerties, Catskill, Hunter, Cairo, and elsewhere, during the Revolutionary War, were leaders and guides to the Indians in their expeditions for plundering, burning, taking captives, and murdering in that region, and had supplies of provisions concealed in the forest and among the rocks, on as far as the Delaware, Susquehanna, Chemung, and Genesee rivers, on the pathway of Indians and their captives to Canada.

In 1778, Captain Long, of Schoharie County, met there a company of tories from near Catskill, who had been enlisted by Captain Smith for the British service, under Sir John Johnson, then at Niagara, whither they were marching. Murphy and Elerson, two famous marksmen and Indian-fighters from Virginia, who had belonged to Morgan's celebrated riflemen, at the South, were with Long. As Smith issued from the woods, in advance of his men, he was shot by Elerson and Long, and his men fled. Smith and his party had intended to spend the night with a prominent tory in Schoharie named Service. Long forthwith led his men there ; and Murphy and Elerson, entering his house, made Service a prisoner. When coming out of his house he seized an axe, and aimed a blow at

the head of Murphy, who quickly sprung aside, and avoided it, and in a moment Service was killed by the rifle of Elerson.

Daniel Morgan, to whose celebrated company of riflemen Murphy and Elerson belonged, was a native of New Jersey, and born in 1737. When eighteen years of age he went to Virginia; was with Braddock in his expedition in 1755 as a wagoner; retorted an insult of a British officer who then tried to run him through with his sword; whipped the officer; was sentenced to receive five hundred lashes; fainted when he had received four hundred and fifty, and the officer, convinced of his wrong, apologized to him. In 1775 he came to Cambridge, Massachusetts, with his riflemen; in the autumn of that year was with Arnold in his fearful march of forty days through the forests of Maine and Canada to Montreal; aided in putting down the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania in 1794, was chosen a member of Congress in 1799, and served two years. His riflemen, a part if not all of them, were in Schoharie during part of the Revolutionary War.

David Elerson, the companion-in-arms of Timothy Murphy, was at the head of Otsego Lake in 1779, when ten or twelve Indians came suddenly upon him; seizing his rifle, he ran for his life, they hurling their tomahawks at him, one of which nearly cut off his middle finger. They then pursued him from eleven o'clock until three. An Indian whom he met fired and made a flesh wound in his side. Soon after this, exhausted by the race and by loss of blood, he stopped to drink, when, looking behind him, he saw one of his pursuers rising over the brow of a hill in the rear. Him he shot; and, having loaded his rifle, he hid himself in a hollow tree, where he remained two days, when, crawling out, he found his way to Cobleskill. In his race of four hours in the forest, he ran twenty-five miles.

Murphy had distinguished himself as a marksman in Virginia before he came to Schoharie. He was five feet six inches high, of a dark complexion, well-proportioned, with an iron frame, and an eye that would kindle and flash like lightning when he was excited. He had not a wound nor a scar during all the war. As he had a double-barreled rifle, the Indians wondered how he could shoot twice by loading but once. When pursued by the Indians he shot one of them, with whose gun and and his own he killed three others, when the rest of them fled, saying that he could shoot all day without stopping to load his gun.

Lieutenant Boyd, with whom Murphy was when Boyd was taken prisoner, was a native of Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, a fine-looking young man, twenty-two years old. Before leaving Schoharie, on Sullivan's expedition, he secured and betrayed the affections of a young woman there, who, as he was leaving, said to him, that if he left without marrying her, she hoped that he would be cut to pieces by the Indians ; and never, surely, was an imprecation more fearfully fulfilled ; for he was so awfully maimed and tortured by his savage foes, that I forbear to describe the horrid living butchery. In his scout with twenty-seven or twenty-eight men he was met, as some say, by five hundred men, under Butler, while Brant with an equal number was lying in ambush near by, while others claim that both these forces met them. In the first attempt to break through the ranks of the enemy, one of Boyd's men was killed, and many of the enemy. In the second and third onsets seventeen Americans were killed. The third time they broke through the enemy's ranks, and Boyd, seeing Murphy in advance of him, followed him, hoping thus to escape ; but he and Parker, who was with him, were soon captured.

Murphy in his flight, having been pursued by two Indians, fell among the high grass, so that they lost sight of him; and he, having loaded his gun, moved onwards until he saw an Indian in front of him; and, both of them sheltering themselves behind trees, each sought to shoot the other. At length Murphy placed his hat on the end of his ramrod, and putting it out so that the Indian could see it he fired, and as it fell rushed forward to scalp his enemy, when Murphy shot him through the breast. Mr. Osterhout, in his letter to me, states that Murphy and his (Osterhout's) father alone of Boyd's party reached the American camp. Another account states that Garret Putnam, of Fort Hunter, and a French Canadian escaped with Murphy.

Boyd, after he was taken, having made signs as a free-mason, to Brant, was assured that he would not be injured. Afterwards, however, Brant being absent, as Boyd and Parker would not tell Butler what they knew of Sullivan's plans and movements, he gave them up to the Indians, to be tortured. After a time, Parker's head was cut off at a blow; but Boyd was, in the most horrid manner, cut to pieces, and butchered alive, while his head was sent to a distance and placed on a post, with a view to gratify his savage foes. A part of Boyd's own company afterwards found his headless body, and that of Parker, and buried them under a wild plum-tree, near a stream of water. In 1841, sixty-two years after their death, their remains were taken from the earth, near the junction of two streams now bearing their names, and with imposing ceremonies, in the way of a long procession, an oration and addresses, were removed to Mount Hope Cemetery, in the city of Rochester, and buried there.

After Murphy's return from Sullivan's expedition, in the summer of 1780, he engaged to marry Margaret, daughter

of Mr. John Feeck, of Middleburg, whom he had known when there two years before. She was about eighteen years of age, which was twelve years younger than Murphy, amiable and virtuous ; and as her parents were strongly opposed to the match, and closely watched her, they had Maria Teabout, who was half Indian, to carry messages between them. To avoid suspicion, she left home barefoot, and plainly clothed, on pretence of looking for and milking a stray cow, waded the Schoharie Creek, and met, by agreement, Murphy and his friends, well armed, who took her in triumph on horseback behind him to the middle fort, she having come from the upper fort some five or six miles distant. Her female friends in the fort soon made up an outfit for her use ; her father, who came there for her, was not admitted, and with male and female friends, Murphy went with her in a wagon to Schenectady, where he bought her a silk dress, and they were married. A rich feast and a ball awaited them on their return ; they were reconciled to her parents about a month afterwards, and Murphy's sons were recently living on the Feeck estate, and may be so still. Murphy was married October 2, 1780.

A day or two after the marriage feast, Sergeant Lloyd went with Murphy and three others on a scout, and returned the thirteenth day after they left, bringing with them to the fort a tory prisoner from Prattsville. Their return was the evening before the attack on the forts by Sir John Johnson and Brant, which, as some say, took place October 16, and others 17, 1780. Late in September, Johnson left Niagara with five hundred British and German troops, and came by Sullivan's road to the Susquehanna River, where he was joined by Brant, who came from Lachine in Canada, with a force of tories and Indians, so that Johnson had, in all, followers estimated by different writers at from eight hundred to two thousand

men. The elder Stone, in his life of Brant, thinks that there were near one thousand five hundred and fifty, while his son, in his biography of Sir William Johnson, places the number at two thousand. It is said that two Oneida Indians, having deserted from Johnson, brought to the forts at Schoharie news of his expedition; and yet it is claimed that his troops were first seen by Philip Graft, while they were kindling a fire at daybreak, one fourth of a mile from the upper fort. Alarm guns having been fired from this fort, Lieutenant Spencer, with forty men, was sent forth from the middle fort to learn the cause of the alarm, when, meeting with Johnson's men, a fight ensued, and Spencer's force returned towards the fort, Murphy coming last, and not until the board fence from behind which he fired was badly splintered by the bullets of the enemy. It is said that when Murphy was near the fort he shot an Indian eighty yards distant, and rising to fire again a bullet struck within a few inches of his face, throwing dirt in his eyes and glancing over his head, when, having shot another Indian, he entered the fort. Some claim that Murphy and a few others went out to meet Johnson's men, while Spencer and his forty men, during the battle, rushed out and prevented the burning of a barn and several stacks near the fort by the enemy. Contrary to Johnson's orders, the Dutch church at Middleburg was burned.

There were some two hundred or three hundred men in the middle fort; and, when near it, Johnson three times sent three men with a flag of truce towards the fort with favorable terms of surrender and the promise of good treatment. Major Woolsey, who commanded the fort, was in favor of surrendering, saying that they would all be taken and butchered if they did not surrender, and once he went out of the fort to meet the flag. Each time,

however, Murphy fired on those who bore the flag, not, it is said, with a view at first to injure them, but to cause them to turn back, as they did. Woolsey with his pistol threatened to shoot Murphy for disobeying orders, and the soldiers were ordered to arrest him, but refused to do so, and rallied around him. Murphy threatened to use his rifle on Woolsey in self-defense, and Captain Rightmyer, standing by Murphy, ordered him to fire; and when Woolsey threatened him he raised the butt of his rifle, club-fashion, assuring him that he would use it on him if he resorted to violence. Woolsey then retired to the women's apartments for safety, from whence he was driven out by their taunts and jeers, and, having crawled around the intrenchments on his hands and knees, he afterwards met Colonel Kooman in the cellar, where he had gone for ammunition, to whom he gave up the command of the fort, and who told him that if he had his sword with him he would run him through with it. After the battle Woolsey was found covered up in bed, trembling like a leaf; and he soon left that region.

After the flag of truce was thus three times driven back, Johnson attacked the fort. He had a small cannon and two mortars; but two men only were killed in the fort, and two shells fell within its inclosure, one of which burst without the house, setting it on fire, but so that a pail of water put it out; while the other went through the roof, into a room where two women were lying sick, and exploded in the midst of a pile of feather-beds, which caused one of the women, who had claimed to be helpless, to make double-quick time to another part of the fort, so covered with feathers as to cause her to look much unlike what a philosopher defined man to be, when he said that he was a two-legged animal without feathers.

Johnson did not trouble the lower fort, but far and wide

burned houses, barns, and crops, killed about one hundred of the inhabitants, and took many captives. In one of the Kooman families three were killed, and eleven men, women and children were taken prisoners. Sir John Johnson had less talent and far less influence with the Indians than his father, Sir William Johnson, though he was much aided by Joseph and Mary, or Molly Brant, in directing and controlling the redmen. Johnson died in Montreal, January 4, 1830.

After the war, Murphy boasted that he had killed forty Indians with his own hands, more than half of whom he had scalped. It seems now to be fully proved, that General Fraser was shot by Murphy, near Saratoga, though it has been claimed that another man shot him. Several of Morgan's riflemen having first fired at him without hitting him, Murphy then fired upon him while he was riding at full gallop, and brought him to the ground. The General before his death said that he saw the man who shot him perched in a tree, which was true of Murphy. After the war, General Fraser's remains were removed to England.

During the Revolutionary War, a man named Sawyer was taken prisoner in Schoharie County by seven Indians, who, having marched eight or ten miles into the wilderness, laid down to sleep, when Sawyer, having loosed his bonds, carefully drew a hatchet from the girdle of one of the Indians, with which he killed six of them, and the other having fled, Sawyer returned home.

Early in April, 1780, Harpersfield was destroyed, and about the same time Colonel Kooman sent out from Schoharie Captain Alexander Harper with a scouting party of fourteen men, who were also to remain for a time in the woods and make maple-sugar. Brant, on his way from Harpersfield to Schoharie, with forty-three Indians,

and seven tories, came upon Harper and his men April 7; the first warning of Brant's approach being the death of three of Harper's party, who were shot. When Brant had taken the others prisoners, he said, "Harper, I am sorry to find you here." "Why are you sorry?" said Harper. "Because," replied Brant, "I must kill you, though we were schoolmates," and raising his tomahawk, as he looked him fully and closely in the face, asked him if there were any regular troops in Schoharie; to which Harper replied that three hundred Continental troops had been stationed there two or three days before. This was not true, but Harper wished thus to save the county from pillage and murder. Twice after this Brant repeated the examination in the most searching and threatening manner, but Harper firmly adhered to what he had before said. The Indians wished to kill Harper and his ten companions, but Brant protected them. The prisoners were heavily laden with booty, and when they came to the Susquehanna River, they used floats to carry them. Brant, being sick with the fever and ague, killed a rattlesnake, and, having made a soup of it ate it and was cured.

While on their journey, Brant sent eleven of his warriors to Minnisink for prisoners. They took five strong men, and brought them to Tioga Point, where during the night one of them, having loosed his hands, released the rest, when with the tomahawks of the Indians they killed nine of them in their sleep, and struck the tenth between his shoulders as he was trying to flee from them, so that one only escaped and reached Brant and his party. Harper and his men then fully expected to be put to death, but the chief who had escaped interceded for them and saved their lives, thinking, perhaps, that the innocent ought not to suffer for the guilty. Their sufferings on the way to

Canada were great, having been forced to eat meat from the carcass of a horse, and other unsavory food. They were saved by Brant from running the gauntlet, regard being in this thing had to Harper, whose niece, Miss Jane Moore, having been taken prisoner at Cherry Valley, and carried to Canada, had married an officer of the Niagara garrison, named Powell. Harper and those with him were sent first to Montreal, then to Chamblee, where they suffered greatly in prison; after that to Quebec and to Halifax, from whence they returned to their friends after peace was made in 1783.

David Elerson, the companion-in-arms of Murphy, seems to have lived in Schoharie long after the Revolutionary War, as Simms, in his history of that county, often quotes him as authority for statements which he makes.

CHAPTER II.

First Settlement of Schoharie.—Queen Anne.—Lands Purchased.—German Emigrants.—East and West Camps.—They reach Schoharie.—Contest with Bayard.—The Seven Partners.—Greene County.—The Catskill Mountains.—Their Form, Direction, and Extent.—Their Mineralogy and Geology.—Quarries and their Products.—Geological Sketch of the Earth and its Strata.—Glacial Action.—Traces and Results of its Upheaval of Mountains.—Professors Agassiz and Guyot.—Nature and Extent of Glacial Action.—Products of Greene County.—Tanneries.—The Palens.—Colonel Edwards and Son.—Colonel Pratt and Son.—Tannersville.—Tanner's Bank.—Erie Canal.—Hudson River and Harlem Railroads.—Their Effects on Catskill.—The Hardenburg Patent.—Stephen Day.—Emigrants from Connecticut.—Burton J. Morss.—Hunter.—Early Settlers There.—Shay's Men.—Lindsey's Patent.—Loverage Patent.—Beekman's Patent.—Salisbury and Van Bergen Patent.—Extent of these Patents.—Statistics of Greene County.

THE following facts connected with the first settlement of Schoharie County by the whites may properly be given here. Queen Ann, wishing to settle emigrants in America, sent an agent there to purchase land, who bought twenty thousand acres on the Schoharie Kill or Creek. She then sent to Germany for emigrants to come and occupy these lands free of cost. January 1, 1710, a vessel sailed from some port on the Rhine, down that river to Holland, and from thence to England, stopping some time there, and being better provided for their journey. After a long voyage, during which many of them died, they reached New York June 14, 1712, more than two years after they left Germany. They were sent up the Hudson River, and spent the next winter in huts made of logs and earth, in the towns of Germantown and Saugerties, on opposite

sides of the river, the places where they wintered having ever since been called East and West Camp.

In the spring they went to Albany, where one hundred of them enlisted to serve in the British army, under Colonel Nicholson; and others, with the tools and provisions furnished them by the Queen on their backs, went to Schoharie, by an Indian footpath, travelling a distance of thirty miles in four days. Some years afterwards, an agent by the name of Bayard, was sent to these emigrants, to give them a legal title to their lands and extend to them the protection of the laws; but they, fearing taxation and oppression, raised a mob against him, and sought to do him violence. These rioters, armed with guns, pitchforks, hoes, and clubs, surrounded the hotel where he was, and fired some sixty bullets into the straw roof of the building. Bayard had pistols, which he fired from time to time, to frighten them, and kept them at a distance. At night he went to Schenechtady, and sent back offers to them to give deeds to all of them who would come to him, with an ear of corn in payment for their lands. As none of them came, he went to Albany, and sold the lands to a private company styled the "Seven Partners," November 3, 1714. They bought at first ten thousand acres, to which they added largely afterwards. Offended by this, and by the punishment of some of the leading rioters, a part of the settlers removed from Schoharie, while others were induced to remain and submit to the burdens which their violence and folly had brought upon them.

Greene County, in which is most of the group or range of lofty heights known as the Catskill Mountains, was formed from portions of Albany and Ulster counties, March 25, 1800. It was named in honor of General Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

The central parts of the county are about thirty miles south of Albany. The nearest point of the base of the mountains, to the western bank of the Hudson River, is seven miles, by the road; while the Mountain House, on one of the eastern heights, is twelve miles from the river. The main range of the mountains extends about twelve miles north and south, nearly parallel to the river, and at the northern extremity inclines to the northwest, and at the southern to the west, extending thence, along the southern border of the county, to Delaware County; while on the north it connects with the lower range, known as the Schoharie Mountains, extending along the southern border of the county of the same name, while along its eastern part, extending into Albany County, is the range known as the Hellebark Mountains.

These mountains belong to the great Appalachian or Alleghany range of mountains, but are more Alpine than other portions of this range, the elevated peaks rising higher above the general range of the summits below them. As elsewhere in these mountains, the eastern slope of the Catskills is abrupt, precipitous, and broken, while their western descent is more gentle and gradual. These eastern slopes are also often in distinct strata, looking like a succession of extensive and regular terraces, such as are seen north of the Cauterskill Clove. At the eastern base strata of the Old Red Sandstone formation are seen, dipping abruptly in towards the central axis. Then gray slaty sandstones, of hard texture, make up the most precipitous slopes, except those of the highest summits, which are capped by the conglomerate of white quartz pebbles. This is the basis or floor of the coal formation, and is found on the highest knobs of the Alleghanies. Coal-beds are found directly above this conglomerate quartz; and, were the Catskill Mountains one hundred feet or more higher than

they are, some of the lowest of the coal-beds might be found there. Black shales are sometimes met with among the conglomerate, and seams of anthracite coal a few inches thick, showing a near approach to carboniferous or coal-bearing strata or deposits.

The upper Hudson River group of mountains is partly clay slate, and partly talcose schist, with occasional beds of limestone, such as are met with between Catskill and the base of the mountains. The Catskill Red Sandstone is the upper member or portion of this kind of rocks in this country, and is about three thousand feet thick. The whole thickness of the system in the United States is 11,750 feet. Between the Dutch church, at the base of the mountains, and the Rip Van Winkle Glen, there are fifty-seven distinct layers, or strata of rock, mostly grit shale, of different colors, and one hundred and thirty-seven layers in all, up to the summit of the mountains. From the river to the Mountain House, most of the different kinds of rocks found in the whole State of New York, of the depth in all of near four thousand feet, may be seen. The Catskill division of rocks has but few minerals in it. Small quantities of iron, copper, lead, and zinc are extensively found in a particular kind or layer of rock, in different parts of Greene, Ulster, Sullivan, and Delaware counties, but nowhere in veins of more than eighteen inches thick. This rock is generally a calcareous or limestone conglomerate of breccia or pudding-stone, formed of small masses of limestone, included in a reddish or brownish paste of the underlying shale, or slaty rock-bed.

Stones, for paving and building, are obtained in immense quantities from quarries along the base and the eastern front of the Catskill Mountains, which are transported, by way of the Hudson River, to all parts of the United States. The strata, or layers, in which these rocks are found, are

from two to fifteen feet or more in thickness, with slabs of from four or five to one hundred or more square feet of surface, and from one to six or more inches in thickness; often traversed or crossed by joints, or seams, perpendicular to the surface, as smooth as if cut by a saw, though at times there is no break or seam in these rocks for one hundred and fifty feet or more in horizontal length. These quarries are commonly leased to those who work them, and who sell the stone to large dealers and shippers, on the banks of the river, from two to five dollars for each one thousand feet taken from the quarries, being paid by those who work them. Judge Hasbrouck, of Kingston, for example, leased his quarries for five dollars for one thousand feet, each square yard yielding from fifty to seventy square feet, or three hundred thousand feet to the acre, bringing him in fifteen hundred dollars per acre; though he gave, a few years since, but a dollar an acre for the land. Among the largest dealers in stone are the Messrs. Bigelow, of Malden, on the river, near Saugerties, in Ulster County. They are brothers of the Hon. John Bigelow, recently United States Minister at the Court of France. In 1860, it was computed that in Sullivan, Ulster, Greene, and Albany counties, there were three million five hundred thousand square feet of flag or paving stones quarried and sent to market. Much more than this amount must now be wrought and shipped from these counties annually, to say nothing of large quantities of brick, made all along the western bank of the river, and the hydraulic or water-cement manufactured in large quantities in Ulster County.

At this point it may be well to notice certain principles and facts connected with the hard, rocky shell or outer covering of the earth, as made known to us by the science of Geology, of some of which striking proofs and illus-

trations are met with in the Catskill Mountains and the region around. Geologists divide the rocks on and beneath the surface of the earth into five classes. First and lowest of these are the primary, or crystalline, which are in solid, massive, irregular forms, without strata, or layers. The rocks of this class are granite, sienite, porphyry, trap, and lava. They have in them no traces or remains of plants or animals, and are supposed to owe their form, origin and structure to the action of fire raging and melting beneath them. The second, or Palæozoic class, contain the earliest traces of the forms of animals and plants, were mostly deposited in the ocean, and are some thirty-three thousand feet, or more than six miles thick, or deep. The third class are called Secondary rocks, extending from the top of the lower new red or Permian system to the top of the chalk formation, a depth or thickness of five thousand feet, or nearly one mile. The Tertiary strata come next in order; partly solid, but with very different organic remains from those of the strata below them, with an average thickness of about two thousand feet, or more than one-third of a mile. Last and uppermost is Alluvium, or the earth and rocks forming the surface of our globe, to a depth of two hundred feet or more, and made up mainly of decayed and decaying animal, mineral and vegetable matter. The lower or primary rocks, seem to have been forced up through, and far above, the overlying strata and the level surface of the earth, by the action of heat below them, so as in many instances to form the summits of lofty mountains; and, in the case of lava, still to overflow these mountains. Granite seems to have been thus forced up first, then sienite and porphyry from below it; after these the various kinds of trap-rock, from below the porphyry; and last the lava, which still rises from beneath all the rest.

Geologists claim that at the end of the Tertiary period

of deposit, when the alluvial mass began to be formed, there was a long, dreary winter of ice and snow, which extended far down towards the equator, when mighty glaciers and masses of ice, loaded on their lower surface with vast rocks, were borne far and wide along the surface of the earth, crushing and levelling down hills, removing the summits of lofty mountains, and deeply ploughing along, and marking their upper heights and sides, thus preparing for the surface of the earth a covering which would, in after times, aid in furnishing food for man and beast. The extent of this ploughing and grinding movement is determined by the limits of the crushed and broken ruins it has left behind it.

There are evident traces of the action of these glaciers along the valleys of the Penobscot, the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the Susquehanna rivers. On the Catskill Mountains, as we learn from Ramsey, the glacial scratches and grooves are numerous, and extend up to where the Mountain House stands, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. All but a few of the highest of these grooves run from north to south along the flanks of the precipices in the direction of the Hudson River Valley, and not from west to east, down the slope of the mountain. The principal grooves run between south, twenty-two degrees east, and south, fifty-five west. These variations seem to be connected with bends and other irregularities, in the direction of the great eastern wall of the mountains. The course south, fifty-five degrees west, is found at the top, near the Mountain House; while at the summit of the water-shed, there are numerous main grooves, passing across the mountain at right angles to most of those observed in ascending it.

As freezing water expands, or fills more space than before, after reaching thirty-nine and one-half degrees, it

thus opens and widens seams in rocks, rends them asunder, and rolls them down precipices; while in soft, porous rocks, it crumbles off the surface and decomposes them. Beneath the high cliffs, and all along the base of the Catskill and other high mountains, are immense masses of these detached and decomposed rocks. Much of the soil, on large portions of the surface of the earth, has come from this process, which, in icy regions, is constantly going on. Glaciers, or immense moving masses of ice and snow, descend by their own weight and the pressure of the mass above them along valleys, from snow-covered mountains, and are from two thousand to five thousand feet deep, being fed by the snow and frozen mist of regions of perpetual snow and ice. They reach from five thousand to seven thousand five hundred feet, or from a mile to a mile and a half below the line of perpetual snow; their depth or thickness being such that the heat of summer does not melt them.

It is a singular fact connected with the upheaving of some of the lower and earlier strata which form the crust of the earth, that remains of various kinds of animals, which grew in the depths of the ocean, are found in the Alps, from six thousand to eight thousand, and in the Andes fourteen thousand, feet above the level of the sea; and these not brought there by any sudden overflow of the waters of the great deep, but deposited for ages in beds of great thickness; so that these remains must have been forced up from below by some mighty power beneath them, or else the sea must have retired from its former level. Saussure says that the summit of Mount Blanc, which is thirteen thousand feet high, must have been two leagues below the level of the sea, and that the granite formed there was afterwards raised. The peaks of the Andes are mostly volcanic, no granite having been found

there higher than eleven thousand five hundred feet. Were it not for the abundant remains of plants and animals in the different strata and systems of rocks, we could not be sure that all rocks were not of one and the same age and date. The beds of granite, which in mountain peaks and ranges are nearly vertical or perpendicular, owing to their having been forced up from below, must have become solid before they were thus raised up.

More than thirty years since, Professor Agassiz, now of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Professor Guyot, of Princeton, New Jersey, engaged in minute and extensive observations among the Alps, near which they were born, with a view to determine the movements and agency of glaciers across the valleys of Switzerland between one mountain range and another; the result of their investigations and those of others, there and elsewhere, having thus far been in part as follows, as stated by Professor Agassiz: "That there was a time, immediately preceding the state of things which now prevails upon the earth, during which the whole surface of the globe was covered by masses of ice as thick, as extensive, as compact as those which now overspread the Arctic regions; and perhaps we shall see, that even where the tropical sun now shines, there was at one time a field of ice extending over the Valley of the Amazon toward the Atlantic, and covering, it may be, the sea to such an extent, that the question may be fairly asked, whether there was not open water at the equator. Thus, by intense cold, life must have been banished from the surface of the earth, so as to prepare it for the new creation which now exists upon it; this severe winter having put an end to all living beings on the surface of the globe."

As glaciers are not solid ice, but snow, penetrated by water and but partially frozen, hence they move slowly

down the sides of mountains, at the rate of from twenty to two hundred and fifty feet, or more, in a year; the centre of a glacier being higher than its sides, and moving faster, inasmuch as the sides are melted by the heat of the rocks and cliffs against which they press; and from this cause also their motion is made slower by means of friction. As also the heat of the sun passes freely through the glaciers, the rocks under them, by this heat, shape for themselves a mould, or firm resting-place in the mass above them, and are borne onwards by the movement of the glaciers, so as to smoothly wear, or deeply furrow the surface of rocks and mountains over which they move. Hence "the lower surface of the glaciers is like a file, thickly set with diamonds, constantly grooving, furrowing, polishing or scratching the surface over which it moves," writing or deeply engraving the record of their deeds of violence on the region over which they pass. The course of glaciers is traced, not only by the marks just noticed, but by the rocks they have carried along with them, and left by the way; so that thus there is evidence that the Valley of Switzerland, between the Jura Mountains and the Alps, was once covered to the depth of three thousand feet.

On visiting Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States, and more recently the Valley of the Amazon, Professor Agassiz found traces of the action of glaciers extending down to the sea-coast, and reaching as far as South Carolina, or to thirty-two degrees of north latitude. In Maine he was satisfied, by observation, that glaciers there must have been six thousand feet, or more than one mile in thickness; and he is now convinced that we have had snow-fields on this continent, covering the land to the depth of twelve thousand or thirteen thousand feet. The difficulty urged against the moving of glaciers on

level ground *is* met by the fact, that they do thus move in Greenland, that there are traces of such motion in our own country, and that the rapidly accumulating *masses* of snow in the colder latitudes would create a pressure towards the warmer regions, where the melting of the snow would open a way for the pressure in the rear.

By extensive and minute observation, Professor Agassiz is satisfied that the whole valley of the Amazon was once occupied by a stupendous glacier, coming down from the Andes, and reaching the Atlantic; and that all the loose materials which now form the bottom of the valley of the Amazon, were ground down by that ice, and scattered evenly over the whole land, as the valley of the Rhine is covered with mud and clay, once ground in the Alps, and brought down by the waters from the glaciers in that region.

To the views of Professor Agassiz, with regard to the utter destruction of animal and vegetable life, just before the creation of the animals and plants now on the face of the earth, it is urged, that we now find, in England for example, more than nine-tenths, or ninety-six per cent. of the species which existed during the latest tertiary period, and before the glacial. Hence it follows, that, if all these species were destroyed by the universal reign of snow and ice, they must, of course, have been re-created at the beginning of the present order of things; an event not impossible surely, how improbable soever it might seem to have been.

The streams from the eastern slope of the Catskill Mountains soon reach the Hudson, while those from the west flow into the Mohawk and Delaware rivers.

The principal products of Greene County, besides stone, are pressed hay, which is shipped in large quantities, Indian-corn, rye, buckwheat, oats, potatoes, butter, and cheese.

The principal manufactured articles are brick, paper, cotton and woollen goods, and formerly large quantities of leather, before the mountains were stripped of their widespread growth of hemlock bark. Thirty or forty years ago, Greene County made more leather than all the State of New York besides.

About 1817, when improved methods of tanning leather were discovered, numerous tanneries were established among the Catskill Mountains. The Palens of Palensville, a family of much intelligence, worth, and successful business enterprise, built a large tannery at the lower entrance of Cauterskill Clove, near the commencement of the present century, earlier than the date named above. In July, 1817, Colonel William W. Edwards and his son, of the same name, removed from North Hampton, Massachusetts, to the village of Hunter, and erected there the first extensive tannery in the State, in which what was then the new mode of tanning was adopted; and the family still have a summer residence there. Colonel Zadoc Pratt, from whom Prattsville, formed from Windham, in 1833, was named, tanned two million sides of sole-leather there, besides being extensively and successfully engaged in agricultural pursuits. He has been a liberal patron of the different churches in the village where he resides, and of other worthy objects; was a member of Congress; and his bust, with that of his noble and patriotic son, also a large manufacturer of leather, a brave officer in our late war, and a victim of it, has been cut in the solid rock of a high cliff which overhangs the village. There are the decayed and decaying ruins of what was once a busy and thrifty village of tanners in the wild ravine of the Cauterskill Clove, nearly opposite the Laurel House; and this place, and the region above it, once known as Tannersville, with the Tanner's Bank in Catskill,

are memorials of a business which did much to increase the population and wealth of the county, and to clothe with productive fertility the hillsides and mountains far and wide around.

Before the Erie Canal was opened Catskill shared in the trade of Southern and Western New York as far as Lake Erie, as also of Northern Pennsylvania; but the Canal, with the Erie, Hudson River, and Harlem Railroads, by turning travel and trade in other directions, have seriously affected the condition and prospects of the place. Catskill was once a great wheat-market; and at the Falls of the Catskill, three miles west of the village, were the most extensive flouring-mills in the State.

The great Hardenburgh patent, granted to Johannes Hardenburgh, of Kingston, Ulster County, by Queen Anne, April 10, 1708, who had previously purchased the land of the Indians, covered nearly all of Greene County lying west of the mountains, with large portions of adjoining counties. The north line of this grant commenced at the lakes just back of the Mountain House, the head waters of the Cauterskill, and ran northwest to the head waters of the west branch of Delaware River, in Stamford, Delaware County. Stephen Day, from Wallingford, Connecticut, early bought a tract, embracing a large part of the old town of Windham, now made up of Windham, Ashland, Jewett, and a part of Lexington and Hunter. This region was extensively settled by emigrants from Connecticut, as was also the town of Durham, north of the mountains, and their descendants retain the moral and religious traits, and have much of the industry, economy, business tact, shrewdness and success, which are met with in "the Land of Steady Habits." At Red Falls, on Batavia Kill, in Prattsville, Burton G. Morss, Esq., has a large manufactory of cotton cloth, as also another in Gil-

boa, in Schoharie County, while his extensive farms, and his large herds of cattle, of the best English breeds, have made him the benefactor of the region where he lives, and have caused him to be widely known in the State as a man of uncommon energy, enterprise, intelligence and worth.

The Mountain House is on the line of the town of Hunter, while the Laurel House, the Haines House, Gray's, and some of the wildest ravines and the loftiest peaks of the Catskills, are also in Hunter. Samuel, Elisha, and John Haines, and Gershom Griffin, early came to Hunter by the way of Kingston and Mink Hollow, to the south and east, and were discovered there, a year or two afterwards by some Dutchmen, who came there from the east side of the mountain hunting bears. They were followed in 1786 by a number of Shays' followers, from Massachusetts, who, on their defeat by the troops under General Lincoln, fled there for safety. Shays himself lived in Schoharie County, after the suppression of the insurrection which bears his name, and died in 1825.

The portion of Greene County, between the mountains and Hudson River, was much of it early held by a few large proprietors, who bought their lands of the Indians, and then obtained patents, or grants from the monarchs of Great Britain, confirming their claims to these lands, and giving them a full legal title to them. Lindsey's patent, which was an early one, dating back in the seventeenth century, covered seven hundred or eight hundred acres, where the village of Catskill now is, and in the country round. The Loverage patent of about one thousand acres embraced the Imbought below Catskill, and was bounded east by Hudson River, and north and west by Cauterskill and Catskill creeks; its south line being near where the Gardiners live, in the Imbought. Beekman's patent was in

Kiskatom, from where Kiskatom Creek enters into the Cauterskill, north to the Catskill patent line, and the Greene patent, to near Neely Lawrence's ; embracing lands owned by Abraham Ramsen and others, along the fertile valley of Kiskatom and a little east of it. Greene's patent covered a large tract along the eastern base of the mountains, and extending west up their slope and over their summits.

In the year 1677, Sylvester Salisbury, who came to this country with Governor Nicoll, and had command of Fort Albany, and Martin G. Bergen, purchased from the Indians their title to a large tract of land. For this a patent was given in 1688 ; and, as Salisbury was then dead, his wife, Elizabeth, held the land with Van Bergen. Salisbury had rendered meritorious service in the British army. This tract embraced five flats, on both sides of the Catskill Creek, near Leeds, and above the lands of Elder Degouer Geritsen, since known as the Van Vechten farm, which was first occupied by that family in 1681. From this grant the Brunk farm also was excepted, a tract of about one hundred acres, the house having been just back of where John Van Vechten, Esq., of Leeds, now lives ; who, as a surveyor of long and wide experience, has given me much valuable information with regard to the early history of the county, of which he was a native, and now at the age of fourscore remembering the time when there were but five houses where the village of Catskill now is.

From the flats, spoken of above as a center, this grant of Salisbury and Van Bergen extended four miles east, west, north, and south, exclusive of the farms just spoken of, and of the lands covered by the earlier patents already noticed. Its southern bound was just below the covered bridge, near Zechariah Dederick's ; on the west it reached to the eastern line of the farm of the late John R. Linzey, on the side of

the mountain, and embraced nearly the whole of the town of Athens, and a part of Cairo and Coxsackie.

Greene County contains six hundred and eighty-six square miles ; its population is 15,591 males, and 15,546 females, a difference of only forty-five in a population of 31,137, and this too in favor of males, a state of things very uncommon in the older portions of our Union. Among its annual products are 480,795 bushels of grain, 116,871 bushels of potatoes, 192,814 bushels of apples, 1,191,930 pounds of butter, and 21,317 pounds of cheese.

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CHAPTER III.

Ulster County.—Cloves and Mountains.—Its Extent.—Early Settlements.—The First Fort.—Indian Troubles.—Village Site.—Wars of 1659 and 1663.—Indians Sold as Slaves.—Treachery of the Indians.—Their Punishment.—Treaties With Them.—Kingston in 1695.—Dutch Church There.—Huguenots at Kingston.—Their History.—They Settle on the Wallkill.—Romantic Tradition.—Price Paid for Lands.—The Dubois Family.—Child Saved on the Ice.—The Eltinges.—Facts Favoring the Tradition.—Church at New Paltz.—Rev. Dr. Stitt's History of it.—Letter from Rev. Dr. Peltz.—Fox-Hall Patent.—Thomas Chambers.—Revolutionary War.—General Vaughan.—Kingston Burned.—Its Early History.—Andresen and Osterhout.—Butler's Raid.—The Jansens.—Caldwell's Expedition.—Vanderlyn the Artist.—Delaware and Hudson Canal.—Coal Trade.—Water Cement.—Mines and Quarries.—Manufactures and Statistics of the County.

THE dividing line between Ulster and Greene counties crosses the Catskill Mountains a short distance south of Cauterskill Clove, so that all the eastern part of the county can be plainly seen from the Mountain House; while the Plattekill Clove, and some of the wildest, boldest and most picturesque and romantic of the mountain scenery of the Catskills is in Ulster County; Overlook Mountain, in Woodstock, being 3,500 feet above tide-water, with Shue's Lake, a beautiful mountain gem, near its summit. The Snyders and others, taken by the Indians and carried to Canada, as spoken of in this work, lived in Ulster County, while its early history, from the year 1614 and onwards, has in it much of interest connected both with Indian warfare and our long and fearful Revolutionary struggle. A brief and rapid sketch of a few of the more prominent events in the history of the county will there-

fore here be given, as it properly belongs to a description of the Catskill Mountains and the country around them.

Ulster County was formed November 1, 1683, and included the country extending from the Hudson to the Delaware rivers, bounded on the north and south by lines running due east and west, from the mouths of Sawyer's and Murderer's creeks. Portions of the county have since been annexed to other counties, and some additions have been made to it. In 1614, the Dutch established a trading-post where Rondout now is. The first fort there is said to have been in the western part of Rondout, on a level piece of ground, still called by its Indian name, Ponckhockie. This trading-post was established six years before the Plymouth colony in Massachusetts was founded, and it is thought that a few Dutch families settled there not long after. This settlement was soon broken up by the Indians, and a new one was commenced between the years 1630 and 1640. In 1655, owing to the fearful ravages of the Indians near Manhattan, now New York, all the settlers at Esopus left their farms *en masse*. In 1658 a site for a village was selected, and staked out, by Governor Stuyvesant, who came there from New York, its inclosure being two hundred and ten yards in circumference, and a guardhouse sixteen feet by twenty-three was built. The Governor left twenty-four soldiers there to protect the place; and the Indians made a free gift of the land to him as "Grand Sachem," as they said, "to grease his feet, as he had undertaken so long and painful a journey to meet them."

In September, 1659, Thomas Chambers having given some brandy to Indians who were husking corn for him, during a revel they had with it one of them fired a gun at midnight, which led a party of white men wantonly to fire upon and kill several of them. The next day, the In-

dians near there seized thirteen prisoners; open war followed; five hundred Indians surrounded the fort, so that for three weeks no one dared go outside of it; houses, barns, and crops were burned, cattle and horses killed; and, failing in their efforts to set fire to the fort, the Indians burned eight or ten captives at the stake. In October, Governor Stuyvesant, with one hundred and sixty-five soldiers, and as many Indians, came to Kingston; but the hostile Indians having disappeared, and the country being flooded by rains, he returned to New York. Mohawk and Mohican Indians, from Albany, by their mediation, secured a truce, and the giving up of two prisoners only, but no permanent peace. A treaty was made with them, however, May 25, 1660.

After this the people were so free from fear, that they left the gates of their fort open day and night. In June, 1663, the Indians in great numbers came into the fort at Wiltwyck, apparently to trade, while most of the settlers were busy out of doors. At a signal, before agreed upon, the Indians attacked the whites, who, soon rallying from their panic, and led on by Thomas Chambers, at length drove the Indians from the fort. Eighteen whites were killed and forty-two were carried away prisoners. The out-settlements were all destroyed; and, in the war which followed, the Ulster Indians were nearly exterminated. The valley of the Wall Kill was then discovered, and in 1677 a colony of French Huguenots settled there, in what is now the town of New Paltz.

After the peace of 1660, the Director-General of New Netherlands sent eleven Indian prisoners to Curacoa, an island near the northern coast of South America, to be sold there as slaves. This outrage led to the treacherous and bloody attack on the fort, the slaughter there, the carrying away of numerous captives, and the savage and destruc-

tive war which followed. Nine days after the retreat of the Indians from the attack on Wiltwyck, in June, 1663, a reinforcement of forty men, under Ensign Nyssen, arrived and relieved the fort. Captain Krygier, or Kreiger, with a cannon and two hundred and ten men, pursued the Indians to their forts, and destroyed their grain. In September, another expedition surprised an Indian fort thirty-six miles southwest of Wiltwyck, killed the chief and twenty others, and freed twenty-two captives. Twenty-seven Indians were killed, besides those who were shot in swimming the creek, and their bodies swept away by the stream; and six Dutch were killed. Skins of bear, deer, elk, and other animals, and blankets enough, were taken to load a shallop. Twenty pounds of powder and eighty-five guns were destroyed. Twenty-two whites were set at liberty, and thirteen or fourteen Indians were taken prisoners, twelve of whom were sent to New Amsterdam as prisoners. Another expedition soon after made clean work with the crops of the Indians, while the materials of their palisades and wigwams were piled up and burned. The Indians were thus thoroughly scattered and subdued. Late in autumn they sued for peace, and restored all the remaining captives but three.

Krygier, who led the expedition against the Indians, fought with and nearly exterminated them, September 7, 1663, was Burgomaster in New Amsterdam, now New York, and died in Niskayuna, on the Mohawk, in 1713. There were then left but twenty-seven or twenty-eight Indian warriors, fifteen or sixteen squaws, and a few children, without houses or huts. A treaty was then made with the Esopus Indians by Governor Stuyvesant, May 16, 1664, by which their lands and forts in that region were ceded to the Dutch, while they had a new fort more remote. They were permitted to sell meat and Indian-corn at Ron-

dout, provided but three canoes came at a time, and they sent a flag of truce before them. The forts which were destroyed were on Shawangunk Hill, in the town of the same name, in the southern part of Ulster County.

In a work entitled "New York in 1695," by Rev. John Miller, dedicated to the Bishop of London, and first published in that city in 1843, we read as follows: "The places of strength are chiefly three,—New York, Albany, and Kingston. In Ulster County is a Dutch Calvinist Church, in Kingston, for five or six towns. A minister is to come" —that is, I suppose, from Holland—"his books brought, but he missed his passage." There were then three hundred families in the county, mostly Dutch, with some English and French. The Dutch Church, in Kingston, was organized May 30, 1658. There are now eighteen churches in the township.

Allusion has been made to the settlement of a colony of Huguenots, or French Protestants, at New Paltz, in Ulster County, in 1677. As to the origin and meaning of the word "Huguenot," ten different opinions have been advanced. Browning, in his History of the Huguenôts, claims that it came from *Eignot*, derived from the German word *Eidgenossen*, which means *Confederates*, there having been a party thus named in Geneva. D'Aubigné, in his History of the Reformation, holds that the word owes its precise present form to a prominent Protestant republican leader in Geneva, named Hugues. Before the Reformation, the word "Huguenot" had a purely political meaning, being applied to those alone who favored civil independence. After the Reformation, the enemies of the Protestants in France applied this term to them in the way of reproach, as imputing to them a foreign, republican, heretical origin, just as the Puritans, Methodists, Quakers, and others were so named at first by

their enemies. Most of the Huguenots of Ulster County came to America some twelve or fifteen years before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which took place in 1685, the Edict having been in force about ninety years. During this period of comparative peace and comfort to the Protestants in France, they still suffered much from oppression and wrong, especially after the death of Cromwell, in 1658, whose strong hand, iron will, and manly, sympathizing heart had made him a tower of strength and defense to Protestants throughout the world, and the terror and scourge of their enemies. The Cardinal Mazarin, too, in France, a mild and tolerant man, of great influence with the King, died three years after Cromwell, so that thus the Huguenots suffered more than before.

As early as 1625, some French Protestants came to New York ; but these did not go to Ulster County. Others, at different times, settled at New Rochelle, in Westchester County ; in Charleston, South Carolina ; in Massachusetts ; and elsewhere. Those who afterwards came to Ulster County, went first to Germany, where they found a home in the Palatinate, on the Rhine, and hence they called their first settlement in America De Paltz, or as it is now called, Paltz, or New Paltz.

It has already been stated that the valley of the Walkill, which lies along the banks of a creek of that name, was first discovered in the destructive war against the Indians in 1663, during which they were nearly exterminated. A few, however, remained, and, as elsewhere stated, had a new fort more remote from the white settlements than their old ones, and were permitted. in small numbers at a time, to come to Rondout to trade. About twelve years after this war, mostly in July, 1675, many of the Huguenots of Ulster landed at Wiltwyck, where they were kindly welcomed by the Dutch, as the

Pilgrim Fathers of New England, when they first left Great Britain, found a home among the same people in Holland. These Huguenots lived in an unsettled state near where they first landed about two years, and their leading men among them, known as the "twelve patentees," purchased of the Indians, in 1677, a large tract of land opposite Poughkeepsie, where is now the fertile and pleasant town of New Paltz.

Some Huguenots came to Kingston as early as 1660. To one of these and his family the narrative which follows relates, in connection with the massacre, captivity, and war of 1663. The tradition in the case is indeed a singular one ; and yet so full and minute is it, and coming down to us, as it does, through generations of truthful and devout Christian men, and withal of a nature so peculiarly tender and dramatic, that one can hardly believe that it is not essentially true, whatever minor errors of time and place or circumstances there may be in connection with it.

I therefore give the tradition referred to above as it is found in one of a well-written and instructive series of articles, on the Huguenots of Ulster County, in the "Christian Intelligencer" of 1842, vol. xvi., No. 42.

The tradition is, in substance, as follows : Catherine Lefever, wife of Louis Dubois, and three of their children were taken captive by the Indians, and carried away. Some time afterwards, a friendly Indian came to Kingston, and told where the captives could be found. His directions were, to follow the Rondout Creek, and then the Walkill, and after that a third stream, on the banks of which the Indians were then encamped ; and as they intended to remove near to some white settlements, where they did not wish to have prisoners with them, they were about to put their captives to death. The Indian camp is said to have been about one hundred yards from the east

bank of the Shawangunk Creek, in the town of the same name, and one mile from where the Reformed Dutch Church in that town now stands.

Thus warned and guided, Dubois and a company of friends, with guns, knapsacks, dogs, and provisions, marched through the forest, a distance of twenty-six miles, to the place pointed out to them. Before reaching the camp, Dubois came suddenly upon an Indian, who, in attempting to shoot him, missed the notch in the end of his arrow, as he brought it to his bowstring, when Dubois, springing upon him, killed him with his sword without alarming the other Indians. They put off the attack on the Indian camp until evening, with a view then to rush upon it with a loud shout, thus giving the impression that their party was a large one. As the dogs ranged ahead, and the Indians saw them, they cried "White Man's Dogs," and hearing the shouts of the men, they fled. The captives, alarmed with the rest, and not knowing who they were that were coming upon them, fled with the Indians, until Dubois pursuing his wife, and calling her by name, she with the others turned back. When they approached the camp, Mrs. Dubois had been placed by the Indians on a pile of wood, to be burned at the stake, and, preparatory to this, was singing of the captive Jews, as, by the rivers of Babylon, they hung their harps upon the willows, and sat themselves down and wept. And we may well suppose, that with the eye of faith looking upwards to a heavenly home, which then seemed so near, and to which, as she thought, she was so soon to ascend, her music, in those forest depths, had in it heavenly harmony, softened and enriched by the tender love and sympathies of earth. Nor is it strange, that even savage hearts, softened, charmed, and awed by such music, and by such high-wrought and heroic fortitude in the near view of death,

should have urged her again and again to sing her song of plaintive melody, and of high and holy hope and trust in God, until, when she looked not for it, that deliverance came, which, but for her continued singing, would have been too late. There is indeed much of unwritten history, quite as true and of far higher interest than are large portions of that which the world believes, and over which it joys or weeps.

It is said, that the knowledge gained of the country around, by those who went on this expedition, led the Huguenots to select the banks of the Walkill as their future home, and to settle there. The deed given by the Indians to the Huguenots, of the lands at New Paltz, is dated May 2, 1677, for which the Indians received forty axes and the same number of kettles, forty adzes, forty shirts, four hundred strings of white beads, three hundred strings of black beads, fifty pairs of stockings, one hundred bars of lead, one keg of powder, one hundred knives, four quarter-casks of wine, forty jars, sixty splitting or cleaving knives, sixty blankets, one hundred needles, one hundred awls, and one clean pipe. The land thus purchased was twelve miles square, and extended from the Shawangunk Mountains to Hudson River. Some families removed there early in 1677.

The Huguenots were three days in removing through the forest from Kingston to New Paltz, a distance of sixteen miles. The Eltinges, of New Paltz, are said to have been of Dutch descent. One of the Eltinges of Kingston, having married a Dubois, removed with his wife's relatives to their new home.

Edmund Eltinge, Esq., in the "Ulster County Historical Collection for 1860," gives the maiden name of the wife of Louis Dubois as Catherine Blanshan, instead of Catherine Lefever, and states that three women, wives of

residents of Kingston, were with her when she was freed from captivity. He says that the Indian who gave directions as to where to find the captives was a man of some standing among them, who had been taken captive by the whites, and was detained by them as a hostage while Dubois and his friends were absent. He further states that the Psalm sung was the 137th in the Dutch collection, beginning thus :—

> "By Babel's stream the captives sate,
> And wept for Zion's hapless fate ;
> Useless their harps on willows hung
> While foes required a sacred song."

As connected with the tradition above, we find in the list of captives taken by the Indians in June, 1663, the wife and three children of Louis Dubois. After that, a Wappinger Indian, who was a prisoner, was asked if he would guide them to the fort of the Esopus Indians ; and he answered "Yes." As for six months or more after the massacre, prisoners, in small numbers at a time, were in various ways often recovered from the Indians, as appears from Krugier's Journal and other early records, there seems to be nothing but the silence of early written history to disprove the tradition above. As peace was not finally made with the Indians until May 16, 1664, nearly a year after the massacre, during all the autumn of 1663, the Indians were at times hovering around Kingston, and soldiers went to the fields with laborers to protect them in securing the crops. Under date of October 11, we read that Louis the Walloon, that is, Huguenot (meaning Dubois), went for his oxen, when three Indians attacked him, one of whom slightly wounded him with an arrow, and tried to seize him, but Dubois struck him with a piece

of paling, and escaped through the kill or creek. Dubois was afterwards first elder of the church in New Paltz.

It is said that the family name of Dubois at one time was very near becoming extinct in Ulster County, inasmuch as there was in New Paltz but one family of that name, in which, though there were seven daughters, there was but one son. As also there was then no church nearer than Kingston, a distance of sixteen miles, children were taken there to be baptized. It is related that as the father and mother of this only son were returning from his baptism, their team and sleigh, in crossing the creek, broke through the ice, and they, with their horses, were drowned ; the mother having thrown her infant on a floating cake of ice, from which it was rescued, and its life saved. In 1744, Johannes Decker, of Shawangunk (pronounced Shon-gum), while going to or returning from the baptism of his child, was lost, with his horses and a negro who came to help him,—his horses having broken through the ice,—while his wife and child were saved.

Rev. Dr. Stitt of Kingston, for many years pastor of the church referred to above, relates in the " Ulster County Historical Collections " that it was organized January 22, 1683, by Rev. Peter Duelle, under the title of the congregation of the " Walloon Protestant Church." The Rev. Peter Pierret came there in 1697, and received twenty pounds yearly from the colonial government. The preaching and church records were at first in French. From 1700 to 1730 there was a transition from French to Dutch, there being then no regular preaching, but Dutch ministers came from Kingston and Albany to baptize, marry, and administer the Lord's Supper. In 1720 their second church was built of stone. It was small, and had a large window on each side, a steep, pointed roof, and a small cupola on the top, where a horn was blown to call the

people to service. It is still standing, and is used as a school-house. In due time the preaching became English instead of Dutch. Rev. Dr. Peltz, the present pastor of the church, writes me that "the church records are in French, Dutch, and English; that, as the early dwellers there did not cheat the Indians, they had no wars with them; that they never let a lawyer live among them (though they would have tolerated witches and Quakers), and refused to have the county seat there because of its associations." There are, we think, few flourishing towns of two thousand inhabitants, which, on the ground of a regard for the morality of the place, would have refused such an offer.

May 21, 1667, the Fox Hall Patent to a large tract of land in the south part of Ulster County, discovered during the Indian War of 1663, was issued to Thomas Chambers, who had been active in that war. He had before lived on a tract of land where Troy now is, which he had rented from the Patroon, Van Rensselaer. He removed to Esopus in 1652, where he acquired a large estate which he tried to entail by will to his family, but it passed out of their possession before the Revolutionary War.

During the Revolutionary War, the out-settlements in Ulster County were much exposed to attacks by the Indians, and were most of them destroyed or abandoned. The towns on the river, too, were all taken by the British; and, in 1777, most of them were pillaged and burned. General Vaughan, with a force of three thousand men, was sent up the river with a view to aid General Burgoyne. For ten days after passing the Highlands, his troops were employed in plundering and burning the towns they took. October 17, after plundering Kingston several hours, they burned every house in it but one. These houses, however, like

most of those early built by the Dutch, in the valley of the Hudson, had strong, thick walls of stone, so that they suffered but little from fire, and their woodwork was easily replaced. The Provincial Congress and the State Legislature held several sessions in Kingston during the war and soon after, and the first Constitution of the State was formed there. The first State Convention adjourned from Fishkill to Kingston on the approach of the British in 1777, and October 7 of that year the State Legislature in session was dispersed by the approach of Sir Henry Clinton and the British troops. When Kingston was burned, it was the third town in the State in size, elegance, and wealth, New York and Albany alone being in advance of it.

In 1778, two men named Andreson and Osterhout, of Ulster County, were taken by the Indians. When within one day's march of Niagara, Andreson relieved himself and his companion from their bonds at night when the Indians were asleep. They killed the Indians, except two squaws, who escaped, and took the provisions, spoils, and guns of the Indians, and returning some four or five hundred miles through the woods, reached home in seventeen days, killing game by the way for food. They were much weakened and reduced by hunger and fatigue, but greatly rejoiced at their escape.

In May, 1779, Colonel Butler, with forty rangers, burned four houses and five barns in Fantinekill, murdered six persons, and three or four more were supposed to have been burned in their houses. Colonel Van Cortland pursued them, and twice came in sight of them as they were crossing the tops of distant hills, but could not overtake them. When he turned back from pursuing them, they fell upon Woodstock, made a few prisoners, carried them away to Canada, burned several houses, and committed

other depredations. It was at this time, probably, that Miller and Short, elsewhere spoken of in this work, were carried away.

It is said that in the spring of 1780 an atrocious raid was made by a party of Indians and tories, with a view to seize Thomas and Johannes Jansen, wealthy men of Shawangunk; and that some of their negroes and neighbors were made prisoners, a Miss Mack and her father, with a young lady, on a visit from New York, killed, houses plundered and barns burned. It is also stated that some of the same party took the Snyders, of Saugerties, prisoners; but it will be seen from their narrative that they were carried away before this raid against the Jansens.

In the town of Wawarsing, are peaks of the Catskill Mountains, from two to three thousand feet high. A large party of Indians and tories, under one Caldwell, appeared in this town August 12, 1781. They had intended to attack Napanock, but having learned that it was defended by a cannon, they went to Wawarsing, where there was a stone fort. Two men and a young woman discovered them before they reached the fort, it being early in the morning; and the woman succeeded in closing the door of the fort just in time to shut out the Indians. They found it dangerous to make an attack, and the next day withdrew, having burned five or six houses, several barns, and a gristmill, and loaded themselves with spoil. A number of lives were lost on both sides, and much property destroyed and carried away.

John Vanderlyn, the celebrated painter, was born in Kingston, late in the last century. Until near twenty-one he was an apprentice to a wagon-painter. Some of his drawings having been shown to Aaron Burr, while at a tavern in the village, he sent him to Europe, where, in

1808, he received a gold medal, offered by the Emperor Napoleon for the best original picture, at the exhibition of the Louvre, though twelve hundred paintings were exhibited by European artists. This painting was "Marius on the Ruins of Carthage," now in the possession of Bishop Kip, of California. In 1842, he painted the "Landing of Columbus," now in one of the panels of the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, for which he received twelve thousand dollars. It is inferior to his earlier works. He was then old and broken in spirits. He died in poverty in Kingston, in 1850, where he was buried in the Wiltwyck Cemetery.

The Delaware and Hudson Canal, which brings vast quantities of coal from the mines at Carbondale, Pennsylvania, enters the Hudson River at Rondout, from whence it is shipped to all parts of the United States. In the year 1818, water-limestone was discovered by accident on the line of the Erie Canal by an engineer named White, who was employed there; and it was afterwards found in large quantities along the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal (about the time it was commenced), from Rondout, to some twenty miles along and near the line of the canal. The manufacture of water cement now employs one thousand men and one million dollars of capital In 1859, there were fifteen manufactories of cement in the county. One company at Rondout manufactures seventy thousand barrels of cement annually, and another ninety thousand. Five manufactories in the town of Rosendale produce each year two hundred and forty-one thousand barrels, one hundred and twenty-five thousand of which are manufactured by a single company. The cement trade in the county amounts to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. The Newark Lime and Cement Manufacturing Company, organized in 1848, has two

manufactories in Newark, New Jersey, and one at Rondout, where the limestone is quarried, producing seven hundred and fifty thousand barrels annually.

A lead-mine was worked near Ellenville, without profit, more than forty years since; and another was opened in 1837, in the south part of the county, six hundred or seven hundred feet above the valley below. Millstones of an excellent quality were formerly quarried in large quantities ten miles from the river, and small ones are still made there. In Marlborough, fifteen thousand wheelbarrows and forty thousand dollars' worth of agricultural implements are manufactured annually. In the town of Olive are four large tanneries, one of which produces seventy thousand sides of oak-tanned sole-leather annually. Shokan Point in this town is three thousand one hundred feet high. In the town of Shandaken two hundred thousand sides of leather are manufactured annually.

In Saugerties, the Ulster Iron Works employ three hundred men, night and day, and manufacture six thousand tons of bar and hoop iron annually. A paper-mill employs one hundred and twenty-five hands, and produces six hundred tons of paper annually. The White-Lead Works employ forty men, and manufacture fifteen hundred tons of paint each year. About two thousand men are employed in this town in quarrying, dressing, and shipping stone, and about five hundred thousand dollars' worth of stone is annually shipped from Glasco, Malden, and Saugerties, all of them ports in the town of Saugerties. Large quantities of gunpowder are also manufactured in Saugerties and Kiskatom. The old Dutch church, built of stone in 1732, in Kaatsban, in the north part of Saugerties, and the ancient oaks near it, are objects of peculiar, antique attractiveness and interest.

Ulster County contains 1204 square miles, and in 1860

produced 847,549 bushels of grain, 64,795 tons of hay, 134,539 bushels of potatoes, 397,754 bushels of apples, 1,669,631, pounds of butter, and 520 pounds of cheese. Population of the county, 67,936, there being 1,576 more males than females in this number.

CHAPTER IV.

Revolutionary Captives.—Frederick Schermerhorn.—His Residence.—Josiah Priest.—His Writings.—The Stropes.—Schermerhorn at Roundtop.—Indians and Tories.—Strope and his Wife Killed and Scalped.—Escape of Jacob Schermerhorn's Wife and Children.—The House Burned.—Route of the Indians.—Vain Pursuit of Them.—Captives at Night.—Scalps Dried.—An Elk Shot.—A Murdered Man.—The Susquehanna.—Voyage on it.—Dead Fish.—Troga Point.—Sullivan's Expedition.—Murphy.—Unburied Bones.—Marks of Cannon shot.—Genesee River.—Hunger—Food.—Tonawanda Creek.—Warwhoops.—Premium on Scalps.—Running the Gauntlet.—Reach Niagara.—Schermerhorn Enlists in the Army.—Bounty Money. Doxtater's Raid.—Currytown.—Prisoners.—A Fright.—Colonel Willet.—A Defeat.—Return to Niagara.—A Captive Boy.—His History.—Deivendorf Scalped and yet Lived.—Tories with Doxtater.—Schermerhorn in Michigan.—His Release and Return Home.—His Family.—His Death.—His Tory Captors.—Priest's Writings.—The Schermerhorns on the Mohawk.—Careful Scalping.

THE narrative of the seizure and the captivity among the Indians and the British in Canada, of Frederick Schermerhorn, of Catskill, during the Revolutionary War, is here given as interesting matter of history, and as showing how those who have gone before us were exposed to fearful danger of captivity and death in their efforts to secure and hand down to their posterity the rich civil and religious blessings which we, in peace and quiet, so securely and happily enjoy. Schermerhorn's parents lived where his grandson, Frederick Barringer, now resides, about two miles west of Catskill. He has two daughters still living in Kiskatom, a son and daughter in Cairo, and a daughter in one of the Western States.

I give below the substance of the narrative, compiled by Josiah Priest, formerly residing in Cairo, but who removed to Albany, and for some years travelled through this region selling books, several of which he himself wrote. He has a son who is a physician in Windham, in this county.

The titlepage of the pamphlet from which I copy is as follows: "The Low Dutch Prisoner; being an Account of the Capture of Frederick Schermerhorn, when a lad of seventeen years old, by a party of Mohawks, in the time of the Revolution, who took him near the famous Mountain House, in the State of New York, and of his sufferings through the wilderness with the Indians. Also the story of the hermit found in a cave of the Allegany Mountains, and of the Miners of the Minisink, with some other curious matters, which the reader may consider useful as well as interesting.

> "'The glare of fire, its smoke and flame,
> Are hues which tinge the savage name;
> The screech, the groan, the cry of fear,
> Are sounds that please the Indian ear;
> For thus their ancient gory creed
> Pronounced the pris'ner sure should bleed,
> And through death's gate in pain must go,
> To meet the awful MANITO.'" *

The Strope family, mentioned below, were the first settlers in their neighborhood, and lived on the Shingle Kill Creek, some forty rods east of the Roundtop Methodist Church, and ten or twelve rods south of the road.

The pamphlet from which I copy is in octavo form, with thirty-two closely printed pages, and closes with an alle-

* "By Josiah Priest. Author of several works, pamphlets, &c., never before published. Copyright. Price 18¾ cents. Albany, 1839."

gory styled "The Plains of Matrimony," and the following verses:

> "The low Dutch captive boy amid the forest wild,
> With hunger, grief, and sorrow, when a little child,
> The Indian Minisink, and settler's tale is told;
> The hermit of the rock, the miners and their gold:
> But soon a longer story, as wonderful and true,
> The press from off its bosom will give to public view,
> In which the pangs of war, of love, and deep distress,
> Shall thrill the reader's heart, amid a wilderness."

Another work published by Mr. Priest was "Stories of Early Settlers," a copy of which I met with in the State Library in Albany. This book contains a singular collection of narratives of the hardships and adventures of the early emigrants in the region north and west of Catskill. The hermit found in a cave of the Alleghany Mountains, spoken of above, or one much like him, figures in Dr. Murdoch's "Dutch Dominie of the Catskills."

The parents of Frederick Schermerhorn came to the place where Mr. Barringer now lives, in 1758, and there made them a home in the woods, where their son lived with them until he was taken captive by the Indians. He is called by Mr. Priest "The Low Dutch Prisoner," because his ancestors came from Holland, and hence were known as *Low* Dutch, while emigrants from Germany are called *High* Dutch. A brother of Frederick Schermerhorn had married a daughter of Mr. Strope, living near the Roundtop, as described above, and Frederick was sent there to obtain the aid of his brother in driving some sheep from Shingle Kill, now Cairo, where there was then but one house, to where their father then lived, near where Skinneman's or Schuneman's Bridge was afterwards built over the Catskill Creek.

The sun was about two hours high when the boy left

home, which gave him time to ride eight miles to Strope's before dark. His large bear-dog, his usual attendant when he went from home, refused to follow him, and howled after him when he left, as if to warn him of danger; having, it may be, seen the Indians in the woods, and been frightened by their firing at him. This was regarded as an ill omen, and served to depress the feelings of the boy. Before sunrise the next morning he heard, in his sleeping-room at Strope's, the screams of his sister-in-law, apparently at some distance from the house, she and her parents having risen before him. This was caused by the barking of Strope's dog, which had run towards a swamp near by, where the young woman saw in the woods a party of Indians painted and armed approaching the house. Strope had gone to his field to work, but saw the Indians going from their place of ambush, where they had spent the night, towards his house. It is thought that at first the Indians only intended to take and kill a son of Strope's, named Bastayon, who was then absent in Saugerties, and had some time before offended them by what he had done to them near the Susquehanna River. He, with his wife and family, had been taken captive there by the Indians, near the Otego Creek, when he basely fled, leaving his family behind him, and, as is supposed, stealing from the Indians a choice rifle, a tomahawk, ammunition, and other articles of value.

The boy, Schermerhorn, was called suddenly from his bed, by his sister-in-law, who cried to him that the Indians were just upon them. At first they seemed quite friendly, shaking hands with every one, and saying, "How do, how do," asking for Bastayon, intending to plunder the house, but not to kill any one. They first drew the charge from Strope's gun, which hung on pegs, on a beam of the chamber floor, which was done quickly, through fear of

the Esopus rangers, a band of guerillas, who made short work with Indians and tories when they caught them. Strope, being a loyalist or tory, did not much fear the Indians, when he saw them going towards his house; though he did not like to see among them one named Wampehassee, whom, in times past while hunting near his house, he had knocked down and kicked out of doors for drunkenness and impudence, a kind of personal attention an Indian is not apt to forget. Before Mr. Strope reached the house, they had seized several articles of clothing; and as Mrs. Strope, who was fearless and strong, stoutly resisted them, they handled her roughly. Soon one of the Indians, with a blow of his hatchet, broke in the lid of a chest, in which the linen of the family was kept. Drawing a long piece of new linen around the room, he said, "Make Indian good shirt." Mrs. Strope attacked him, saying, "Dat ish Bastayon's peace of de linens." Hearing this, the Indian said, "Me hate Bastayon, me have good shirt now." While the old lady and the Indian were pulling the cloth different ways, young Schermerhorn said to her, "Vor Got's sake, let dem haff vat dey vills, or you may lose your life." She would not yield, however; and soon the Indian killed her by a blow on her head with his tomahawk. At this moment Mr. Strope came in, and seeing what was done, rushed forward, with uplifted hands, and cried, "Cot Almighty!" when the same Indian named above killed him also with a blow of his tomahawk. He then scalped them, by cutting the skin around their heads, when seizing it with his teeth, he placed his foot on their breasts, and thus tore off their scalps.

When this had been done, the Indian seized young Schermerhorn by the shoulder, and said, "You go me?" to which the boy replied, "Yaw, yaw: I will."

As the wife of Jacob Schermerhorn, Strope's daughter saw the Indians come towards the house, she quickly seized and dressed her two children, who were in bed, one an infant, and the other two years old, and left the house, after the Indians had entered it; and calling after her two older children, who were playing near the house, she hastily fled, and hid them and herself in a field of tall rye not far from the house. Soon she heard the sound of the flames of the fire which the Indians had kindled to destroy the house, and saw them moving off, heavily laden with plunder, and with the boy in their midst. Waiting until the Indians were out of sight, fearing to remain where she was, lest the Indians should return, as also to take the path to Shingle Kill, where, too, she might meet them, she resolved to go through the woods, following the course of the Kiskatom Creek, to the house of one Timmerman, who lived near its mouth, some five miles distant, where she arrived near night the same day.

The day before these murders, her husband, Jacob Schermerhorn, had gone on horseback to Wynkoop's Mill, on the Kiskatom Creek, and did not return until the house was burned; and he saw there, among the smoking ruins, the bones of two human beings, not knowing but that his wife might be one of them, until he found her, and thus learned what had taken place. Had he returned half an hour sooner, he too would have been taken and probably killed. Having left his bag of meal in the barn, where his brother's horse was, he went to a small fort, called Pasamacoosick, between Catskill and Cairo. Having told what had happened, there came together the next day a large company of men, from all the region around, with provisions and ammunition, who, after a careful and diligent search, could find no traces of the Indians' retreat. Had they come together a day sooner,

they might have found and killed them. The bones of those murdered were buried, and Jacob's wife was found at Timmerman's.

As young Schermerhorn did not return, his father, strongly urged by his wife, the next day mounted a horse, left home, and chanced to meet his son Jacob on the way to the fort, and learned from him what had taken place. Returning home, he told the sad tale to his wife, both of them being filled with anxiety and fear for the fate of their son. A year or so after this, a letter reached them, by means of a tory, through whose aid it was sent to them, informing them as to what had happened to him, and where he was.

The Indians, after securing their spoil, crossed the mountains through Hunter, some miles west of where the Mountain House now is. On reaching the top of the mountain, they took from the boy his shoes, which were new, giving him an old pair of moccasins in their place, and his hat, which was a good one, leaving him with no covering for his head during the whole of his long journey. There were four Indians, who marched with the boy in their midst, so that they could easily seize or kill him, should he attempt to escape. With a view to safety, they went by the wildest and most difficult route, until near night they came to a swampy region, near the head of the Schoharie Creek, where they encamped. From the house of a tory near by, the Indians obtained milk and meal, of which they made pudding for their supper, kindling a fire with the flash of a gun, and moss, and some Continental paper money, taken from their prisoner, at the same time making sport of the Continental Congress. The boy was bound, for the night, by a cord, passing round each arm, at the elbow, and around his body, each end of which was fastened to the arm of an

Indian on either side of him, between whom he slept. This was done for the three first nights, when having gone so far from his home that they did not fear that he would try to return, they then left him at liberty.

Their plan was to reach the Delaware River, follow it for some distance, then cross to the Susquehanna, and from thence travel on to the West. As the weather was hot, and Schermerhorn complained of the headache, the Indian flourished his tomahawk around the boy's head, saying, "This good for headache," which cured him of all disposition to complain of the headache in the future. During a heavy rain, they built a covering of bark, near a warm fire, by means of which they were thoroughly dried. Here one of the Indians made two hoops of twigs, on which he stretched the scalps of Mr. and Mrs. Strope, to dry them, and then making a smaller one, as if for Frederick's scalp, he suddenly raised him to his feet by his hair, and, with a horrid yell, drew his finger around his head, as if about to pass his knife there and scalp him, when the boy was so overcome with fear that he fell to the ground as if he had been shot; whereupon the Indians were so amused that they burst into fits of laughter, yelling and rolling on the ground for joy.

About noon the third day, one of the Indians shot a large elk, which they skinned; and, boiling the flesh, they pressed it into small balls to dry and preserve it, as they had no salt, while of the liver and fat they made a great feast. The fourth day they came to the Delaware River, where they spent two days, and made a bark canoe large enough to carry their party of five persons and their baggage. They then took the boy's coat from him, giving him a shirt of tow cloth in its place, which they had taken a few days before from the body of a man whom they had murdered near the Hudson River, in the Imbought just

below Catskill. The shirt was quite bloody, and had the initials of its former owner worked in it with thread. These Indians belonged to a party which had been sent out from Fort Niagara by Guy Johnston, who passed by way of the Genesee country to the Chemung, following it to its entrance into the Susquehanna at Tioga Point, from whence they had gone east to the Hudson River, where they had killed the man referred to above. In passing rapidly down the river in the canoe, the banks were covered with dead shad, which, owing to the low water and the great heat, had died while returning from leaving their spawn high up the river. Wild ducks were also met with in great numbers, rearing their young, which could be taken alive by hand from the water, having never been frightened by men.

In less than two days, they had gone as far down the river as they wished to go, where they spent a night; and, having concealed their canoe, they took their packs and travelled for a hundred miles or more through the woods to Tioga Point, two hundred miles from where they had started, and had yet two hundred miles or more to go before they would reach Fort Niagara. The boy had a heavy pack, and, bareheaded and barefooted, travelled through the rough, thorny woods. Having crossed the Susquehanna at a shallow place, they struck the war-path of General Sullivan, who, a year or two before, had defeated the Indians of the Genesee and Chemung country, and killed many of them. In their march they came to a place where a scouting party, sent out by Sullivan, had fallen into an ambush and were taken by the Indians, with the exception of the famous Murphy, of Schoharie, known as "The Indian Killer," who is said to have killed more Indians during the Revolutionary War of seven years than any other man in the country, and who died in peace years

after its close. The bones of these captives, bleaching on the ground, were pointed out to the boy by the Indians, who said, "See Kankee bones." These captives were all tomahawked by the Indians, as they had not time to torture them, and their bodies were left to be devoured by beasts of prey. When these twenty-three captives had been killed, the Indians all pursued Murphy, but could not take him, he in his flight having hid himself under a large log by drawing bark and brush around him, where the Indians passed directly over him, loudly yelling as they went. At night he escaped to Sullivan's camp, with the news of their sad misfortune.

During this part of their journey, the Indians, in many places, pointed out to Schermerhorn where the cannon-shot of Sullivan had cut off the limbs and bark of trees, as he gave them grape and canister shot wherever he found them, having in one place thus driven a party of them over a precipice, where they were killed by the fall. In the region of the Genesee River there were many Indians, who had returned there after their flight from Sullivan's invasion. There, according to custom, Schermerhorn would have had to run the gauntlet between two rows of old Indians, the squaws and Indian boys armed with clubs and stones, and permitted to strike and kick the running captive, had not the man who owned him so dressed him and given him a gun, as to cause the Indians to regard him as a friend instead of a captive prisoner. On leaving the Genesee, they suffered from hunger much more than before, living on roots and an herb which the Indians pounded to a pumice, and, wrapping it in leaves, baked it in hot ashes.

After a few days, they came to Tonawanda Creek, where there was an Indian settlement. When they came near to it, they gave one whoop to show the prisoner they had,

and two to make known the number of scalps; for which, at Fort Niagara, they received from the British officers a reward of eight dollars for each scalp, concealing the fact that they were taken from the friends instead of the enemies of England. Here Schermerhorn was repeatedly knocked down, and severely treated by Indians; while one whom he met with treated him kindly, and gave him food and drink. From Tonawanda to Fort Niagara they lived on herbs, roots, berries, squirrels, birds, and skunks, having a hard journey of it, until they came where the Indians who were with Schermerhorn lived, and there they obtained food. Here the boy met a friendly old Indian, who said that he had often eaten in his father's house; and hence treated him kindly. Near the fort, he had to run the gauntlet for a distance of some ten rods, expecting to be killed, but was not much injured. Having been questioned by a clerk of Guy Johnston, as to the number of the American forces, and other matters of which he knew nothing, he was placed under the care of a squaw, who had charge of the cooking department, and who treated him with great kindness. The clothes taken from himself and the Stropes he saw worn by the Indians and a Tory in the fort.

As soon as Schermerhorn had somewhat recruited, and regained his strength, the choice was given him of enlisting as a soldier in the British army, or to go again with the Indians. With much reluctance and grief, he at length consented to enlist, thinking that thus he might escape perpetual captivity among the cruel, filthy, hated Indians, and have a chance of reaching his friends by flight, or at the end of the war. Forty Spanish dollars were paid to the Indian who captured him, this being the bounty given by the government for every young man from the colonies who enlisted as a soldier under the king. Dressed

in a suit of blue, with white facings, he joined a company called Foresters, under Guy Johnston, and thus he served four years, or one year after the end of the war, as he was claimed as a British subject. When he had been a soldier for about a year, he went on an expedition under Lieutenant Doxtater, a Dutchman from the Mohawk, a relative of Butler, the savage companion of Brandt in the war. There were in this company about fifty white men and one hundred Indians, who so suffered from hunger that they had to eat three or four packhorses they took with them. They followed nearly the course which the Erie Canal now takes, until they reached Currytown, now in Montgomery County, south of the Mohawk River, where there was a fort, from which they hoped to obtain plunder, prisoners, and scalps. In their unexpected approach to the place, the Indians took as prisoners six men, who were working in their fields with a negro boy and a small white girl. As they approached the fort, however, they were discovered, when the men fled to the fort, and as many of the women as could reach it. Many women and children took refuge in a house near the fort, around which Doxtater placed a guard for their protection, intending probably to carry them off as prisoners.

The fort, however, was not attacked, nor did those in the fort come out to fight; so that the place was freely plundered, and most of the buildings burned. Doxtater ordered Schermerhorn to set a certain barn on fire, but he refused, saying: "I cannot find it in my heart to destroy the property of my people." Schermerhorn here attempted to make his escape and reach home; but coming near a blockhouse of the Americans, where he was in danger of being shot by them, and fearing being discovered by the British and Indians, who would have put him to death as a deserter, he therefore returned to his company, who soon left

the place in a fright, a Tory runner having informed them that the enemy were near. Thus they left behind them the women and children in the house. They turned their course towards a small place named Tourbaugh, near Cherry Valley, where they hoped to obtain prisoners, horses, cattle, and provisions, but Colonel Willet, a famous border warrior in the region of Schoharie and Otsego counties, having heard of their movements, laid an ambush for them, and after a fight of a few minutes put them to flight, they having tomahawked and scalped their eight prisoners, where their friends afterwards found their bodies, and removed them. Doxtater and his party, having thus lost all they had taken at Currytown, except a few horses, which hunger compelled them to eat on their way back to Fort Niagara, the party reached there, wretched and forlorn, with nothing to show but the eight scalps, one of them of the little white girl they had taken. During the fight with Willet, Schermerhorn had charge of Peter Quackenboss, a prisoner taken by the white men of the party; and hence his life was spared when those taken by the Indians were scalped. Peter and his brother John were captured while hunting deer, and, failing in attempts to escape, returned to their home after the end of the war.

When Doxtater and his party left Fort Niagara, there came with them the wife of a noted chief who wished to get a white boy to adopt, as she had no child. While at the house in Currytown where the women and children were, she snatched a fine white boy two years old from the arms of his mother, and fled with it into the woods, the mother screaming after it, but not being permitted to follow and recover it. About a year after, this child was at Fort Niagara dressed in Indian style, and much caressed and loved by the Indians. In the year 1828, there came a white man from among the western Indians,

saying that he had been told that he was stolen when a child from Schoharie, and that he came to seek his relatives and early home. He went to Schoharie, Albany, New York, and Washington, trying in vain to find his friends. His age was then about fifty years; and, had he met with Schermerhorn, he would probably have succeeded in his search, and not been compelled to return among his savage friends. His manners and habits, as his mode of life had been, were all Indian. His age and all the circumstances of the case make it well-nigh certain that he was the child stolen from the arms of its mother by the wife of the Indian chief. The morning of Willet's fight the Indians took a Dutch boy, by the name of Deivendorf, about fourteen years of age, whom they stunned with a blow on the head with a tomahawk, and scalped him, leaving him for dead. He soon revived, however, so far as to be able to crawl to a log near by, where on his knees he lay over it on his breast, the blood flowing down his temples and forehead. When those pursuing the Indians came near him and saw him, one, supposing him to be an Indian, was on the point of shooting him, when a companion struck his rifle, and thus the ball missed him. Mr. Priest, the writer of the Life of Schermerhorn, from which I have compiled this condensed sketch of nearly all the facts in the case, knew this Deivendorf, and had from him the statement given above. He was a stout, healthy man, with a large property, a good citizen, living near where he was scalped, and bearing the marks of that savage act.

Among the fifty white men who went with Doxtater, who was himself from the region of the Mohawk, there were several tories from the same part of the country, who blacked and painted their faces like the Indians, that they might not be known by their former neighbors.

They advised Schermerhorn to do the same, but he refused, saying, "If I am to die in battle, let me die a white man." After the return of those of the party who survived, Schermerhorn was sent as a member of a body-guard of a Captain Dase, to Michigan, where he remained until nearly a year after the close of the war, when he returned to his parents, who were then living in the city of Hudson. Ebenezer Beach for many years lived where the Stropes were murdered, but none of his family are there now. His brother, Timothy Beach, was one of the prominent characters in the book, by Priest, already referred to, styled "Stories of the Early Settlers." They were worthy, useful men. Frederick Schermerhorn married near Hudson, but for more than fifty years lived about two miles west of where he was taken prisoner, and where now, May, 1866, his son, John Schermerhorn, lives, aged seventy-seven years. Frederick Schermerhorn died at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Miller Jones, one mile west of the Roundtop Methodist Church, in Cairo, February 13, 1847, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He and his wife (who died in October, 1846, aged seventy-seven) were buried in the graveyard near where he was taken prisoner. They were most of their lives worthy members of the Presbyterian Church in Cairo.

The writer of this work has been told by an aged man who lives near where the Stropes were killed, that two tories came with the Indians to the house as guides and helpers, as was done when the Abeels and the Snyders were taken, as is elsewhere related in this work. One of these tories lived near Acra, two or three miles northwest of the Stropes, and harbored the Indians; and the other lived on the Cautenskill Creek, near Catskill. Priest did not allude to these men, probably because the family of one of them lived near him when he was in Cairo; and

perhaps no good end would be answered by publishing their names. Priest speaks of intending to publish a work called "Legends of the Mohawk," in the time of the Revolution, which I have not seen. His books have much that is wild and fanciful in them, with frequent and singular episodes; but yet he collected and preserved much that was interesting and valuable, including a large octavo work, in which he tries to prove, as Elias Boudinot and others have done, that our western Indians are descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel.

There were some of the Schermerhorn family on the Mohawk River who suffered much from the Indians and Tories during the Revolutionary War. One of them, named Abraham Schermerhorn, fled repeatedly from his home in Glenville, to Schenectady, for safety. On one occasion a party led by Butler, infamously notorious for his connection with the massacre of the whites in Wyoming Valley, in Northern Pennsylvania, came to Schermerhorn's house, plundered it of all provisions, broke in pieces all the crockery and iron ware, threw a barrel of tar into the well, and wrote his name on the door of the house, that it might be known who had called there. His party carried away two boys, one a German and the other a negro, the former of whom they scalped for the sake of the bounty paid *by the British* for the scalps; but this was done carefully, so that he recovered from the savage operation. The names of the Indians who captured Schermerhorn were Wampehassee, who was the owner of the prisoner, Achewayume, Tom Tory, and John Teets; the two last probably nicknames, given by the English.

CHAPTER V.

The Abeels.—Their Residence.—Strong Whigs.—H. M. Brace, Esq.—His Narrative.—Time of the Capture.—Sources of Information.—Indians and Tories.—Settlement in Prattsville.—A Fight There.—The Abeels Taken.—Negro Impudence.—A Tory Neighbor.—Garret Abeel and Mulligan.—Route of the Indians.—Danger of David Abeel.—Great Suffering by the Way.—Running the Gauntlet.—Release and Return of David.—Anthony's Captivity and Escape.—The Captivity of Captain Jeremiah Snyder and His Son Elias.—Their Residence in Saugerties.—Dominie Van Vlierden.—His Sermon.—An Adventure of Captain Snyder before his Capture.—Capture of Him and His Son.—Indian Quarrel.—The House Robbed and Burned.—A Son Released.—They Cross the Mountains.—Tory Aid.—The Captain's Papers.—Canoe-making.—Down the Delaware.—They Reach the Susquehanna.—A Rattlesnake Feast.—Tioga Point.—Chemung River.—Lieutenant Boyd's Party.—Murphy.—A Packhorse.—Tory Neighbors.—A White Squaw.—Fishing.—Thieves.—Escape the Gauntlet.—Enter Fort Niagara.—Captives at Night.—Their Food.—The Jansens.—Short and Miller.—War-whoops.

THREE miles and a half from Catskill the road to Mountain House crosses the Cauterskill Creek in a beautiful valley between two high hills. In ascending the hill beyond the bridge, there may be seen, near the creek, half a mile to the left, a long, low, stone house, with a large basement kitchen under one end, — such a house as the early Dutch farmers in this region commonly built, the stones being of a light color, unhewn, of every form and size, and joined with rude cement. From this house, in the spring of the year 1780, David Abeel and his son Anthony, zealous Whigs and worthy and intelligent men, were carried away captives to Canada; having been taken

prisoners by a party of Indians and tories. Their immediate descendants still live in this region, and are among the most respectable, thrifty, and intelligent of our population.

For the facts which follow, I am mainly indebted to Henry M. Brace, Esq., of New York City, a lawyer ; a son of the late Dr. Abel Brace, of Catskill, an eminent, skilful, and benevolent physician. Mr. Brace is a man of strong antiquarian tastes, and of much research in that direction. At the close of his narrative he thus writes :

The foregoing account I have derived mainly from Mr. David G. Abeel, a grandson of David, and nephew of Anthony. He is now seventy-five years of age, and has often heard his uncle describe his capture and the adventures of his father and himself. I have also obtained a few details from Mr. Frederic Overbaugh and his wife, who were well acquainted with Anthony Abeel. The writer of this work would here add that Colonel David G. Abeel is still living, at the age of eighty-two, with his mind active and vigorous, and well recollecting what he has known of the events recorded below. And here I begin the narrative of Mr. Brace, giving the spring of 1781 as the time when the Abeels were taken captives, as determined by the narrative of the Snyders, who were with them in Canada, Mr. Brace having been unable to learn at what time they were taken by the Indians. Mr. Brace must have written his narrative some eight years since, as Col. Abeel was then seventy-five years old.

MR. BRACE'S NARRATIVE.

"Men and women are still living who have heard Anthony Abeel tell the story of his own and his father's captivity among the Indians, during the Revolutionary

War. The Abeels were strong Whigs; and, as their zeal in this respect offended their Tory neighbors, they resolved to punish them. As their house was distant from others, and defenseless, their capture was easy and safe. This was effected by five or six Mohawk Indians, aided by two or three tories, who were neighbors and former friends of the Abeels. These Indians came by the way of the Schoharie Kill, or Creek, through where the town of Hunter now is, and, from time to time crossing the mountain, were a constant source of anxiety to the early settlers in this region." [A settlement of Dutch emigrants, from Schoharie County, was made on the flats in Prattsville, west of the mountains, soon after the French War, in 1763. During the Revolutionary War, they were attacked by a party of tories and Indians; and, in a battle near where the Windham turnpike bridge now is, the assailing party were routed.]

"One Sabbath evening, in the spring of 1781, the Abeels, having just returned from a religious meeting, were taking their supper, when their house was suddenly entered by Indians and tories. They were taken wholly by surprise, so that there was no time to seize their guns, which were on the brackets attached to the great beams overhead; nor would they have been of any use to them had they done so, for the negro servants or slaves of the family, being leagued with the Indians, had during the day taken the priming from the guns, and put ashes in the pans. A sister of Anthony Abeel used to tell with much glee how, amid the confusion of the capture, she crept under the table, and took the silver shoe and knee buckles from her father and brother, and hid them in her bosom." [An act showing great courage and presence of mind on her part, though it may be presumed that she did not feel very gleeful while she was doing so.] "The

house was plundered, chests and tables were split in pieces by the Indians with their tomahawks, beds were ripped open, the feathers scattered, and small articles of value were carried away. The women of the family were not molested, but David and his son Anthony were taken prisoners. As David was advanced in life, he would not have been taken away, had he not recognized one of his tory neighbors, who was painted and disguised as an Indian, incautiously saying to him, as he called him by name, 'Is that you?' The tory replied, 'Since you know me, *you* must go too.' A large negro servant of the family aided the Indians in binding the prisoners, grossly abusing his master, and snatching his hat from him, and giving his own in exchange, said, 'I am master now: take that.' On their way to Canada, the negro was insolent to one of the Indians, who gave him a blow which nearly cost him his life.

"Garret Abeel, a younger brother of Anthony, had been spending the day with John Schunneman, at the parsonage of the dominie, his father, in Leeds; and, on returning home at evening, he heard an unusual noise in the house. Having secured the aid of one Mulligan, who lived between the Abeels and where the turnpike now crosses the creek, they hid in the bushes by the path, near the house, and saw the Indians pass with their prisoners and spoil, the leader of the party carrying a lantern to guide them in their way. Garret raised his gun, and was about to fire, when Mulligan" [who, as Col. Abeel informed me, was trembling with fear] "checked him, saying, 'Don't shoot,—you may kill your own father.' The prisoners were led by way of the mountains, and spent one or two nights in a small fort, on the southwest slope of Roundtop, beyond the Cauterskill Clove, midway between Roundtop and High Peak. The remains of this fort

were visible as late as 1848. From the fort they went, by a footpath, down the banks of the Schoharie Kill. David Abeel, being old, fell behind in the march, until having overheard one of the party say that it would be necessary to kill him, that he might not delay them in their journey, he then strained every nerve and kept up with them. Having spoken to the leader of the party, in the Indian tongue, he was surprised, and asked him where he had learned the Mohawk language. He replied, 'I was for a long time a trader among them.' After this he was treated kindly by the Indians.

"Their destination was Canada; by what route they went is not known, (probably by the same with Schermerhorn and the Snyders, by the way of the Delaware, Chemung, Susquehanna, and Genesee rivers.) They had a vast unbroken wilderness to pass; and, finding no game in the midst of it, they well-nigh died of hunger, having first eaten two or three dogs they had with them, and then living on roots and herbs. When they were suffering most, the leader of the party found a goose-egg, and, roasting it, gave half of it to David Abeel. I was once told, by a Revolutionary soldier named French, that he with others started, a day or two after the Abeels were taken, in pursuit of the Indians, and reached the fort near High Peak soon after they had left it, the ashes of their fires being still warm, and then followed the Schoharie Kill to the Mohawk without finding them.

"Before reaching Canada, Anthony Abeel was made to run the gauntlet, his father being excused on account of his age, and as a proof of the friendship of the Indians for him. Before preparing for the race, he was told by his father, who was familiar with Indian customs, that the younger Indians would probably throw themselves in his way, to hinder him in his course, and if they did so, to

knock them down. He then took off his coat and shoes, and began to run, when a young Indian put himself in his way and tried to stop him, but he gave him a blow under his ear which knocked him down. The other Indians filled the air with shouts of derisive laughter at this mishap, leaping and yelling with delight. Amid the confusion Anthony finished his race without another blow. David Abeel was soon released on parole, on account of his age, and sent home. Anthony was a prisoner two years. Some of his time he employed in making brooms and baskets, which he sold, and thus supplied himself with tobacco, whiskey, and other unclean luxuries. At length he made his escape with the Snyders, whose narrative follows this. They almost died of hunger by the way, having at one time been without food for nine successive days, with the exception of a few roots and some horse-flesh which they found by the way. At another time they saved themselves from starving by a hearty meal of steak taken from a cow which crossed their way. When they reached a friendly settlement they were exhausted with privation and fatigue, their clothes were in tatters, and their feet badly wounded and bare. Their wants were, however, freely and fully supplied ; and in due time they safely reached their homes. How and when they did so may be learned from the narrative of the Snyders, which follows this of the Abeels."

THE CAPTIVITY OF CAPTAIN JEREMIAH SNYDER, OF SAUGERTIES, AND HIS SON ELIAS, AMONG THE INDIANS AND BRITISH IN CANADA, IN THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

The narrative, the substance of which is given below, was first published by Mr. Charles G. Dewitt in the "Ulster Sentinel," in Kingston, of which he was editor, in the year

1827. Mr. Dewitt, who has since died, was a relative of the Snyders, and wrote this narrative from the verbal statements to him by Captain Snyder, who was then in his eighty-ninth year. It was republished in the "Saugerties Telegraph" of January 25 and February 1, 1851, copies of which were preserved by my neighbor in Kiskatom, Mr. Jeremiah E. Snyder, son of Elias, one of the captives, and who is now (June, 1866) living near me, aged eighty, having been born soon after the close of the Revolutionary War. The place where the Snyders lived when they were taken captives was about a mile north of the Blue Mountain Reformed Dutch Church, where an old, unoccupied stone house now stands, on the farm of Mr. Valk. Jeremiah E. Snyder married a daughter of Dominie Van Vlierden, a native of Holland, who formerly preached in the Dutch language alone in the old stone church in Kaatsbann, in the north part of Saugerties, where he died. With copies of the paper containing this narrative, I borrowed and read with much interest the second edition of a sermon preached in Catskill, July 30, 1812, by Dominie Petrus Van Vlierden, it being a day of fasting and prayer in connection with our war with Great Britain. It was translated from the Dutch into English by the Rev. Dr. Ostrander, who, in the year 1800, at the age of twenty, entered the ministry of the Reformed Dutch Church, preaching both in Dutch and English most of his life, having been nine years pastor in Coxsackie, two in Catskill, and fifty in Kaatsbann and Saugerties, as the successor of Dominie Van Vlierden. Dr. Ostrander is still living in Saugerties, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and the sixty-sixth of his ministry, feeble in body, but with a well-stored, acute, vigorous, and active mind. The sermon referred to above is one of much earnestness, ability, and force.

Before the war of 1776, Captain Snyder, with a few

others, had settled on the fertile interval lands, where he was taken by the Indians, living in a log-house in the midst of the forest, near the base of the Catskill Mountains, about two miles east of the Plattekill Clove. He had a wife and seven children, four sons and three daughters ; and known as a strong Whig and a military officer, and with bitter tories all around him, his position was one of much exposure and danger.

During the year previous to his capture, Captain Snyder, his son Elias, and three others, were out in search of tories, when Elias and two who were with him went in pursuit of wild turkeys among the mountains, leaving the Captain and one Anthony Van Schaick to go on alone. While moving cautiously along, they were suddenly startled by the firing of guns, and five bullets struck the ground near Captain Snyder. He saw the muzzles of these guns within deadly range of him, and was ordered, with a curse, to lay down his arms, but saved his life by flight, though thirteen shots had been fired at him. Van Schaick also escaped by running. From a prisoner they took, later the same day, they learned that he had been put forward, on the cliff under which they passed, to see who they were ; and, having told what he saw, they aimed their guns mainly at Captain Snyder, as a military officer, and peculiarly hated by them.

Saturday, May 6, 1780, while Captain Snyder and Elias were ploughing in a field near the house, their horses suddenly showed signs of fear, and soon a number of tories and Indians rushed upon them from the forest in three distinct parties, so that they could flee only towards the house. Leaving their horses, they fled, pursued by six Indians, among whom were the celebrated John Runnip and Shank's Ben, running and yelling with all their might. Elias and his father soon took different directions, each

pursued by three Indians, when, seeing three tories coming from a hill near the house, and finding themselves entirely surrounded, Elias stopped running, and was taken by a tall Indian, calling himself Hoornbeck, while his father was seized by Runnip, at which two Indians and a tory were very angry, having been in front of him when he stopped and gave himself up to those who pursued him. This well-nigh proved fatal to him, it being a rule among the Indians that he who first laid hands on a prisoner, or obtained his scalp, was entitled to the reward from the British Government for such *humane* and *meritorious* acts ; and, when two or more came up at once, they had a short way of ending the dispute by killing the prisoner. Hence the leader of those in front, a short, dark-skinned wretch, came up in a threatening manner ; and, angry at having failed to take the prisoner, he struck his tomahawk into the head of Captain Snyder, evidently intending to kill him. It glanced, however, making him reel, and leaving a deep cut near the ear. Another blow was parried by Runnip, so that the head of the tomahawk alone hit his shoulder, when the Indian was commanded to desist. Another Indian tried to pierce him with a spear ; but Runnip put it aside, thus saving his life.

They then went to the house, which the women and children had left, having fled to the woods. Pork, maple sugar, and clothing were taken ; every room was searched ; and the family chest with its till was broken open with a tomahawk, in search of four guineas which a tory had paid the Captain a few days before, two of which they found and about two hundred dollars in Continental money. They had already set fire to the barn, and Captain Snyder obtained permission to remove some bedding and other articles for the use of his family from the house before it should be burned. While he and his son were carrying

out the chest, bedding, and other articles, one of the Indians ordered them to stop; the house was set on fire, and they left for the mountains with their provisions and plunder. A tory neighbor who lived not more than four hundred yards distant saw what was doing, and withdrew, that he might not be called upon for aid.

After going a short distance in the forest, Captain Snyder and Elias prevailed upon the tories to release Ephraim, his youngest son, who was lame and only nine years old, whom the Indians had captured in hopes of reward. In passing from the hill too, in pursuit of the captives, the Indians saw the women in the bushes, but did not disturb them. Soon they stopped to divide the plunder into convenient packs for carrying, and to paint the prisoners; and then they moved on again in Indian file. The pilot or leader of the party was the Indian who tried to run Captain Snyder through with a spear, and who had taken the name of William Van Bergen; after whom came the prisoners, and then the other Indians and the tories. The captives had no packs, and Captain Snyder carried only one of the axes taken from his house. The feet of Elias were sore from the earth and small stones in his shoes, causing much pain. They soon came to a narrow cleft in the rocks, where the leader, reaching up his hands, laid his gun on a shelf of rock higher than his head; and then, seizing some bushes, he drew himself up to a platform above. Elias followed him; and, taking the axe from his father, he too climbed up. Alone there with the Indian, who was looking up to a higher ledge before him, while those below were out of sight, Elias, expecting to be murdered beyond the mountains, with the axe in his hand, felt strongly tempted to kill the Indian and to try to escape; but his father, seeing the danger of his doing so, shook his head, and took the axe from him.

They then moved in an oblique direction up the mountain, crossing the Cautenskill near where Patensville now is, and passed to the south of Pine Orchard between two lakes on the east branch of the Schoharie Kill. Through this and the other kill, they waded breast high, and near by encamped for the night. Expecting, as they did, an early and a violent death, their minds were much relieved when Runnip told them that they would not be hurt, if they made no attempt to escape; that they were taking them to Niagara; that they would use them as well as they could; but that death would be their lot if they attempted to escape. He would be kind to them, he said, for he might in turn fall into their hands.

The next morning being Sunday, the Indians left the tories at their camp-fire with the Continental money and two guns taken from the Captain, and guided by Runnip, who now took command of the party, they went on to a ravine near the head of the Schoharie Kill, where was a depot of provisions, about ten feet from the ground, on a scaffold formed by two small hemlock-trees and a crotched stake or post. Here they remained until Tuesday morning, Monday being wet. During the day Runnip produced a bundle of papers belonging to Captain Snyder, taken from his chest, and carefully examined them, burning the small ones, which contained many important memoranda of military operations among the Whigs, and preserving the large ones, which were a lieutenant's and captain's commission in the service, with some title-deeds of property and other papers. Tuesday morning, May 9, at daybreak, the Indians arranged and filled their packs for each one of them, eight in all, taking down from their depot Indian meal and peas. During the two days they were there, nine hungry swine could not have eaten more than they did. Van Bergen was the commissary of the party; and

Runnip and Hoornbeck afterwards subdivided their packs, allotting a part to each. Captain Snyder shouldered his pack; while Elias, by complimenting Hoornbeck as being stronger than himself, was relieved of one third of his pack, the Indian having emptied it into his own.

At eight A. M. they moved onward, Runnip leading them, and climbed a lofty peak of the Alleghanies, where the snow was still four feet deep the 9th of May. It was hard enough to bear them, and Runnip measured its depth by running his spear into it. Near sunset they reached the east branch of the Delaware, where they encamped. Runnip and another Indian then went towards Middletown, which they called Pohatoghhon, in quest of potatoes, which, in fleeing from the country in alarm the autumn previous, the settlers had left in the ground, and were still in a good state of preservation. Four others, with Shank's Ben at their head, went a little way up stream to cut down an elm-tree, from which to make a bark canoe, while the other two Indians were sitting on the ground mending their moccasins. The tomahawks were lying on the ground, and the guns were by a tree not far from Elias; and just as he, by a silent signal between him and his father, was about to seize the tomahawks, with a view to despatch the two Indians near them and then escape, the four Indians who had gone for the elm-tree came running into camp, thinking perhaps of their imprudence, and, taking Elias with them, thus defeated his plan.

In making a canoe, the bark is carefully peeled; the rough outside is removed so as to make it pliable; and then it is stretched inside out over twigs, in the form of ribs, to give it the right shape. Near each end the bark is pared away so as easily to bend and overlap; and thus the bow and stern are formed, where, and in knot-holes, a kind of pulp of elm bark is placed, to caulk them and

make them water-tight. Their paddles were split from small ash-trees, and were mainly used to steer with, as Indians do not often move in still water or against the current. About noon the next day, Wednesday, the eight Indians, with their prisoners and packs, left in their canoe; and finding, three miles below, a log canoe, two Indians entered it with their baggage, giving the others more room. After floating down stream twenty-four miles, they spent the night on shore, at Middagh's Place, where the Indians took two bushels of corn from a secret depot; it was somewhat musty, but answered well for food. The next morning, after floating down sixteen miles to Shehawcon, where the eastern and western branches of the Delaware unite, they left their canoes. After marching about six miles, Runnip was suddenly seized with a fit of fever and ague, which detained them until the next morning. Saturday noon they reached the Susquehanna River, about sixty miles above Tioga Point, having been eight days in reaching that place from Saugerties, their progress being slow, as their packs weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds each. Here one of the Indians killed a rattlesnake, which Runnip skinned, cleaned, and chopped into small pieces, made a soup of it, ate the flesh and drank the soup, and was entirely well of his fever.

Having here made another canoe from the bark of a large chestnut, they left Sunday at nine A.M., and reached Tioga Point Tuesday morning. On their way, two Indians landed at the head of an island, and shot a young elk, which they ate. Leaving the canoe at Tioga Point, they went up the Chemung River, along its banks, and passed a breastwork which the Indians had thrown up the year before to resist the invasion of General Sullivan. Between this and the Genesee Flats, on Sullivan's route,

were a couple of mounds beside the path. "There lie your brothers," said Runnip, in Dutch, pointing at the mounds. These were the graves of a scouting-party of thirty-six men, sent forth from Sullivan's army, who had been cut off by the Indians. One, Murphy, escaped; and Lieutenant Boyd and a sergeant, after having been examined by Butler, the leader of the Indians, were given over to be massacred. Near these mounds they saw one of Sullivan's packhorses, which had strayed from the army and spent the hard winter of 1780 in the long grass on one of the Chemung Flats. He was a small, thickset bay, low in flesh, but apparently in good spirits, and with no signs of fear. Here the feet of Elias were covered with blisters; and they favored him by halting, as Indians doctor their prisoners with the tomahawk alone, thus quickly ending their sufferings.

The Sunday following they met two tories, John Young and Frederick Rowe, of Saugerties, on their way to the frontiers with a party of Indians. Young had lived for years within a mile of Captain Snyder; and they conversed freely with each other, he being civil and sociable, and inquiring after his friends and as to the state of the war. Rowe said nothing. They there waded the Genesee River up to their armpits, and, without stopping to dry their clothes, walked about a dozen miles and encamped. There they met a white woman, between twenty and thirty years old, with a child in her arms, and an Indian, her husband, with her. She asked as to news in English, and interpreted to her husband the answers given, in what was supposed to be the Seneca language. She also questioned the prisoners with regard to their capture and other matters. She said that she had been taken by the Indians in the old French War, and had lived with them since, but could not tell from whence she had been taken. Her hus-

band was probably a chief, a man of good manners and appearance, and about thirty years of age. They had spent the winter there, not having been disturbed by Sullivan's invasion. She was not without intelligence and beauty, and in her Indian dress was interesting in her appearance.

They now for three or four days travelled over a fertile region, meeting at times with Indian scouts; and, May 24, encamped by a stream within thirty miles of Niagara. As the water here was in many places shallow, Elias and a young Indian, a brother of Runnip, were employed in driving the fish over the shoal places, where the Indians shot and speared them. They were suckers, some of them more than three feet long and large in proportion, and made, as cooked by the Indians, good food. The next morning a runner was sent to Fort Niagara to give notice of their approach, and probably to receive orders as to the prisoners. When about to start, a Seneca Indian, apparently of some distinction, approached Runnip, and having spoken a few words to him, came up to Captain Snyder and took hold of his coat, when Runnip told him, in Dutch, to take it off and give it to the Indian, which he did, when the Indian threw it over his arm and went away. Soon after this they met a party of Indians on their way to the Genesee Flats to plant corn, and the squaws in passing robbed them of their hats. They met also two squaws, one of them a sister of Runnip, who turned back with them to Niagara. Runnip and his sister had great joy at meeting; and the squaws shook hands with all the party, as is the uniform custom with Indians when they meet with strangers or with friends.

On the morning of the 26th of May, after passing the night within four or five miles of the fort, they moved onwards; and at the end of two miles met the runner com-

ing from the fort, who turned back after speaking with Runnip, while the latter turned towards Niagara River for a mile or more, where they again met the runner with four or five white men and several unarmed Indians. Under their protection, and that of Runnip and his party, the prisoners were led to the ford, passing through an encampment of several thousand Indians, whose cabins extended more than a mile in length. This was called "running the gauntlet," and sometimes proved fatal to the defenseless captives. There was no danger from the warriors, who were above such revenge; but the young Indians and squaws, armed with clubs and sticks, delighted to beat out the brains of Whigs, against whom they were greatly exasperated, especially after Sullivan's invasion. The Captain and his son, however, were so closely surrounded by those with them that the Indians could not get at them; and, moving rapidly, they entered the fort. Thus, after a circuitous Indian journey of probably more than five hundred miles, they at last reached the British rendezvous, bareheaded, and the Captain without his coat; and, notwithstanding all their severe toil, hardships, and exposure, their health was uninjured.

And here it may be well to notice some matters of interest connected with the manners and customs of the Indians, as they presented themselves to those of whom I am writing. The manner of sleeping common to Indians who had captives with them was to pass the middle of a long cord around the arms of their prisoners, knotting it on the back, and then, stretching it to its full length each way, the ends were fastened to stakes driven in the ground. On this cord the Indians spread their blankets and slept, that thus they might easily know of any effort of their prisoners to escape. The captives, when they could, made a bed of the branches of hemlock or other evergreens;

and, when it rained, covered their beds with a scaffold of the same kind, and slept under it, the Indians sleeping on the bare ground. The captor always slept next to his prisoner. Each Indian had a small brass kettle for cooking his food, with a common right to cook in a large one belonging to the whole company. Van Bergen was cook, and with a wooden ladle gave to each Indian his mess in the small kettles, leaving the portion of the captives, which was a liberal one, in the larger one. Their meals were commonly of suppawn, or sepawn, as Webster spells it; this being, in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, the name still given to the boiled Indian meal or hasty-pudding of New England. With this they had boiled peas and small portions of the pork taken from Captain Snyder's house. Of game they had little, except the flesh of a young elk and part of a deer, left by the wolves on the banks of the Delaware. They also killed muskrats, but the Indians alone could digest them. Salt, Indians do not relish; but they had some for their prisoners.

The Indian who tomahawked Captain Snyder shaved him twice a week, but never spoke of, nor seemed to notice, the wound on his head. The prisoners were painted on the first two days of their capture, and not again until they reached the Susquehanna, after which they were painted every morning. To give the eyes a fiery cast, they had a mixture injected into them, unpleasant but not painful. They conversed with Runnip in broken Dutch, but were mostly silent. Runnip often said that they were going after prisoners of a higher rank to Shawangunk,—for the Jansens, one of whom he said was a colonel, and the other a major. Captain Snyder and his son afterwards learned from some prisoners who were brought out that they met Runnip and his party in the Genesee country in July, on their way to

Shawangunk. Runnip had some manly traits. In this last expedition they had as prisoners Peter Short and his son-in-law, Peter Miller, of Woodstock. Under the guidance of tories they had painted Short black, which was a sign among the Indians that any one might put him to death. Against this Runnip remonstrated, saying that he had not treated the Snyders in this way, and told Short to wash his face, which saved his life, as otherwise the young Indians and squaws would have beat his brains out. A year afterwards Captain Snyder and his son learned in Canada from Captain Anthony Abeel, of Catskill, of the result of Runnip's expedition to Shawangunk. This word is commonly pronounced "Shongum," and is on the south line of Ulster County, adjoining Orange County. They did not succeed in taking the Jansens, but captured their negroes, who rose upon the Indians by the way, and killed some of them. It is thought that Runnip was thus killed. The negroes were never heard of; and it is supposed, that, being lost in the forest, they perished from want. On meeting in the wilderness, the Indians gave as many yells or whoops as they had prisoners and scalps. The yell for prisoners was loud and long, to the full length of the breath, ending with a shrill whoop; the yell for scalps was short and abrupt. Where parties suddenly met in a thicket, without seeing each other at a distance, they passed without taking notice of those passing them; and the yells were given when they had left those they had met some distance in the rear.

CHAPTER VI.

Fort Niagara.—Dr. Bethune.—Colonel Johnson.—Colonel Butler.—A Tory Friend.—Brant's visit.—James Butler.—Carlton Island.—Ogdensburg.—Coté du Lac.—Montreal.—The Prevot there.—Prison Life.—General McLain.—Sir William Grant.—Labor of Prisoners.—An Escape.—Prison Fare.—Colonel Gordon.—Release of Captain Abeel.—Isle of Jesu.—Life there.—New Clothes.—Books.—They prepare to escape.—The Fourth of July.—Escape from the Island.—Point au Tremble.—Chambly River.—Hessian Boat.—Axes lost.—A British Blockhouse.—Surge Marsh.—A False Alarm.—Lake Magog.—Indians—Connecticut River.—They Cross it.—A Narrow Escape.—Wild Berries.—A Log-house.—Kind Friends.—General Bailey.—New Shoes.—A Horse.—Routes Home.—Short and Miller.—Letter of Mr. Emerick.—Massacre at Minisink.—Burial of its Victims.—Raid on Harpersfield and Canajoharie.—Brant in Ulster County.—His History.—Rev. Dr. Wheelock.—Brant visits England.—Sir William Johnson and the Indians.—The Butlers.—Colonel McKinstry.—His Life saved by Brant.—Their Friendship.—Brant's Visits.—Sullivan's Expedition.—Brant's Family.—His Death.—His Sons.—Their Education.—Vindication of him by his Son.—Thomas Campbell.

FORT Niagara was large and strong, having been early built by the French, and was one of the strongest holds of the British in the west. It was on a tongue of land jutting into Lake Ontario, with the Niagara River on one side and a cove on the other. On the land side it had a breastwork fifteen feet high, covered with turf, and inclosed some six or eight acres of land. There was in it a handsome wooden edifice for the use of the head of the Indian Department, who was then Col. Guy Johnson. [Fort Niagara was taken from the United States by the British in the war of 1812, and was held by them some time. A history of this fort may be found in the "Gazetteer of New York," published in Syracuse in 1860; and engravings both of its interior and exterior are

given in the late Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune's Life of his mother, who was born in the fort, while her father was Surgeon of a British regiment stationed there.] Colonel Johnson was a native of Ireland, and a son-in-law of Sir William Johnson (whose life by Mr. William L. Stone has been recently published). Capt. Snyder and his son were seated on the piazza in front of the fort, with the Indians on either side of them, when Colonel Johnson made his appearance. He was a short, thickset man, about forty years of age, of a stern countenance and haughty manners, in British uniform, with powdered locks, cocked hat, and a sword by his side. His voice was harsh, with a touch of the brogue. He ordered a white flag to be raised, as a signal for Colonel Butler, who had a regiment of rangers on the opposite shore, and directed a servant to give rum first to the Indians and then to the prisoners. Soon Butler came, with two of his soldiers, and joined Colonel Johnson. He was a native of Connecticut, tall and portly, dressed in a green uniform, and apparently about fifty years of age.

When Johnson and Butler were seated opposite the prisoners, Runnip gave the papers taken from Snyder to Colonel Johnson, and gave an account of the prisoners, and where they were taken. The papers were examined by each of the officers, and laid aside. Johnson asked what news there was on the frontiers, when Runnip replied, that the British fleet were up the Hudson River, as high as Kingston, and that he and his companions had been down to the point, and had seen the vessels. When Johnson asked Captain Snyder about it, he said, "It may be so; we do not know." Then followed the questions and answers given below. "Is Charleston taken?" "It was besieged, but we cannot tell whether it was taken or not." "What is the strength of the rebel army under Washing-

ton?" "We cannot tell." "Do the rebels still keep up their spirits?" "As far as we know they do." "How are the times?" "Not very encouraging." "Is West Point called Fort Defiance?" "We never heard it called so." "It is called so, and you ought to know it."

Runnip then rose, and made a speech in his native tongue, of some ten or fifteen minutes, which a Stockbridge Indian rendered fluently into English. The substance of it was: "The quarrel is between you and them (the Americans), and we expect to be well rewarded for what we have done." Johnson answered that he was willing to reward them with rum, provisions, and corn, but that they must give none to the Indians around the fort. He said that they had already been furnished and ordered to the Genesee Flats to plant; but many of them, through laziness or dislike, went a little way, got drunk, and returned. The Five Nations of Indians, after their plantations on the Genesee Flats had been destroyed by General Sullivan the year previous, had retreated to near Fort Niagara, where they had been maintained during the winter by the British Government. Having there been fed mostly on salt meat, great numbers of them died of scurvy. Runnip now took Captain Snyder by the hand and delivered him to Colonel Johnson, and his son Elias, in the same way, to Butler. An escort of soldiers then conducted them to a guardhouse on the wall of the fort, where they were confined a week. The third day, a tory sergeant named Rowe, belonging to Butler's corps, visited them. He had lived near the Snyders, in Saugerties, and came to inquire about his relatives and friends. He was civil, and seemed to pity them; but they could converse only in the presence of a British sergeant, and aloud. Captain Snyder and his son were here furnished with frock coats of coarse Indian cloth.

While in the guardhouse they were visited by Brant, the celebrated Indian chief. He was good-looking, of a fierce aspect, tall and rather spare, well spoken, and apparently about thirty years of age. He wore moccasins elegantly trimmed with beads, leggings and a breechcloth of superfine blue, a short green coat, with two silver epaulets, and a small, round, laced hat. By his side was an elegant silver-mounted cutlass; and his blanket of blue cloth (purposely dropped in the chair on which he sat to display his epaulets) was gorgeously adorned with a border of red. His language was very insulting, asking many questions; and, having learned that they were from near Esopus, he said, "That is my old fighting-ground." They were led to form a very unfavorable opinion of Brant, from his treatment of them. Speaking to Elias, he said, "You are young, and I pity you; but for that old villain," pointing to his father, "I have no pity."

At the end of the week they were removed across the river, with Michael Vreeland, formerly of New Jersey, James Butler of Philadelphia, and an Irishman by the name of Gilfallen, and were put into the hold of a twelve-gun vessel on Lake Ontario. Butler had been in Sullivan's army, was taken prisoner by the Indians near Wyoming, and adopted by an Indian family at Niagara, in place of a lost son. He ran away several times to Niagara, was sold to a British surgeon for two gallons of rum, and was in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. Sergeant Rowe visited them on shipboard, and gave the Snyders second-hand hats; and a tory by the name of Birch, who had known Benjamin Snyder, a brother of the captain, was kind to them, and sent them seven pounds of sugar and a pound of tea. Friday, June 2, the vessel set sail, and the prisoners were permitted to come on deck. Sunday they were put ashore on Carlton Island, at the foot of

the lake, where they were confined in a small fortress three days. They were then sent in batteaux, under a guard of tories from Sir John Johnson's battalion, to Montreal, stopping at Ogdensburg (then called Oswegatchie), and receiving on board a female prisoner and five deserters from the American army. The parting between this woman and her husband, who was detained by his Indian captor, was most affecting, separating as they did in a paroxysm of grief, with a flood of tears. At Coté du Lac they stopped an hour, where an Irishman cursed Gilfallen for rebelling against His Majesty, and then brought him a large piece of bread and butter. June 12 they reached La Chine, walking from thence nine miles to Montreal, where they were confined in the Prevot, a military prison, of a class in which there was great suffering during our Revolutionary War. The word "Prevot" is of French derivation. The Prevot at Montreal was a large, dismal-looking stone building, with big windows, where were confined American prisoners, and criminals of every kind. In a room about sixteen feet by twenty, in the second story, forty American prisoners, or "Yankees" as they were called, were confined until August, while they slept in an entry or gangway about sixteen feet by eight, where they were stowed, twenty on a side, with their heads to the wall, and barely space enough between their feet for the guard to pass when he inspected them at nine o'clock at night. At times there were fifty prisoners in such apartments; some of whom, who had been longest confined, were sent to Quebec to relieve the pressure. The keeper of the Prevot, named Jones, who had married in Albany, secured for the Snyders the privilege of remaining at Montreal, and treated them kindly.

About the first of August, most of the prisoners were taken before General McLain, an elderly Scotch officer,

then commanding at Montreal. His manners were mild, and he treated the prisoners well. He had gained a victory over the lamented Montgomery. Prisoners who could secure recommendations from loyalists were employed by Sir William Grant, a paymaster in the British army, who had married a wealthy Canadian lady, and who was then building mills on an island at the lower end of the city. The Snyders, who had none to recommend them, Butler, who had come there from Niagara, having refused to do so, were confined in the Prevot, until at length the father was employed, the son remaining in prison as a security for the father's fidelity. The prisoners were mostly employed in blasting rocks and carrying the hod, and were paid five dollars a month in coin. Captain Snyder, however, who was expert in using tools, was employed as carpenter, and soon so far secured the favor of his employer as to obtain the release of his son from prison.

On the night of the 28th of October, however, six of those employed by Grant escaped; and the next day all the other prisoners in his employ were again confined in the Prevot. There they remained without stockings during a Canadian winter, and two-thirds of the time until the 13th of June the next year were under the guard of a cruel Hessian sergeant and twenty-four men, who beat the prisoners with their swords. Near the end of October, Sir William Grant paid all the prisoners what he owed them, in coin. Some Indians in the employ of the British having come to Montreal, while returning from a drunken frolic by night, killed a Canadian, and wounded another. The murderer, handcuffed and fettered, was thrust into the Prevot, saying, "Me Yankee." He came near being killed by a man named Brown, whose father had been murdered by Indians in Harpersfield; but as two men named Hanson, from the Mohawk, would not

agree to conceal the deed and the name of him who proposed to do it, the Indian's life was saved, and the next day he was taken from the prison.

During their first confinement in the Prevot, they had a short allowance of food, consisting of salt beef and pork, peas and oatmeal for soup, with three pints of spruce-beer, a day. Their food was drawn every Monday, and was so stinted in quantity as with the utmost economy to last only five days, leaving them two days of each week without food. They cooked their food at a single fire, in the guardroom below. The Hessians were cross, and often drove them from the fire; but as the Snyders were of German descent, and spoke some High Dutch, they were treated with more indulgence. The Prevot swarmed with vermin; and daily, after dinner, they tried to free themselves from them, and spent much time in playing cards. The money paid them by Grant enabled them to purchase a little tea and coffee. They often heard the scalp-yell in Montreal, and saw Indians coming in with scalps of men, women, and children, arranged in regular order on poles.

June 13, Colonel James Gordon, of Ballston, was brought in a prisoner with others, having been taken by the Indians in an irruption into that place. Through his influence the Snyders and Captain David Abeel and his son Anthony, of Catskill, who had been brought to the Trevot the May previous (1781) with several others, were liberated on parole, and billeted among the Canadians on the Isle of Jesu, sixteen or eighteen miles above Montreal. Here they were not treated well, though better than in the Prevot. The women were many and ill-natured, and tried to prevent their making tea. In August, Captain Abeel, being more than fifty, was sent home under guard, as it was not customary to detain old men, women,

or children, the scalps alone of these being regarded as desirable. About this time, Captain Drake, of Fishkill, proposed employing Elias Snyder as a waiter; but, as he had signed the parole as equal with the rest, he refused to be their servant. In October, the well-known Captain Wood, of Goshen, the only survivor of the massacre at Minisink, in Orange County, joined them. December 1, they were all restricted to one house, with orders not to leave it, Sir John Johnson's battalion having arrived on the island, and being, as was supposed, unwilling to see rebels going at large. In three days, however, they were allowed more liberty, and at Christmas began to have better treatment and more cleanliness.

The Isle of Jesu is about forty miles long by eight or nine wide, and they were then billeted among the Canadians at St. Rosa, near the centre of the island. The Snyders lived by themselves in the same family, and for the first time had a separate bedroom, which was warm and comfortable, the master of the house being aged, and keeping a fire night and day. While there a roll of cloth, called London Brown, was presented to them, having, it was said, been sent by Quakers from London. A prisoner by the name of Davis, a tailor, cut it for garments; and Captain Snyder, being ingenious at anything, made them up *after a fashion.* By aiding during the summer in the building of two houses, and laboring for farmers, they earned a little money for the purchase of comforts, but the winter was mostly spent in visiting and cards. An Irishman named Conelly, who had been in the Bevot for desertion, on being released, stole Pliny's Epistles, which he gave to Elias. These were their only source of intellectual amusement. One of the volumes is still in the possession of Mr. Snyder; the other he gave to James Butler, who carried it to Philadelphia.

In May, 1782, growing tired of confinement, they began to speak of making their escape. Capt. Snyder at first strongly opposed their attempting it, being unwilling to violate his parole; but when it was urged that, by having been imprisoned three days in December, their parole had been broken by the British, and they were free from its obligation, and Elias having decided to desert at all events, his father at length assented to the plan, and they privately prepared for their escape. Young Snyder and Butler bought leather of the merchants, for moccasins; and Captains Snyder and Philips, from Juniata, Pennsylvania, procured a passport for Montreal, from the officer in command; and there, in a shop tended by a boy, they purchased three pocket-compasses, as matters of curiosity, pretending ignorance of their use. They celebrated the Declaration of Independence by contributing each a small sum, buying with it four gallons of wine, two of rum, and a sufficient supply of loaf sugar; and there, though prisoners in the enemy's country, almost with the bayonet at their breasts, and the tomahawk over their heads, did twenty good Whigs celebrate the Fourth of July.

The 10th of September was the day fixed upon for their escape. On the eve of that day, while at supper with the family, Elias rose from the table, and took from the cellar three large loaves of bread, and hid them under a hovel behind the barn. Returning to the house, the Captain then rose, and took pork from the cellar, concealing it in the same place with the bread. As soon as the Canadians began vespers, the Snyders went to their room, as if for rest; and throwing their packs out of the window, and following them themselves, they soon gathered up their provisions in the hovel, joined their comrades, Jonathan Millet, of Stonington, Connecticut, An-

thony Abeel, of Catskill, and James Butler, of Philadelphia, and started for the lower part of the island. The night was rainy; two small boats were found at the end of the island; and with these lashed together for greater safety, and with paddles previously prepared, they embarked. About three miles below, there were rapids to pass, which, being dangerous in a dark night, almost discouraged them. At length they landed Captain Snyder, Abeel, and Millet, to carry down the baggage; while young Snyder and Butler, having separated the boats, went with them down the rapids. Having, however, landed lower down than had been expected, they spent most of the night in looking for their comrades, and at daylight landed on a small desert island, about three miles below the rapids and ten from Montreal. Here they drew up their boats in the long grass; and, as it cleared off cold, they lay all day very uncomfortably in their wet clothes. But there was no other way for them to do, as the Canadian boatmen passed so near them that they frequently saw them and heard them converse. At dusk they left in their boats; and crossing the St. Lawrence at Point au Tremble, by daybreak, they came in sight of the settlements on the River Chambly. During the night, it being very dark, they came so near running into a Hessian boat, that the rattling of the muskets and the conversation of the men were distinctly heard. Near Chambly they lay all day in an old hedge. At sunset part of them went up the river and the rest down, in search of vessels to transport them across the river, and found two canoes, one of which was set adrift, the other being large enough for them all; but, when it was too late to recover them they found that the two axes they had brought with them from St. Rosa, and which they much needed, had gone down the Chambly in the floating canoe.

After crossing the Chambly, they went a short distance, and lay down for the night.

Thinking themselves now out of danger, they began travelling by daylight, passing around the Canadian settlements, with one exception, through which they boldly marched armed with clubs. At dusk they came near a British blockhouse, on the Missisque River, where, concealing themselves until all was quiet in the blockhouse, they made a raft and passed over the river. The opposite shore being rocky and thickly covered with spruce, so that it was difficult to move, they rested for the night, within hearing of the fortress, piling up brush to conceal their fire from the view of the garrison. Their clothes were wet, and they passed an uncomfortable night, resuming their journey at the firing of the morning gun in the fortress. They soon entered upon an extensive tract of low, moist land, covered with tamarack and a thick growth of underbrush, which tore their pantaloons to pieces. It was covered with soft, spongy moss, saturated with water which was unfit for use. For two days they travelled through this tract, suffering much from thirst, and then found more solid footing. Between this tract and Lake Magog the country was more agreeable, being made up of uplands and cedar swamps. In these swamps, which were difficult to pass through, they were sometimes compelled to spend the night. Captain Abeel, awaking one night, heard what he thought was the yell of Indians, when, quickly awaking his companions, they covered their fire, and went separately into the brush. All listened with eagerness, and to their great joy found that it was only the hooting of an owl.

In four or five days after leaving the lowlands, they reached the shore of Lake Magog. Here most of them were for following the gravelly beach; but Capt. Snyder

opposed this course, fearing they might meet with Indians who frequented such places, but his objections being overruled, they kept along by the lake from ten until three, when, halting at a brook to drink, Capt. Abeel said, in a low tone, "There are Indians." In the distance they saw the smoke of an Indian hut, and two dogs coming towards them, which, much to their surprise, did not bark. Each one taking the alarm, with the utmost speed and effort climbed to the summit of a neighboring cliff, but no one pursued them. For the sake of greater safety, however, they kept some twenty-five feet apart, and travelling until sunset, they slept at the same distance from each other. Captain Snyder afterwards learned that the Indians of this hut had, in the forenoon of the same day, gone in pursuit of Captain Philips, of Juniata, who with one Roberts fled from St. Rosa the afternoon of the same day with themselves. They thought, however, that one Indian must have remained behind, as otherwise there would have been neither smoke nor dogs at the hut.

They were now nearly out of provisions, and began to suffer, living four days almost entirely upon spignet, until they reached the Connecticut River, about thirty miles above the upper Coos. Here, at a fire, Elias found the thigh-bone of a moose, stripped of all but the sinews, which had been left there the night previous by Indians or hunters. He burned the bone and sinews, and ate them for two days, carrying the bone in his pocket. After travelling for some distance along the west side of the river, they crossed it, for the sake of avoiding the troubled state of Vermont, and to arrive the sooner at the inhabited districts. The day after reaching the river they caught a few trout, and young Snyder plunged in with his pack and angling-rod, and attempted to swim across the river; but his strength failing, when nearly across, he sank and would

have been drowned, but for a sudden effort which brought him where he could wade ashore. For some time he lay quite exhausted on the shore. This discouraged the others from following him ; but they soon found a more favorable place for crossing, and passed over. Not far from this point they found the first traces of civilized inhabitants. They ate blackberries, in a new field covered with them, and some two miles beyond came to a log-house, the owner of which was working in a field. Captain Snyder and Abeel went towards him to inquire for provisions, while the others entered the cabin and helped themselves to part of a loaf of bread, which was all the provisions the poor man had. When he came in soon after and looked for his bread, on the shelf where he had left it, and could not find it, he was not displeased, but said they were welcome. The same evening they went about a mile further, to the house of a man named Williams, whose family kindly gave up to them their supper of hasty-pudding and moose-pie. Here they remained all night ; and in the evening several of the neighbors came in, with a magistrate named Ames, who, after examining them, furnished Captain Snyder with a passport for himself and his comrades to the headquarters of General Bailey, at the lower Coos. They were now in New Hampshire, among a very humane and generous people, who liberally supplied their wants. But such was their appetite after enduring extreme hunger, that they commonly ate six meals a day of light food, and thus made small progress. Sunday, September 29, they reached General Bailey's headquarters, who received them with great kindness. He ordered shoes to be made and mended for them ; and there they remained two days, when Captain Snyder, having been furnished with a horse by the General, left his companions and returned home through Massachusetts and Connecticut, crossing the Hudson River at

Poughkeepsie. The others went by the way of Sunderland and Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and crossed the Hudson at Kinderhook. Captain Snyder reached home first, where he found his relatives and friends living and in good health. The joy of their meeting we need not attempt to describe.

In the narrative above, the names of Peter Short and his son-in-law Peter Miller, of Woodstock, in Ulster County, are found as captives and prisoners with the Snyders in Canada; Woodstock and Saugerties being adjoining towns, near the southern extreme of the Catskill Mountains, so that the Snyders and their fellow-prisoners lived within a few miles of each other when at home. At the request of the author, Mr. James U. Emerick, a well-known and intelligent resident of Woodstock, recently made inquiries with regard to Short and Miller, and under date of June 16, 1866, wrote as follows:

"Short and Miller were freed from their captivity in Canada by an Indian named Joe Dewitt, to whom they had shown kindness before their captivity. This Indian requested them to wash their blackened faces, which had been painted to prevent their friends from recognizing them, if others from the same district should be taken prisoners. He then conducted them through the wilderness, so that in due time they reached Woodstock in safety, thankful to God who had preserved their lives, while exposed to torture and death, from the merciless tories and savage Indians. This information I obtained from Captain John Vandebogart and James Wolven, aged inhabitants of this town, who received it directly from the Snyders, who were with these men in Canada, and knew of the manner of their liberation, as also from Short and Miller themselves. There are in this town a number of young men named Short and Miller, who are grandchildren of those spoken of above."

The account given in the narrative of the Snyders, as to the reason why Short's face was painted black, is probably the correct one, though the Indians commonly painted the faces of their captives so as to resemble their own, when near the white settlements, or where they did not wish them to be known by their friends or others.

In the narrative above, Captain Wood, of Goshen, is spoken of as the only survivor of the massacre of Minisink. This may have been the impression among the captives in Canada at the time, but can hardly be correct. In Gordon's America, vol. iii., p. 22, we read thus: "July 23, 1779, Colonel Brant, with sixty of his warriors and twenty-seven white men, came suddenly upon Minisink, in Orange County, New York, where they killed seven of the inhabitants and made others captives. They burned ten houses, twelve barns, a garrison, and two mills, and then commenced their retreat. The militia from Goshen and places adjacent, to the number of one hundred and forty-nine, collected, pursued, and came up with them, when a most bloody battle was fought. The Indians were finally victorious, and thirty only of the one hundred and forty-nine whites escaped. Some were carried into captivity, and the rest were killed. Not being sufficiently cautious, they fell into an ambush, and hence they fought at a great disadvantage.

In 1821 a county meeting was held, by which it was voted that the bones of the slain should be collected and deposited under a suitable monument, at the same time ordered to be erected. In 1822 the committee appointed to collect the bones, "which had been exposed to the sun and snows for forty-three years," had found those of forty-four persons, which were with much formality publicly interred.

We read also in the narrative of the Snyders, that while

they were in the Bevot in Montreal, a man by the name of Brown, whose father had been killed by the Indians in Harpersfield, New York, was anxious to kill a drunken Indian, who had killed a Canadian, and who, having been thrust in among them, insulted them by saying, "Me Yankee."

In Drake's "History and Biography of the Indians of North America," page 588, we read, that, "in the spring of 1780, Brant surprised Harpersfield with a company of his warriors and a few tories. He took nineteen prisoners, and killed several others. August 2, he fell upon Canajoharie with about four hundred mixed warriors, killed sixteen people, took about fifty-five prisoners, chiefly women and children; killed or drove away about three hundred cattle and horses; burned fifty-three houses and as many barns, besides out-houses, a new and elegant church, a gristmill, and two garrisons."

Brant, the Indian Chief, holding the rank of colonel in the British army, in his interview with the Snyders at Fort Niagara, speaking of the region about Esopus, or Kingston, and Saugerties, said, "That is my old fighting-ground." Brant is said to have had an encampment or fortification nearly west of where the Snyders lived, on the side of the mountains north of the Plattekill Clove, from which he could look out upon a wide extent of country below, and decide where to descend and prey upon the inhabitants of that region.

Brant, or Brandt, as his name is often spelled, was so called from his Indian name, which signifies Brant, a species of wild goose. He is said to have been born in 1742, on the banks of the Ohio River, where his parents had gone for a time. He was an Onondaga Indian, of the Mohawk tribe, and the home of his family was Canajoharie Castle, the central of the three castles of the Mohawks, in their native valley.

When he was thirteen years old he joined the Indian forces under Sir William Johnson, a celebrated British officer, and Superintendent of the Indians in that region; and, when nineteen, was sent with several other Indian youth by Johnson to Moor's Charity School, in Lebanon, Connecticut, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Wheelock, where he was educated.

Brant's early teacher having been requested afterwards by those in authority to use his influence with his former pupil, with a view to secure his aid in favor of the Colonies and against Great Britain, in our Revolutionary War, he shrewdly reminded the reverend doctor that he had been accustomed to hear him pray that we might be good subjects, might fear God, and honor the king.

In 1775, Brant went to England, where he received much attention, and was thus probably led to take the side of Great Britain in the war which had then just commenced. Sir William Johnson was the British Agent of Indian Affairs, and had secured great influence among the Indians of the Six Nations by freely entertaining hundreds of them at a time at his house at the village of Johnstown on the Mohawk. He used also at certain times to dress like the Indians; and, being a widower, he had a sister of Brant as a companion. His influence with the Indians was great in leading them to aid the British in our Revolutionary War, though he died in 1774, a year before the battle of Bunker Hill. Those white savages, John and Walter Butler, natives of Connecticut, whose names are associated with that of Brant in connection with the Revolutionary War, lived about four miles southeast of Johnstown, on the same side of the Mohawk. To one of these Butlers the Snyders refer in their narrative; and the descendants of Brant have tried to prove that he was much more humane than the Butlers, which might well have been without say-

ing much in his favor. Brant, too, claimed that he could not restrain, as he would have done, his Indian warriors from deeds of violence and blood.

In the summer and autumn of 1865, I had occasion to prepare and deliver an address, which was published, giving an account of nearly thirty prominent clergymen and laymen, who, fifty years before, had founded the Bible Society of the County of Greene, the year before the American Bible Society was organized. The only surviving founder of this County Society was Mr. Henry McKinstry, formerly a merchant of Catskill, and afterwards connected for many years with the New York Custom House,—a gentleman of intelligence, and of high social and Christian standing, courtesy, and worth. His father, Colonel John McKinstry, who lived near Hudson, New York, was captain of a company in the unfortunate invasion of Canada, by our troops in 1776. At the battle of the Cedars, forty miles above Montreal, in May of that year, in a severe engagement, Captain McKinstry was wounded and left lying beside a tree, where he was taken prisoner by the Indians. It is said that they intended to torture him in their well-known savage way, and had made preparations to do so, but that he having made masonic signs to Brant, who had joined the free-masons when in England, his life was thus saved. Brant, with other British officers, bought an ox which they presented to the Indians in place of Captain McKinstry, in cooking and eating which they had a great feast and carouse.

Ever after this Brant was a warm and devoted friend of McKinstry, making him, to the close of his life, an annual visit at his house near Hudson. Mr. Henry McKinstry informed me that Brant strongly urged his father to remove, and settle near him in Canada, offering if he would do so to give him five hundred or one thou-

sand acres of land from the grant made to him by the British Government after the close of the war. Mr. James Powers, a prominent lawyer in Catskill, now more than eighty years of age, told me that he was in the family and office of Honorable Elisha Williams, of Hudson, a lawyer of great eminence, from 1802 to 1806, and that Colonel McKinstry used each year to come there with Brant to dine. He wore at that time the common citizen's clothes of the whites, and used to entertain those present by specimens of Indian dances and other customs of his race. He used also to attend the meetings of the Masonic Lodge in Hudson. Mr. Henry McKinstry, who is a brother-in-law of Mr. Powers, also told me that his father once visited him at his house with Brant.

In the narratives of the captives taken by the Indians to Canada, as already given, repeated allusions have been made to General Sullivan's expedition against the Indians. A few of the leading facts connected with this expedition are as follows: The fearful massacres of the Indians and tories at Wyoming and elsewhere led General Washington to send General Sullivan with twenty-five hundred men into the Indian country to check and punish them. Brant and Butler with six hundred Indians, and Guy Johnson (a son-in-law of Sir William) with two hundred tories, came out to meet Sullivan; but August 29, 1779, at Newtown, now Elmira, on Tioga River, after a fight of two hours, the tories and Indians were defeated and put to flight. Forty villages were utterly destroyed by Sullivan, no trace of vegetation being left on the surface of the ground. All the cattle of the Indians were either killed or driven off, many of which had been stolen from the Americans.

After the Revolutionary War, in 1791 and at other times, Brant used his great influence with the southern

and western Indians, to induce them not to engage in war against the United States, and in 1792 visited New York and Philadelphia to see personal friends in those cities, and to pay his respects to General Washington, then President of the United States. In the winter of 1779, Brant was married to the first of his three wives by his companion-in-arms, Colonel John Butler, formerly a justice of the peace, to a daughter of Colonel Croghan, a British officer, by an Indian woman. Brant had lived with this woman for some time before he was married. He lived in English style, on the valuable tract of land given him by George III., in a good two-story house at the head of Lake Ontario, north of the beach which separates the lake from Burlington Bay. His surviving wife, however, would never fully conform to the usages of civilized life, but after his death went to the Grand River, and there lived with part of her children in a wigwam, while others of them remained behind in the comfortable dwelling of their father where he died, November 24, 1807, aged sixty-four years and eight months. He was patient and resigned during his last sickness, and was buried in Mohawk Village, on Grand River, by the Episcopal Church he had built there, of which Christian communion he was a member.

His sons, Joseph and Jacob, went in 1800 to Hanover, New Hampshire, to be educated there in Dartmouth College; while John, the fourth son, who succeeded his father as chief, with his sister, Elizabeth, for many years hospitably entertained in the family mansion those who called upon them there after their father's death. My learned and venerable friend and recent neighbor, Rev. Dr. Ostrander, of Saugerties, New York, who entered the ministry of the Reformed Dutch Church in 1800, told me that in 1810, he, in company with Rev. Dr. Sickles, for-

merly of Kinderhook, called on Brant's family, in their home on Lake Ontario, where they were kindly received. His son John visited England in 1822, and was chosen a member of the Colonial Assembly of Upper Canada in 1832.

Dartmouth College began its existence in Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1769, on the removal there of Moor's Charity School from Lebanon, Connecticut, or rather, by the removal there of Rev. Dr. Wheelock, principal of the school, with twenty-four pupils, six of whom were Indians. The school in Lebanon was incorporated and continued there. Dr. Wheelock having died during our Revolutionary War, his son John, then serving in the army, left it, and took his father's place at the head of the college. Joseph and Jacob Brant were in the family of James Wheelock, a brother of the President, and did well as to conduct and study, until in the spring of 1802 a quarrel arose between the young Brants, and Joseph left college to return there no more. Jacob also went home, but returned in the fall, and was in college some time longer. Jacob married a Mohawk girl in 1804. Isaac, the oldest son of Brant, died of a wound from his father's hand, which he richly deserved. John Brant was in most of the battles of the war of 1812, was active and brave; and when in England, in 1821, he convinced Thomas Campbell, the poet, that he had done great injustice to his father, Joseph Brant, in his poem "Gertrude of Wyoming," inasmuch as Brant was not then at Wyoming at all. Campbell acknowledged his error in an edition of his poems published soon afterwards. Elizabeth Brant married her cousin, Mr. Kerr, of Niagara, a grandson of Sir William Johnson and Molly Brant; and they lived in the family mansion on Lake Ontario.

CHAPTER VII.

The Osterhouts.—Peter Osterhout, Esq.—Gilbert Osterhout.—His Age, Cause of His Death.—Indians and Negroes.—Family Residence.—The French War.—Adventure of Mrs. Osterhout.—A Faithful Dog.—The Women of Early Times.—Gilbert Osterhout.—He Kills Two Indians.—Adventures with General Broadstreet and Lieutenant Stilwell.—Encounter with an Indian.—Peter's Father.—He Enlists in the Army.—Tories of Catskill.—Battles at Saratoga.—Hard Fighting.—Colonel Van Cortland.—General Arnold.—General Frazer Shot by Murphy.—Trouble with Indians.—Its final Result.—A Kite and Cat.—Schoharie County during the Revolutionary War.—Council of Safety.—Colonel Huston.—Captain Hager.—Colonel Harper.—Schoharie Forts.—Captain Patrick.—Colonel Butler.—Tories Shot.—Colonel Butler's Raid on Vroomansland.—Fight near Sharon Springs.—Doxtater.—Colonel Willet.—Brant at Vroomansland.—Major Becker.—Tories Remove to Canada.—Release of Prisoners.—Murphy and Osterhout.—Their Escape.—Murphy's Revenge.—Battle of Newtown.—Daniel Shays.—David Williams.—A False Alarm.—Brant at Cobleskill.—Howe's Cave.—Sharon Springs.—Hotels, Baths, etc.—Gebherd's Cave.—Murder of Truax.—Statistics of the County.

I NOW avail myself of the aid of my worthy and venerable friend, Peter Osterhout, Esq., a native of Catskill, now a retired merchant of Schoharie, and a pillar in the Reformed Dutch Church there. As both his father and grandfather were famous as warriors against the early enemies of our country, I wrote to him for information, and received a long and interesting letter, most of which was a record of before unwritten history of the pioneers of this region, their hardships, sufferings, earnest and fearless daring, and their great sacrifices for the good of their country. Mr. Osterhout writes as follows :

"The name of my grandfather was Gilbert Osterhout ;

or, as pronounced in Dutch, Giesbert Oosterhoudt. I can give but a few incidents in his life, which I heard from his only son, my deceased father, and from other aged persons long since dead, as he died about the time of my birth, which was in 1790, then not far from seventy years of age. His death was caused by his having been violently pushed from a wagon by a man in East Camp, to whom he had willed his property of the value of some two thousand dollars, on condition that he should support him during his life. He was a large man, with a powerful frame, and resolute and determined in all his actions. The negroes and domestic Indians received no mercy at his hands when they had given him provocation. There were at that time a considerable number of Indians in the vicinity of Catskill, planting corn and beans on the Catskill flats, for several miles on both sides of the creek. Many of them were quite friendly with the whites, mostly Dutch, while others were the reverse, given to strong drink, quarrelsome and revengeful. My grand-parents lived at the bend of the road, between Mr. Plank's and the late residence of Reuben Palmer, now occupied by Dr. Keys.

"I have a faint recollection of the death of my grandmother, when I was two or three years old. When her husband was absent in the war between the English and the French and Indians in Canada and elsewhere, from 1754 to 1757, my father being then not more than a year old, an Indian named Rube, who lived near, and raised corn on the west side of the creek, on the flats opposite the Van Vechten farm, used to call at my grandmother's and leave his jug of whiskey there, to be called for when he wanted it. One evening, just as it was first dark, a knock called her to the door, and she asked, "Who is there?" The reply was "Rube;" and he said that he

wanted his jug of whiskey. The voice did not sound like Rube's, and she hesitated as to unfastening the door. But, as he insisted that it was Rube after his whiskey, she partly opened the door, when she saw a large, strange negro there. They tried to close the door again, but he pushed it open with violence, and rushing into the house, took a seat by the fire. She was much frightened, and not a word was said, as she walked across the room several times. She conjectured what his object was in coming there, was looking around the room for a weapon of defense, and at last recollected that there was a clasp-knife in her pocket hanging on a chair. Just as she laid hold of it the negro sprang upon and seized her, when she screamed, and a large dog she had rushed in at the door, and seizing the negro by his throat, there was a severe struggle between them. The negro finally extricated himself and rushed out of the door, followed by the dog, who again laid hold of him. At last he got loose, and rushed down a ravine near the house, followed by the dog, urged on by the voice of his mistress. She then fastened the door, and taking my father, then an infant, in her arms, went to the second floor, drew up the ladder by which she had climbed there after her, and with the child in her lap and a cutlass in her hand, kept watch all night at the window. The negro prowled around a long time, as was evident by the furious barking of the dog, but finally, towards day, went away, and was never seen or heard of in that region again." Thus have we in this narrative another of the numerous hitherto unpublished and traditional sketches of what was done and suffered by the women of our American Revolution, and earlier than that, in their lonely and unprotected, and often forest homes, when their husbands were far away fighting for their liberties and rights.

Mr. Osterhout further writes as follows: "I have heard it said that my grandfather had many encounters with the Indians, and that they regarded him with fear. While in Canada, the troops of which he was one were surprised by a large party of Frenchmen and savages and defeated; some were killed and wounded, while the rest scattered and fled in different directions. It was winter; the snow was deep; and many of the Indians had snow-shoes, which gave them greatly the advantage over those whom they pursued, by keeping them from sinking in the snow. My grandfather, like those with him, ran for his life; and, while doing so, suddenly came near two powerful Indians, who saw his approach, stepped a few feet apart, and stood still. He saw that he could not escape, and having made a motion of surrender by reversing his musket, he came between them as though to give himself up to them, when, with a sudden and powerful backward blow with his elbows, he knocked them both down; and as their snow-shoes raised their feet when they were down considerably above the snow, hence they could not easily get up, so that having beat out the brains of both of them with his musket, he made good his retreat.

"He served as a soldier through the whole both of the French and the Revolutionary wars.

"To show the character of the man, I will relate an incident which I had from my father and others. During the French War, part of the English and Provincial Army was for a time quartered at Albany, waiting for the building of boats, or batteaux, as they were called, with which to transport troops and their baggage over rivers and lakes in their invasion of Canada. These troops were under the command of General Broadstreet, a British officer. My grandfather, who was a carpenter by trade, was captain of the batteaux superintending their construction.

Broadstreet, whose quarters were on the hill where the Capitol now is, was in the habit of daily walking down to where the boats were being built, to see what progress was made. One day he asked my grandfather an absurd and impertinent question, who answered him rather tartly, giving offense to the General, who raised his cane and struck him on the head, in return for which my grandfather knocked him down with his fist. The General rose from the ground and went off in great wrath, cursing and swearing that he should be punished for the assault. No sooner had he gone than my grandfather was urged to make himself scarce, to take to his heels, and thus avoid being arrested, and consequently hung or shot, as, by British martial law, for a subordinate to assault his superior was punishable with death. He refused to leave, however, saying that Broadstreet had struck him without cause, and that in such cases he always struck back again, regardless of consequences. Soon a sergeant with a guard arrested him and marched him to the General's quarters, who told him to come in and take a seat. On a table were some bottles of liquor. The General poured out two glasses, took one himself, and told my grandfather to drink the other, which was done. He then told him he was a good fellow, and to go about his business. This unexpected result so affected him that he burst into tears, and swore that he would shed the last drop of his blood to defend the General in battle or elsewhere. The effect on the troops was electrical when they heard what had taken place, and a loud shout was given for General Broadstreet.

"A similar case occurred during the Revolutionary War. My father stated to me, that one morning, in passing the guardhouse, he saw his father confined there as a prisoner. On inquiring of him what he had done, he said that Lieutenant Stilwell had used insulting language to him, and

cursed him, and when he returned the same epithet which had been before applied to himself, the Lieutenant struck him with his cane, whereupon he knocked him down with his feet. My father went to his colonel, Van Cortlandt, and stated the facts to him, when, having ordered the parties before him, and finding that Stilwell could not deny the truth of what has been stated, the Colonel gave him a severe reprimand, told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself for striking an old man, and that if he was guilty of such an outrage again he would have him cashiered, and then added: 'As to you, Daddy Osterhout, go to your quarters, and attend to your business.'

"There was, after the Revolutionary War, a large, powerful Indian hovering about Catskill, who one day broke the lock of the chain by which my grandfather's canoe was fastened to a tree, and took it to go a-fishing, for which its owner gave him a severe thrashing. Many years after, my grandfather, one New-Year's morning, was sitting by the fire in the kitchen of Mr. Salisbury, grandfather of General Salisbury, of Catskill, when suddenly the big Indian walked up to him, and striking his right hand violently on his breast, by way of defiance, said, in Dutch, 'Giesbert, I am a man.' The reply was, 'Yes, a thundering man,' and a blow, which knocked the Indian into the fire, by which he was badly burned, and was glad to make his escape. He thought that my grandfather being then an old man, he could easily punish him for the beating he had given him years before. He found, however, that he had waked up the wrong passenger.

"At the commencement of the Revolutionary War my father was learning the blacksmith's trade of a man named R——, who was captain of the militia, and had at his house the powder and ball for his company. He pro-

fessed to be a Whig, but was in fact a Tory. My father was sixteen years old when he enlisted in the army, and it was brought about as follows: One evening, about dark, a company of thirty or forty men, with their faces blackened, and disguised as Indians, came to R——'s house and demanded of him the powder and ball of his company. He at first denied that the ammunition was in his house; but at length secret signals passed between R—— and the captain of the tories, which were observed by my father, and then part of the tories rushed up stairs, seized the ammunition, and all of them left. My father had a loaded shot-gun hanging on a beam in the house, which he seized, and rushed to the door. R—— demanded where he was going; the reply was, "To shoot some of those tories." R—— forbade his going; and his wife who was unwell made a great outcry, saying that if they were molested they would come back, and murder them all. So he gave up his plan of shooting, and the next morning went to Catskill Village and enlisted. He then marched to Saratoga, was in the desperate battles with Burgoyne's army, and in nearly all the important battles of the Revolution, including the siege and capture of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown.

"At Saratoga he was in the regiment of Colonel Van Cortland, a brave and excellent officer. At the first battle of Saratoga, at Stillwater, I think it was, the regiment was marched out, consisting then of only one hundred and fifty men, some being sick and others absent on scouting parties. When about to engage in battle a cannon-ball struck directly in front of him, throwing the dirt in all directions, and so frightening his horse that he reared and threw him on the ground in such a way that all supposed that he was killed. He jumped up, however, saying, 'Don't be frightened, my lads: I am not hurt, and

will lead you on foot into action. My men, advance! A hard-fought battle it was, the same ground having been repeatedly taken by the British and Americans, each army alternately advancing and retreating; and it turned out a drawn battle, though the Americans had the best of it. When the regiment came out of the battle, forty-seven men, or nearly one-third of their whole number, were either killed or wounded. Both of my father's file-men on each side of him were shot down. For a feather, he and many others had twigs of laurel in their hats. His was shot off close to his head; but he was not hurt in any of the many actions during the war. The second battle was still more obstinately contested. My father said that General Arnold was rushing over the field in every direction, like a madman, ordering soldiers promiscuously to follow him. It was by his orders that a party of riflemen was led where they could have a fair shot at General Frazer, the second in command in the British army there. Arnold said of that officer, 'He is a host in himself, and must be brought down.' The celebrated Timothy Murphy" (the great Indian-killer, from Schoharie County, spoken of elsewhere in this work) "was one of these riflemen; and it was believed that he shot General Frazer.

"After the surrender of Burgoyne, part of the army were for a time quartered at Schenectady, and while there my father was employed in repairing muskets, having formerly worked as a blacksmith. Among the troops were quite a number of Oneida and other friendly Indians. One day, while going to his shop, he met with a squaw richly dressed, with a plenty of silver and glass trinkets on her blanket, leggings, and moccasins; and from mere wantonness, being but a boy, he jumped into a mud-puddle near her, and bespattered her all over with mud. She

was very angry; and, soon after he reached his shop, two large Indians came in, and with a loud noise and angry gestures, threatened to strike him with their tomahawks. He told them to be off, or he would beat out their brains; and, seizing his sledge-hammer, he sprang upon them, as if to strike them, when they took to their heels and ran away. Two years afterwards, when with our troops, he was in a tavern, where he saw one of these Indians, who recognized him, and, drawing his knife, rushed upon him. At this moment a man who was near spoke in a loud voice to the Indian, who turned his head to look at the speaker, when my father quickly knocked the Indian down with his feet, and pounded him until he was tired, and left him, which ended the matter. The Osterhouts, father and son, seem to have been quite handy with their feet as well as with their hands.

"While besieging Cornwallis at Yorktown, some of our soldiers, of whom my father was one, made a large kite, to the tail of which they tied a basket, with a large tomcat fastened in it, and a lantern, lighted with oil, attached to the kite. One dark night, when the wind was blowing a brisk breeze directly towards Yorktown, the kite was sent up to a great height, the cat meanwhile screaming 'yeow, yeow,' until it was directly over the town, when they let the cord go, and the shining, musical kite rapidly descended, to the no small amazement of the British, and much to the amusement of our own troops who were concerned in and who saw what was done."

As Schoharie County was the scene of many Indian battles and bloody encounters during the Revolutionary War, some of them may here be noticed, as the Schoharie mountains are a part of the Catskill group, some of them rising as high as three thousand feet, while the brave and hardy pioneers of all that region, and more especially of

the counties of Schoharie and Greene, were in early times exposed to like dangers, and made united and persevering efforts to defend themselves against a common enemy, and to secure for themselves and their children the blood-bought heritage of civil and religious liberty and right.

The record of events referred to above may be briefly stated thus: In 1774 a Council of Safety was formed. In 1776 Colonel James Huston enlisted tories at Loonenburgh. In 1777 the Schoharie militia were called out, under Captain Hager; Colonel Huston and twenty others were arrested, and Huston was hung. August 10 of that year, there was an engagement between a party of Americans, under Colonel John Harper, and the tories, under Captain McDonald, at Brakabeen, where the tories were defeated, and fled. In the autumn of 1777 the middle fort was built, and the upper and lower forts were begun. The lower fort was the old stone church, afterwards changed into an arsenal. May 8, 1778, the battle of Cobleskill took place, in which Captain Patrick and twenty-two men were killed. In July of this year, Colonel William Butler, with three companies of Morgan's riflemen, was stationed in Schoharie, and several tories recruiting for the British army were shot. In August, 1779, Colonel Butler joined Sullivan's expedition against the western Indians, when Murphy probably went with him, as he figures largely in that connection. August 9, 1780, a party of seventy-three Indians and three tories attacked those living at Vroomansland, killed five, and took thirty prisoners. July 9, 1781, there was an engagement two miles east of Sharon Springs, between a party of tories and Indians, under Doxtater, and Americans under Colonel Willet, in which the tories were defeated, with a loss of forty killed. During the same month, several persons working in harvest-fields were surprised; one escaped,

and the others were carried captives to Canada. In October, 1781, three men in Sharon were taken by the Indians, and carried to Canada. October 24, 1781, Brant, with sixty or seventy Indians, killed Isaac Vrooman, at Vroomansland, when a party of Americans, under Captain Hager, rallied, and the Indians retreated to Utsyantha Lake, where there was an engagement; but part of the Americans, under Captain Hale, having fled, those remaining were forced to retreat, and the Indians escaped. July 26, 1782, several tories and twenty-two Indians attempted to capture Major Becker in Foxes' Creek Valley; but he and his family defended his house so bravely, that the Indians retreated. Several persons were murdered by them in their retreat, and a number of the Indians were shot. There were so many tories in Schoharie, that a cruel civil war was carried on there, and at the close of the war many families removed to Canada, where grants of land were made to them by the British Government, opposite to St. Lawrence County, in this State. December 26, 1784, many who had been taken to Canada as prisoners were released on Lake Champlain, and returned to their homes.

Here I resume the narrative of Mr. Osterhout, as follows: "Murphy was with General Sullivan in his expedition to the western part of the State, as was also my father, who said that he never knew Murphy to be frightened but once. He was in the party of Lieutenant Boyd, on a scout, in advance of the army, when they were suddenly surrounded by several hundred Indians. All but two of the party, who were Murphy and my father, were killed. These two ran for their lives, and reached Sullivan's camp in safety, Murphy having retained his rifle, while my father dropped his to enable him to outrun the Indians. Murphy then looked as white in his face as a

sheet. About two hours after, the army reached the place of the surprise and butchery, and found the men, who had been shot, stripped, and scalped, lying on the ground. After that no Indian within reach of Murphy's rifle, male or female, escaped his unerring aim. At Newtown, now Elmira, August 29, 1779, there was an engagement of two hours between Sullivan's troops and those of the British under Johnson, Butler, and Brant, whose fort was taken, and many of them were killed; after which Sullivan met with no resistance. The army, after this, were employed several days in destroying the corn, fruit-trees, and wigwams of the Indians. After the war, Murphy and his wife lived in Schoharie County, and died here in the town of Middleburgh. Some of his sons and grandsons still live in the county. After his return from the war, it is said that many Indians suddenly disappeared, and were believed to have been shot by Murphy." The shooting of Indians and tories in that region, in a secret manner, after the war, led others who were there to flee elsewhere for safety.

Daniel Shays, who was a captain in our Revolutionary Army, and the leader of the insurrection in Massachusetts which bears his name, lived in the town of Livingstonville, in Schoharie County; and in 1805, David Williams, one of the captors of Major Andrè, removed there from South Salem, New York, and bought a farm of General Shays, on which he resided, much esteemed, until his death, August 2, 1831.

The extracts from Mr. Osterhout's interesting and instructive record will be closed with a sketch,—a single incident more: "In December, 1780, my father was out on a scout, when, at break of day one morning, he came to a large field, in which there were about a thousand horses running loose, feeding on the scanty herbage. These horses belonged to our cavalry. In one corner of the

field he found a horse-fiddle" (an instrument making a loud noise, like a watchman's rattle). "He gave it several rapid turns, which frightened the horses, and caused them to run towards the camp, over the frozen ground, making a thundering noise. Alarm guns were fired; Washington and his aids mounted their horses, it having been rumored that the British Light Horse intended to surprise our army and capture Washington, as they had before taken General Lee. When the horses came near the camp, it was found to be a false alarm, and quiet was restored. When my father reached his quarters, he was closely questioned as to the cause of the fright of the horses, but very prudently affected to be wholly ignorant with regard to it."

In the town of Cobleskill, in Schoharie County, there was an engagement between a company of militia and a large Indian force under Brant, May 31, 1778. The Americans, numbering forty-five men, were drawn into an ambuscade and defeated. When retreating, five soldiers sought protection in a house which was surrounded by the Indians and burned, the soldiers perishing in the flames. The delay thus occasioned gave the rest of the company and the inhabitants near there time to escape. Twenty-two Americans, and about the same number of Indians were killed.

Howe's Cave, in the east part of Cobleskill, five miles from Schoharie Court-house, is a place of much interest. It was discovered by Lester Howe in 1842. Its entrance is about fifty feet above the Cobleskill Creek. After passing through several spacious rooms, one of which, called "the Chapel," is sixty or seventy feet long by twenty wide and twenty or thirty high; then, crawling through a passage two hundred feet long, there is a sheet of water thirty feet long, twenty wide, and ten deep. Beyond this point the cavern has a number of large rooms and ex-

tends several miles, much of the way along a brook. Stalactites of a large size have been found there. The sulphur and chalybeate springs in Sharon are places of fashionable resort, and there are interesting caves near them. These sulphur springs, which are much like those in Virginia, are in a ravine, the principal one boiling up from the bed of a small stream, and yielding an abundant supply. There are smaller springs of the same kind near. There is a pretty cascade one fourth of a mile from the Shower House; and fossil leaves and moss, in great perfection, are easily obtained around the springs. The waters are celebrated for the cure of cutaneous and other troublesome diseases. The Pavilion, a magnificent hotel, was built there by a company in New York, in 1836, on an eminence near the springs, and with other houses near, is much frequented. There are now eight hotels there and a number of private boarding-houses. The Pavilion, the Eldridge House, Congress Hall, Union, and Sharon House, are the principal hotels. The Springs are white sulphur and magnesia, and there are extensive bathing houses, with warm and cold sulphur baths. There are accommodations for two thousand guests. Sharon is forty-five miles from Albany, and may be reached by the Central Railroad to Palatine Bridge, or by the Susquehanna Railroad to Cobleskill.

Gebhard's Cave, formerly called Ball's Cave, is four miles east of Schoharie Court-house, and was first explored in 1831; a small boat having been let down into it, with which to move about. The entrance is funnel-shaped, twelve feet in diameter. It is in the midst of a forest, and there is a descent seventy feet deep, nearly perpendicular, through a natural chimney in the massive rock, in which there is now a substantial ladder. Then there is a descent of thirty feet more by a craggy way and

another ladder. After this, a passage ten feet wide, thirty long, and, in places, not more than three feet high, and arched overhead, while on its right issues a stream of pure water from an opening three feet wide and fifteen inches high; then in a small boat, with a torch in hand, at first reclining, and then able to stand, pushing along by projecting rocks, one passes fourteen natural dams about four inches thick on the top, in passages eight or ten feet wide and of an equal height, with water from ten to thirty feet deep, the water trickling over these dams into a small lake, near which is a room fifty feet square, and beyond it a stream leading to a lake four hundred feet long, eight or ten wide, from six to thirty feet deep, and one hundred feet below the surface of the earth, which a breeze never ruffled and on which the sun never shone. The arched limestone over this lake is, in some places, from twenty to thirty feet high. At the south-west end of the lake is an enlarged outlet and a rotunda fifteen feet in diameter and forty feet high in its centre, with a vaulted roof and a concave floor. Beyond the rotunda is a low, narrow passage several hundred feet long. Many rare minerals of much beauty and value are found in the cave, but bats are its only living inhabitants.

Early in the history of Schoharie County, a man named Vrooman, living in what is now the town of Fulton, left his house and farm, during the winter, under the care of one Truax, a hired man, with a negro named Motor, and his wife Mary, to assist him. One evening Truax, having in hunting shot some pigeons, gave them to Mary to dress and cook for his breakfast. After dressing them, she put the knife, covered with blood, in her pocket. The next morning she rose, and, having prepared for breakfast, went to call Truax, when she found him in his bed murdered by having his throat cut from ear to ear. The

negroes were arrested, and as she had the bloody knife in her pocket, and her husband would say nothing, they were tried for the murder in Albany, and publicly burned there. Many years after, a man named Moore, who left Schoharie for Pennsylvania soon after these events, being on his death-bed, tortured with remorse, and having fearful visions of ghastly wounds, flowing blood, and bodies writhing in the crackling flames, confessed that he and the negro murdered Truax, having entered the house through the large, low chimney, and that Mary knew nothing of the deed of blood.

Schoharie County has an area of 675 square miles, 33,519 inhabitants; and in 1860 its products were: grain, 1,028,881 bushels; hay, 48,774 tons; potatoes, 190,432 bushels; apples, 222,182 bushels; butter, 1,832,257 pounds; and cheese, 71,016 pounds. There were, in 1860, 137 more males than females in the county.

CAUTERSKILL FALLS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wild Beasts in the Mountains.—Early Hunters and their Adventures.—John Pierson.—Deer Hunting.—Their Haunts.—Wolves.—Benjamin Peck.—Paul Peck.—Revolutionary Service.—Burning of Kingston.—Success in hunting and trapping Deer and Wolves.—Minister-hunters.—Bear and Cubs.—Hezekiah Myers.—William Travis.—A Bear shot.—One in Shandaken.—Colonel Lawrence.—Tame Bears.—James Powers, Esq.—Bear Feasts.—Sons of Colonel Lawrence.—Bears in winter.—One at Schutt's.—Female Bears.—Bears weather-wise.—Beating one.—Their dens.—Colonel Lawrence's Son and a Bear.—Hard to kill.—Frederick Sax.—A Hard Fight.—Close Hugging.—Frederick Layman.—Bear and Dogs.—A Bad Tumble.—Hard Scratching.—Hand-to-hand Fight.—Evert Lawrence.—Layman down.—A Bear Family.—Cubs tamed.—Winter Sleep.—Bear Day.—Proofs of It.—Bear Meat.—Log Traps.—Bears near the Mountain House.—Scoring Trees.—Mrs. B. and her Cats.—Their Escape.—Bears and Berries.—Bears in Maine.

THE deep, dark, and widespread forests, the high, rough mountain cliffs, the wild ravines and caves of the Catskill Mountains, made them, from early times, a chosen and favorite resort of lynx, panther, wolves, bears, deer, and large and enormous snakes. A volume might be filled with the adventures of early hunters in this region, some of which I will here describe, as related to me by them and their children.

Among the most celebrated of these early hunters were the Piersons, of Kaatsban, the Hummels, of Blue Mountain, Benjamin Peck, of Palensville, and Frederick Sax, of Kiskatom, though he lived, in early life, near West Camp, in Saugerties. John Pierson would camp out alone, for two or three weeks at a time, on and near Roundtop, in Cairo, killing fifteen or twenty deer during the time. There was a large laurel swamp on the mountains, near the base of the South Mountain, where deer

fed when snow was deep. Some would not eat their flesh when they fed on laurel, though others did. They were killed mostly from May or June until January. There was a great run or track for deer, near the upper end of the Cauterskill Clove, and along the ravine near the Falls, below the Laurel House. Hunters here, as elsewhere, had favorite stands, where they concealed themselves, and shot deer as they were driven past them by the dogs. Wolves used also to chase deer until they were overcome with fatigue, and then kill and eat them. Hence wolves and deer left this region about the same time, more than thirty years since, having from an early date been very numerous. The wolves were quite troublesome and destructive to domestic animals, so that it was often necessary closely to confine sheep, swine, and young cattle at night.

Benjamin Peck came to Palensville, from Litchfield, Connecticut, about the year 1796. He was brought up by his uncle, Paul Peck, who was a famous trapper and hunter, sometimes going as far as Canada in pursuit of wild animals, for the sake of their fur and skins. Benjamin Peck served in the army through all the Revolutionary War, having gone early to Boston, and was afterwards enlisted in the cavalry regiment of Colonel Sheldon, of Litchfield, and was with him on the Hudson River when Esopus was burned, our forces being then opposite the place, and wishing to cross over and relieve it, but they were prevented from doing so by two British ships of war, which were lying in the river. What he then saw and learned of the abundance of game in the mountains may have led him, at a later date, to remove here. From his son, of the same name, who came here with his father when seven years old, and is now living in Palensville, at the age of seventy-six, I learned the following facts :

The first year they were here Mr. Peck killed some seven or eight wolves, seventeen bears, and seventy-three deer, which he secured, besides others which were mortally wounded but fled beyond his reach. At first he practised what is called "still hunting," stealing on game unawares or watching for them where they passed along, without the aid of dogs. He soon procured a large and strong bear-trap with steel springs and sharp teeth like nails, with which he caught many bears, but did not use the log or fall-trap and cage, with which bears are still caught on the mountains. His steel trap he used without bait, in a narrow, rocky ravine, near the top of South Mountain, through which bears passed in coming down from the evergreen woods, near the summit of the mountain, where they had their dens, to the oak woods below, to feed on acorns. The rocky ravine through which the bears passed was so narrow that they could not well avoid getting in the trap.

One day while hunting north of the Clove, on the mountain, a deer came along heated and fatigued, pursued as he supposed by his dog; when, having shot it, and, as his custom was, having loaded his gun immediately, an immense wolf followed on the track of the deer, which he also shot. At another time Mr. Peck met a bear, with two cubs, which had seriously injured and driven off his dogs with the exception of one, which was very staunch and of an imported breed, which followed by scent, but more resembled a greyhound than a bloodhound. This dog he called away, when the bear made a rush upon him, when, waiting until she was about a foot from the muzzle of his gun, he shot her in the breast, and the ball passed through the whole length of her body, suddenly ending her days. Mr. Peck continued to hunt until he died, in Palensville, where his

son now lives, in 1820, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Hezekiah Myers, aged ninety, hunted some in his early days, and was familiar with the hunting adventures of others. He was once with a hunting party on the mountains when the dogs drove a bear so near him that he could have struck him with an axe which he had in his hand; but as he had, besides this, only a pistol, he feared to strike him, though many of the old bear-hunters did not shrink from fighting a bear with an axe. To strike and wound a bear, without killing him, is, however, dangerous, as when thus enraged they are very furious. Nor is it safe to wait until a bear is as near as was the one shot by Mr. Peck, spoken of above; for should the gun miss fire, or only wound the bear, he might prove a troublesome neighbor.

Mr. William Travis, aged seventy-eight, a neighbor of Mr. Myers in Palensville, near the Clove, when sixteen years old, watched at night for a bear in a cornfield a little north of where Mr. Charles Teal now lives. He had done much injury to all the fields in the neighborhood; and hence all the neighbors watched in their respective fields at the same time, as he did not visit the same field two nights in succession. Near morning Mr. Travis heard a bear in the bushes, then he entered the field, and, rising up erect, snuffed the air to learn if any danger was near, and, bringing his paws together, drew before him the corn of two hills, one on each side of him, and began to eat. Mr. Travis rose twice before he dared to fire; but the third time shot him in the breast, when he turned back over the fence, groaning like a man. A Dutchman who was near him asleep, rose suddenly, sadly frightened, made a fearful floundering on the ground, declaring that he had shot a black man. Soon guns were heard in all directions, as the neighbors hastened where

the first shot was heard. The bear, a large one, was found in the morning in the mud, in the woods near by, where he had gone to check the flow of blood. Though badly wounded, it required several shots to kill him.

When Mr. Travis was living for a time in Lexington, west of the mountains, a neighbor and friend of his went to Shandaken, some twenty miles south, to keep school. One day, as some of his pupils went to drive the cows home from pasture, they found a large bear seated on the carcase of one of the cows, which he had killed, taking his supper from her flesh. The children gave the alarm, when the neighbors, who were together at a raising, took their guns,—five rifles, and several shot-guns ; and having by shooting so injured one of his legs that he could not move rapidly, they fired at him thirty-five times before they killed him. Mr. Travis had one of his tusks, which was larger than his thumb. When dressed, the four quarters weighed more than four hundred pounds.

Colonel Merchant Lawrence, who for many years lived where the family of the late Joseph Sax now reside, opposite the Dutch Church, at the foot of the mountain, and kept a public house there, tamed and raised several young bears, some of which he kept until three years old. His house was a favorite resort of sportsmen ; and James Powers, Esq., a prominent lawyer in Catskill, now more than eighty years of age, told me that he used, after the labors of the day in his office, to drive out to Lawrence's, spend the night there, catch a fine string of trout from the meadow brooks near by, and then return to town in time for the business of the day. For several years Colonel Lawrence invited him and other friends to a New Year's supper of bear's meat, which they highly relished. From two sons of Colonel Lawrence, who live near me, and who from early life have been familiar with hunting, I

have learned many facts with regard to early hunting adventures, and the habits of the bears tamed and fed by them when they were young. Tame bears do not commonly lie torpid in their dens the first winter of their lives, especially if they are in a public place, where there is much to excite them. This was true of bears kept by Colonel Lawrence; and Mr. Schutt, at the Laurel House, has a large young bear, which, during the whole of the winter of 1865–6, moved freely about. Some, however, sleep through their first winter.

As bears grow old they commonly become ugly and cross, the females being more so than the males. One of the bears kept by Colonel Lawrence, when a storm was coming on, would climb to the top of a high post to which he was chained, and howl loud and long, which always proved to be a sure sign of rain or snow. Sometimes these bears would be very kind and affectionate with those who trained and fed them, but fierce and savage when strangers approached them. As cold weather came on they became cross and sometimes dangerous. A son of Colonel Lawrence, and another man, once beat a furious bear of his on the head with clubs for half an hour, before they could subdue him; his head swelling up, and the blood running from his nostrils. Dens were commonly made for them by sinking part of a large hollow tree several feet in length in the ground, with an entrance to it at one end; but sometimes they dug dens for themselves in the side of a hill to the horizontal depth of ten or twelve feet.

One of the bears kept by Colonel Lawrence was quite a pet with his son Merchant, then fifteen years of age, who played freely with him; but, as is supposed, becoming cross with the approach of winter, and excited to fury by the smell of the blood of a squirrel on the pantaloons of the boy,

he seized him by the leg, and tried to drag him into his den to devour him. This the boy prevented, by seating himself on the end of the log within which the bear was trying to draw him, where the beast fiercely gnawed his leg from the heel to the knee, until a smaller boy who was with him called the Colonel with his gun, and his wife with an axe, from the house for his relief. The father wished to shoot the bear; but the mother, fearing lest the boy might be injured by the shot, prevented him, and, beating the teeth of the bear with the axe, compelled him, for a moment, to loosen his hold on the boy, when he was hastily withdrawn, the bear rushing fiercely after him as far as his chain would permit him to do so. The bones of the leg were not injured, though portions of the tendon separated from the flesh.

Facts have been stated, showing how difficult it is to kill an old bear by shooting him, and hence the danger there is of waiting until they are quite near before shooting, lest, having wounded them, they should prove dangerous.

Colonel Lawrence, wishing to have an old bear of his killed, his son took a gun and shot him deliberately in the head. The bear gave little heed to the shot, and a younger son bantered his brother on being such a wonderful shot that he could not kill a bear with the muzzle of his gun close to his head, and told him that the bear cared so little about his shooting that if he should feed him he would eat as well as ever. This was warmly denied by the older son, when his brother brought some bread from the house which the bear quickly ate. A second shot, however, brought him to the ground. I have seen an ox shot several times in the head with a bullet before he fell. In such cases it is probable that the ball enters the head too high or too low to give a deadly wound.

One of my neighbors, aged seventy-four, relates among other things that one day while ploughing, he heard his two hunting dogs, and three belonging to Uncle Frederick Sax, barking on the side of the mountain above them. Mr. Sax went on the upper side of a high hemlock-tree, on which was a large bear, and the other man below it. As Mr. Sax aimed too low in shooting, he only wounded the bear in the fore leg, when, rushing quickly down from the tree, one of the dogs seized the bear by the throat, while bruin returned the compliment by firmly fixing his teeth in the skin of the dog's back; and thus, fiercely struggling, they rolled some ten rods down the steep side of the mountain, closely pursued by the other dogs and the man, until he twice struck the bear a heavy blow on the head with an axe, which killed him. So staunch and true, however, was the dog, that he did not loose his hold on the bear until he was dead; though the bear had, up to that time, held him in his teeth. This same man once very irreverently remarked to me that he was "no more afraid of a bear than of an old sow;" and he and other old hunters in this matter did certainly, at times, show their faith by their works. A tight hug by a bear is not, however, a thing to be lightly spoken of; and the way in which they thus embrace one, is not soon forgotten by those who have been favored with such a salutation.

The facts which follow were stated to me late in June, 1866, by Frederick Layman, of Catskill, a nephew, if I mistake not, of Frederick Sax, the great bear-hunter; and who lived with him, in his mountain home, from the time he was eight years old until he was twenty. Mr. Layman is now sixty-eight years old, so that what is here related took place fifty years since and more. During the twelve years referred to above, Mr. Layman aided Uncle Frederick in killing thirty-five bears.

The first adventure they had together was south of Roundtop, in Cairo, as distinct from the high mountain in Hunter, of the same name, near where the Websters now live. A bear had made sad havoc with the corn in that neighborhood, and was tracked and treed by a dog, when Mr. Sax shot it through the leg, after which it ran a quarter of a mile. Another shot broke his back; when, sitting down, as the dogs rushed upon him, he knocked them, one after another, a distance of ten or fifteen feet with his paws. A third shot ended his days.

While hunting with Uncle Frederick in Winter Clove, they came upon three bears, in a den in the rocks, on a ledge some twelve feet high. They had no fair view of the bears; yet, after firing into the den twice, the noise and smoke drove the bears out, when a dog seized one of them, while another ran against Uncle Fred's legs, and he, with the two bears and the dog, all rolled down the ledge together,—an adventure much more pleasant for one to tell of, or to hear, than to be engaged in. On pursuing these bears, one of them ran up a tree, half a mile distant from the den, and was shot; another was killed the next day, and the third escaped.

A bear was once caught in a trap, on the side of the mountain above Uncle Fred's, and Layman pursued him half a mile, leading his dog. As he fired at the bear, the dog broke loose from him, and, rushing upon the beast, bruin rose on his hind legs, and seizing the dog with his fore paws, was hugging him more closely than was either comfortable or safe for him, when, Layman coming up, seized the bear from behind by the nape of his neck, and pulled him over backwards. The bear then turning upon Layman, struck him with his claws in the palm of his hand, badly wounding and tearing it open, when the dog seized the bear and held him until Layman shot him.

On the side of the mountain, back of Nicholas Rowe's, a little northeast of where the tollgate on the road to the Mountain House now is, Uncle Frederick and Layman found a bear in a den. As he came out, Mr. Sax shot, and broke the under jaw of the bear, and Layman put a bullet in his head, but fired so low that it did not kill him. Uncle Fred, in a hand-to-hand fight with the bear, which was pressing hard upon him, while stepping backwards, hit against a fallen bush or pole, and fell upon his back, when the bear rushed upon him, and but for his broken jaw might have made quick work with him. The dogs, however, fiercely seized the bear, thus releasing Mr. Sax. The late Joseph Sax, who was working near by, having come up, Uncle Fred took his axe and with it killed the bear.

Frederick Layman used to hunt with Evert Lawrence, a son of Colonel Lawrence, spoken of above. South of the Cauterskill Clove they once treed a bear, when, both of them having fired at him, he fell from the tree, and, having run half a mile, he was stopped by the dogs. Layman loaded his gun, and was trying to get a chance to shoot the bear without putting the dogs in danger of being shot, when the bear suddenly sprang upon him, from an elevation of a few feet above him, threw him down under him, and would soon have ended both his hunting and his life had not one of the dogs seized the bear by the nose and two others in the rear, when Layman was quickly released, and, seizing his gun, shot him through the heart.

Uncle Frederick once shot a female bear just at night on the mountain back of his house, and, seizing her by the leg, dragged her home. The next morning her three cubs, several months old, having followed her trail down to near the house, were there treed by the dogs. The tree was cut down, when one of the cubs was killed by

the dogs who had broken from their muzzles, while the other two were secured, one of them having been carried to the house in the checked woollen apron of Mrs. Sax, and, though it scratched her severely, she held it fast.

These two cubs were tamed and kept two or three years, one of them by Colonel Lawrence, at the hotel at the foot of the mountain, and the other by Mr. Peter P. Sax, about a mile north of the hotel and church. From the sons of Colonel Lawrence, and from Mr. Peter F. Sax, a nephew of Peter P., who lived with him when young, I had the facts which follow. Mr. Peter F. Sax was about twenty years old when the facts here spoken of took place, and is now sixty-four. He and one of the Lawrences referred to above were elders in the church of which I was pastor.

During the winter, from early in December until about the first of April, these bears were torpid in their dens, eating nothing, and when disturbed barely opening their eyes, without stirring unless they were forced to do so. They lay so still that they did not disturb the snow which fell on their chains, as the chains lay on the ground outside of their dens. The bear which Mr. Sax had, dug a den in the side of a hill near the house of a horizontal depth of about twelve feet, where he wintered. Mrs. Sax once in a measure forced him from his winter quarters, soon after he had retired there, to gratify the curiosity of some visitors, when so cross was he that he gave her a blow on her hand with his paw, the marks of which she bore with her to her grave, though he was very fond of her, and used to take food from her hands and her large pockets as he stood erect beside her. Peter F. Sax told me that he once tied a bone, with meat on it, on the end of a long pole, in winter, and thrust it under the nose of the bear, in his den, when he stupidly opened his

eyes, but did not taste or touch it, though at other times he had a most greedy appetite for meat.

And now I come to a fact connected with the natural history of bears, of which I have never seen anything in books, but for the truth of which all the old hunters of the Catskill Mountains and the country around, and those connected with them, will solemnly vouch, as proved by their own personal observation, or the testimony of those whose veracity cannot be impeached, and the truth of whose statements no one who knew them well would ever question. And yet there may be those who would think it strange that an honest old Dutch dominie, of full size and mature age, should venture to tell as true what follows. My reply to such would be, that there always have been those in the world who doubt or deny the truth of what they themselves have never seen or known. A fool of this stripe, who said that he would not believe in what he had never seen, was very properly asked if he had ever seen his own back?

What I here refer to is that the second day of February of each year is known as "Bear's Day;" and that on that day bears wake from winter sleep, come forth from their dens, take a knowing observation of the weather for a few minutes, and then retire to their nests and finish their repose of some weeks or months,—it may be longer. It is further claimed that if the sky is clear, the sun shining so that they can see their shadows, and the weather cold, when they thus come forth, they sleep quietly on until about the first of April, thinking that cold weather will continue thus long. On the other hand, if the weather is mild and cloudy, they look for an early spring, and often leave their dens; or if the water from the melting snow above them penetrates the earth, so as to wet them in their dens, they seek some new resting-place and home.

That bears do thus come forth from their dens the second day of February, is known by the tracks made by them that day at the mouth of their winter quarters, as also by observing the habits of tame bears, which, as in the case of the two named above, come forth on Bear Day, and, after wisely observing the weather some five minutes, retire again to rest. As several tame bears have been kept by those whom I know well, men of Christian principle, and entirely reliable, and after a careful observation in some cases for two or three successive winters of the same animals, as their testimony is uniform as to the fact that these bears did, each winter, thus come forth from their dens the second day of February, as described above, I cannot therefore question or doubt the truth of the statement here advanced. Thus much for Bear Day.

Since writing the above I met with the following, under date of February, 1867:

"THE WEATHER AT CINCINNATI. — The 'Cincinnati Commercial' says that 'the old tradition that when, on the 2d of February, the ground-hog leaves his hole, and, seeing his shadow, returns to winter quarters, we may expect six weeks of severe winter weather, was determined, so far as this section is concerned, in favor of an early spring. The sky was overcast on Saturday; and the ground-hog, if he appeared at all, found that he cast no more shadow than the Dutchman who sold his to the Evil One.'"

The marmots, or woodchucks, are sometimes called ground-hogs, and so also are bears. Which are here meant, I do not know. The two tame bears spoken of above were killed at the same time, and their meat taken to market. The skin of one of them was sold for ten dollars in Albany, and stuffed, and is still in a museum there. Bears are seen here and there on the mountains every year, a few of which are killed; while, at times, they make

free with sheep, calves, and swine. During the winter of 1865–6, a bear weighing three hundred and thirty-eight pounds when dressed was killed on Stony Clove; and one was shot by a grandson of Frederick Sax in October, 1866, the meat of which was eaten with a relish by those who had been familiar with such meat in their early days. The largest black bears in this region weigh, when dressed, from four hundred to five hundred pounds. Five or six bears were trapped or shot by hunters in and near Kiskatom in the fall and winter of 1866–7.

Traps for catching bears are made by hewing off the upper surface of logs to about one third of their thickness, thus making a floor seven feet long and three feet wide, with sides and an end of logs, some three feet high. There are two heavy logs lengthwise on the top, a low entrance, with two logs over it at one end. Within is what is called a figure four, or other spring, baited, by the falling of which the logs at the entrance come down, and the bear is thus caged.

In the autumn of 1857, bears trampled down and ate oats in a field near the lakes, just back of the Catskill Mountain House. They were tracked by Mr. Beach, proprietor of the house, and Old Thorp the Bear Hunter, as he is called, who lives there, along the ridge of the North Mountain, by the well-known marks which they make by rising on their hind feet and removing with their teeth a piece of bark from the sides of trees, when they wish to pass the same way again. It is said that along some of their paths, on the upper ridges of the Catskill Mountains, there are trees which have thus been entirely peeled some feet from the ground, and killed. A trap like the one spoken of above was built on the North Mountain, where its ruins now are, in which the old bears that troubled the oats were caught, while their young ones taken were near by.

It is a fact worth noticing that there are those who have a peculiar fondness for animals, and towards whom animals, both tame and wild, are strongly attracted. In one of the towns among the upper heights of the Catskill Mountains there is a Mrs. B——, who is peculiarly fond of animals, as they are also of her. She says that she is not afraid of any animal, and wild bears have come to her in the woods, and licked her hands. Domestic animals she sells; but will never have sheep, horned cattle, or swine killed on the farm, nor sold to butchers or drovers for slaughtering.

Her greatest favorites, however, are cats, of which she keeps twenty or thirty, each one having its own name and place for feeding. Wishing to spend a winter with friends in New England, some years since, she hired a man with a team to take her cats there, safely confined in a large box-cage, and with them a cow to furnish them with milk. While passing through the Cauterskill Clove, as the cats were noisy and troublesome, the man made an opening in their cage and let them all loose in the woods, much to the annoyance of their mistress when she learned of her loss.

Bears are very fond of wild berries, which grow in great abundance on the mountains, and are at times met with by those who are picking them. Some young ladies thus employed in the summer of 1865, a little north of and above the tollgate, on the way to the Mountain House, on looking up saw a bear near them, very politely standing upright, as much as to say, "I would take off my hat if I had one, and make you a low bow." They did not, however, wish for better acquaintance, and hurried down the mountain in double-quick time. One of them, a granddaughter of Frederick Sax, said that she would have taken a stick to him and driven him off, had not her companions left her alone in such bad company.

That the bears are not all dead yet, at least in the State of Maine, is evident from the following, published in the winter of 1866–7 under the heading of "Bears Killed:"

"AUGUSTA, Me., *January* 10.—Returns received at the office of the Secretary of State show that during last year there were two hundred and sixty-five bears killed in this State. In Penobscot County alone there were one hundred and nine killed, and in the town of Lincoln forty-five.

"The returns show that there were only four wolves killed in the entire State during the year."

CHAPTER IX.

The American Panther and Tiger.—Panthers in the Mountains.—One killed in Cairo.—A Panthe rand Bear.—A Warm Embrace.—Peter Osterhout, Esq.—A Bear, Panther, and Deer.—An Indian's Luck.—A Panther treed.—One seen in 1865.—Wildcats.—Wolves.—Elk or Moose.—Snakes in the Mountain.—Thorpe's Statement.—Swine eat them.—Black Snakes.—Hung as Criminals.—Their Length.—Rattlesnakes.—A Texas Story.—Snakes in Cairo.—A large Family.—Bears.—A Wolf-chase.—Wild Animals in Schoharie County.—The Indian "Bear Catcher."—Warner and a Bear.—Schaefer and Schell.—Maria Teabout and a Panther.—Panther Meat.—Beavers.—Wildcats.—Dr. Moulter.—Deer.—Six of them Shot with Arrows.

THE cougar or American panther, or painter, as this animal is often called, painter being a corruption of the word "panther," belongs to the feline or cat species, and is found from Patagonia, in South America, to the northern bounds of the State of New York. Its color on the back is reddish brown, with a lighter hue about the neck and the lower part of the body. Their whole length, including the tail, is commonly six feet or a little more, and they are the same with the Puma or South American lion. The jaguar, or American tiger, is somewhat larger and stronger than the panther, and is found from Paraguay, in South America, to the Red River in Texas. It has some seven stripes on each side, made up of a row of open rings, and with the panther is by furriers and by some naturalists held to be of the same species with the leopard, while others make them a distinct class.

Panthers were met with in the Catskill Mountains and the country around from the time of its first settlement,

though there were never many of them. An aged neighbor of mine told me, that, when young, he saw two panthers not fully grown cross the road and meadow east of the house of Colonel Lawrence, and leap through the grass until they reached a knoll south of the meadow, where they jumped on the trunk of a fallen pine, and gave a loud cry, which was answered by their mother, who was some distance to the west, on the cliff above them. He afterwards saw the mother at the first road turning to the left, above the house of Colonel Lawrence, on the road up the mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Taylor, aged eighty-seven, worthy members of the Reformed Dutch Church in Kiskatom, relate that sixty-five years ago, in 1802, soon after they were married, on visiting her father, James Van Atten, or "Van Atta," as some wrote it, about a mile east of where the village of Cairo now is, near the ford of the Catskill Creek, they found that the night before a panther had driven in her father's young cattle from the woods, and, having climbed a white-oak tree near the house, was so shot; that one of his fore legs was broken, when, coming to the ground, he found a hiding-place among the rocks near by, where he was watched all night, and was killed in the morning by a bullet in his head, having been thus dosed with lead several times in different parts of his body before he finally fell. He measured nine feet and seven inches from his nose to the end of his tail, a huge monster of his kind. His body was thick and large, and his legs of the size of a man's arm. An aged man, living in the neighborhood at the time when this panther was killed, told me that an Englishman who was present was seriously injured by the panther.

Many years since, Mr. Wolven, a carpenter, living in Kiskatom, while fishing in one of the lakes near the

Mountain House, saw a bear cross a log between the two lakes, and quickly digging a hole in the soft ground near the water, placed himself on his back in it, when, soon after, a panther that was following him came, and rushing upon the bear, received from him a warm and sharp embrace, in his powerful legs and paws, which caused him to cry out loudly for quarter, and to retreat post haste from his ugly neighbor. Had the bear been standing, the panther, by leaping on his back, clinging there, and putting out his eyes with his claws, or by digging into his vitals, or by his superior activity and strength, might soon have killed him.

Facts somewhat similar to those just stated were furnished me, with many others in this work, by my worthy and venerable friend, Peter Osterhout, Esq., of Schoharie, a native of Catskill, a retired merchant, a gentleman and Christian of the old school, now nearly eighty years of age. In a long and valuable letter to me, dated August 7, 1866, he thus writes: "I must give you an adventure of a celebrated Indian, a great hunter, before the Revolutionary War, living in the town of Catskill. I have heard the story related by several aged persons who knew him and had no doubt of his veracity. His name was Wancham; his statement was as follows: While hunting in the Catskill Mountains, he came upon the carcass of a deer, quite recently killed, as he supposed, by a panther or a bear; so he hid himself behind a windfall near by, and had not been there long when a large bear came up and began to make a meal out of the deer. A few minutes after a large panther came also, and began to tear the carcass of the deer. This did not suit bruin, who claimed the deer as his spoil, and struck the panther, who jumped on the other side of the deer, when the bear followed him up and tried to hug him, but the panther

soon" (having, doubtless, leaped on the bear's back), "with his hind claws, ripped him open and killed him. The Indian, thinking that the game was now in his favor, fired and killed the panther; and thus he had a deer, a panther, and a bear, all in a pile, by a single shot of his gun."

Frederick Layman relates that when, as a boy, he was living with his uncle Sax, they were called out in the night by the barking of the dogs, at a tree near the house; supposing that there was a raccoon on the tree, he climbed to near its top, where he could see and hear a large animal directly above him. He told his uncle that the animal was much larger than a coon; but being accused of being afraid, and told to break off a limb and strike the animal, while doing so a large panther leaped to the ground, to a distance of more than thirty feet from the tree, and ran up the side of the mountain, with the dogs after him.

In the spring of 1865, Mr. Daniel Layman, a son-in-law of Frederick Sax, while looking for some young cattle in the woods on the side of the mountain north of the tollgate on the mountain road, saw a panther near them, who would, doubtless, soon have provided himself with a supply of fresh meat, had he not been thus disturbed. With the loud cry peculiar to these animals, he beat a hasty retreat up the mountain.

The lynx, or common wildcat, is still met with in the mountains and near them; and animals of this class are often killed there.

Forty or fifty years since, wolves were as thick in the woods on and near the mountains as gray rabbits now are; their howling could be heard in all directions at night.

Abraham Van Vechten, Esq., whose ancestors settled

in Catskill in 1681, says that a moose, the elk of Europe, and *musu* of the Indians, from which comes our word "moose," was once killed on his father's farm, one of the feet of which he saw. The male has immense horns, and is sometimes seventeen hands high, and weighs twelve hundred pounds.

Copperheads, with black snakes and rattlesnakes, used to abound in the mountains; but with the exception of black snakes, which are not poisonous, are now rarely met with. Thorpe, "the bear-hunter,"—though he has killed but few bears,—the old man at the Mountain House, affirms that when he first came to the mountains as a young man many years since, he saw hundreds and hundreds of rattlesnakes, but that during his recent residence of several years there he had not seen more than twenty, most of which were dead, having been killed by visitors there. Those who pick berries among the upper heights of the mountains have told me of sometimes seeing a rattlesnake, though very rarely. Swine, running in the woods, where they feed on acorns and other nuts, greedily devour snakes, and are not injured by those which are poisonous; and hence they soon destroy most of these reptiles where they run at large.

My pupils once had eleven black snakes hung as criminals by the neck to a long, projecting stake, in a rail fence by the roadside near the parsonage, which were killed in the cliff below the house, some of them having been shot as they lay coiled up to enjoy the pleasant heat of the sun. The largest of them were from four to five feet long. A black snake eight feet long is said to have been killed near the mountains some years since, and a gentleman in Orange County told me of one that was killed near where he lived that was twelve feet long. Rattlesnakes which I have seen have not been more than

from three to five feet in length. I have, however, recently met with the following in a newspaper: "Large Snake.—A rattlesnake was recently killed near Belleville, Texas, which was fourteen feet long, six inches thick, and had forty-five rattles. Three men, armed with fence rails, had a desperate combat with it."

About five miles north of the Kiskatom parsonage, in Cairo, is a large rock on a sidehill, which I have often seen, over which water flows after a rain, and from under which there came, during a single warm season, more than one hundred black snakes, which were killed by a family living near by, from whom I had the facts stated above. Fourteen snakes were killed one day, twenty another, twenty-two another, and smaller numbers other days. They measured from two and a half to six and a half feet in length. The old gentleman at the head of this family, at the age of eighty-two, in the summer of 1865, one day loaded and mowed away six tons of hay on a stack for one of his neighbors, between nine A.M. and two P.M. He once kicked a wild bear on the nose, that was trying to bite a dog; had killed three bears on the ground, and helped others kill two on trees. Some of these bears weighed from three hundred and fifty to nearly four hundred pounds. A wolf once followed him closely at night for a mile or more through the woods, gnashing his teeth at him; when, thinking that he saw a club of peeled wood near him, he stooped to pick it up, but found it to be water in a rut, which reflected the light of the moon, so that he was defenseless still. Then the wolf howled, and was answered by others not far off, which he took as a loud hint for him to reach home as soon as possible, inasmuch as while single wolves rarely attack a man unless they are quite hungry, yet several of them together are often quite dangerous to meet with.

From Simms' "History of Schoharie" we learn that bears, deer, panthers, and other wild animals abounded there when the early German settlers came in 1711, and long after that time. One of these settlers having shot and wounded a bear, it turned upon, killed, and tore him to pieces. An Indian named Bellows came from hunting, holding his bowels in their place with his hands, having had his body torn open by a bear, which he killed after it had thus injured him. An Indian called "the Bear Catcher," an Indian living near Foxes' Creek, once treed a bear, and, having fired upon it, brought it to the ground; when, in a hand-to-hand fight, he seized the bear's lower jaw so as to protect himself, and then drew it so closely to him as for a time to confine his fore paws, until having drawn one of them out he gave the Indian a fearful wound across the breast; when, having called his son, he came, and placing his gun in the bear's mouth, shot and killed him.

One Warner, living at Punchkill, went near evening for his cows, when he met a bear with cubs, which pursued him. Taking refuge behind a large tree, he kept out of reach of the bear, until, having seized a heavy hemlock knot or limb, he killed the bear with it. Near Foxes' Creek, John Shaeffer and George Schell were hunting, and their dog having treed a bear, Shaeffer fired and brought him to the ground, when, having seized the dog, he hugged him so closely as to hurt him badly; when Shaeffer having grasped the bear's paw with a view to relieve the dog, the bear quickly threw his paw around Shaeffer's arm also, and held him fast, until, having shouted to his companion, he came, and very carefully reaching out a tomahawk to him, he quickly buried its blade in the bear's head, and thus relieved both himself and his dog.

We learn also from Simms that one Maria Teabout, who

was part Indian, was with several others on Fireberg Hill, when hearing a cry like that of a child, she answered it with a similar cry. Being told not to do so, as the cry was that of a painter, or panther, she still continued to answer it, until, the others having gone away, the panther came ; when, before it saw her, she hid herself in a hollow log, where it did not find her. Soon a party well armed and on horseback came to look for traces of her or her remains, presuming she had been torn to pieces ; when, in answer to their call, she crept forth from the log and joined them. They then hung a blanket on a bush, so as to resemble a man ; and, concealing themselves, an Indian who was with them so imitated the cry of the panther that he soon returned, and, springing at the blanket, tore it to pieces. He was then shot and skinned, and the Indians cut meat from the carcass and carried it home with them to cook and eat. The last panther shot in that region was killed near the house of Mr. John Enders, on Foxes' Creek.

Beaver were numerous when the Germans first came to Schoharie ; and at a place called Beaver Dam, on Foxes' Creek, in what is now Berne, in Albany County, they had several strong dams.

Of wildcats, or the lynx, which are still often met with in the region of the Catskill Mountains, it is said that one Dr. Moulter, having found a strange animal among his geese in the night, seized it by the hind legs and the back of its neck, and was able to hold it fast until his sons came and killed it. It proved to be a wildcat. If the animal was full grown, the doctor must have been a powerful man to have been able thus to hold it.

Deer were for a long time numerous ; and it is said that in one of their runways or paths which they frequented, an Indian who was lying in wait for deer shot six of them

with arrows in quick succession, as no noise was made by these winged messengers of death to warn those which were coming of the fate of such as had gone before. In order thus to kill deer, however, one must be quite near them ; and a strong bow, with a sure and steady aim, was required.

CHAPTER X.

A Romantic Story.—A Version of it by Colonel Stone.—Howes and Barber. An Ancient House and Family.—A Female Servant.—Her Fate.—Her Master.—His Punishment.—His Age and Death.—Strange Sights and Sounds.—The Sutherlands.—The Hero of the Tale.—His Last Years.—The Facts in the Case, from Rev. Mr. Searle.—The Servant Girl.—Danger of her Master.—Retribution.—General S.—His Statement.—Ancient Swords.—Sally Hamilton.—Her Character and Violent Death.—Mystery of the Case.—Rev. Mr. Hotchkin.—His Life and Labors.—His Son.—History by Him.—Rev. Dr. Williston.—His Life and Writings.—Rev. Dr. Porter.—Events in his Life.—Samuel L. Penfield.—His Character.—His Death and that of Dr. Porter.—Hon. Daniel Sayre.—Burning of his House and Children.—Their Funeral Sermon.—The Pierce Family.—John Pierce.—Ruth Pierce.—General Washington.—Dr. Bard.—Washington's Inauguration.—His Sickness.—His Feelings in View of Death.—Mrs. Croswell.—Mrs. Seeley.—Washington's Sickness, by Irving.

THERE is a story of peculiarly tragic and romantic interest connected with the early history of Greene County, which I will here give. The first version of it presented will for the most part be that written by Colonel William L. Stone, formerly editor of the "New York Commercial Advertiser," and author of "The Life of Brant" and other works. His version of the story is in Barber and Howe's "Historical Collections of the State of New York," pages 187, 188, and may be briefly stated thus:

Before reaching Cairo, nearly ten miles north west of Catskill, is an ancient stone house, with 1705 on its front, in large iron figures. This house is in the midst of a farm of one thousand acres, which, during part of the seventeenth and nearly all of the eighteenth century, be-

longed to a single owner, who was one of a family who were the original proprietors of a large domain in that neighborhood. When young, he was of an arbitrary, overbearing disposition, and of uncontrolled and violent passions. A girl, or rather young woman, who was bound to service in the family and who it is said had a lover who was interested in the case, and may have had some agency in the matter, ran away. In those days, when slavery existed, and white emigrants, as was true in this case, were bound to service for a series of years, to repay the amount of their passage-money to this country, the control of masters over those thus employed was much more despotic and arbitrary than that which is now claimed or exercised by employers.

The master, having overtaken the fugitive, tied her to the tail of his horse, which, becoming frightened, ran, and dashed her to pieces among the rocks and stones. He was tried for murder, and found guilty; but, being rich and of a powerful family, through the agency of wealth and family influence, the Court was induced to delay the sentence of execution by hanging until he should be ninety-nine years old. He was also, it is said, to present himself once each year before the judges of the court, when it was in session, and always to wear a cord around his neck as a constant memento alike of his crime and its punishment. Aged people, who knew him when he was old, said that they had seen a small silken cord around his neck. For seventy-five years after his sentence he lived a retired, quiet, inoffensive life: but his crime and his sentence were not forgotten; and, when he was ninety years old and upwards, those around him said that he could not and would not die until his appointed time had come, and he had satisfied the offended justice and majesty of law, both human and divine; and that

thus he would be like those of whom an inspired Apostle says, "Whose judgment" (or sentence) "now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation" (condemnation) "slumbereth not." Thus he lived on and on; but great changes had occurred: our Revolutionary War had given us a new government, and who would molest the quiet, inoffensive old man, dead as he was to the world around him, and the world to him? And so he died, peacefully in his bed, when more than one hundred years old; having undergone an almost lifelong punishment of exile from society around him, and of a living death in the midst of his fellow-men.

Long after this crime, even down to our own times, strange tales were told and fearful sights were seen where the murder was committed, as the country youth, returning from late visits to their lady loves or others in that region, passed at midnight by the place. Sad sighs and lamentations were borne along by the night winds. A white cow, which was a favorite with the murdered maid, would stand and sadly moan and low among the rocks; a wild-looking, shaggy white dog, that had known and was attached to her, would stand howling and pointing towards the house where the lonely criminal lived, and would then disappear as one approached him; a white horse of gigantic size, with fiery eyeballs and distended nostrils, was often seen at night rushing past the fatal spot, dragging a female with tattered clothes behind him, shrieking aloud for help. Then a horse dragging a frightful skeleton after him, half covered with a winding-sheet, with dismal cries and howlings, would be seen borne onwards as on the wings of the wind. Again, a female figure on a huge fragment of rock, with a lighted candle on each finger, would sit and wildly sing, or utter piercing cries or an hysterical laugh. Such, in substance, is the story as given by Colonel Stone, con-

densed somewhat, and yet inwrought with facts from other sources, and in part in language which is not his.

"The Sutherlands," by Miss Cowles, is a romance founded on this story, she having spent some time in the neighborhood where these events are said to have occurred; and thus she made herself familiar with the traditions related above, and the place where they occurred. In filling out her tale she varies from the commonly received statements of facts in the case, by making the murdered girl a colored slave, half Indian and half mulatto, instead of white; and in other matters. Some of her descriptions have, however, so much of life and truth in them, supposing what she states to be true, that I will briefly quote them.

Speaking of her hero as living alone in his ancient and massive old dwelling, where his servants, even, would not venture at night, but lived in a lodge near by, she says of him, after his sentence: "All ugliness and vindictiveness of temper were gone. He noticed no member of his household, and could be made to feel no interest in the management of his estate. His faculties were all unimpaired, his memory vigorous, and his judgment clear. With acute possession of intelligence and reason, and with strangely sustained endurance, he saw his wrecked and blasted fortunes in the fullest, strongest light. Remorse, not violent, passionate, self-destructive, and exhausting, but remorse that grew upon him, slow, steady, strong, fastening itself upon his soul, fitting itself into it, binding itself about it; this remorse was his companion, night and day. His pain of mind was not intense and racking enough to wear out his body, and his body as yet refused to prey upon his mind. The blankness and desolation of the present, the blackness and shamefulness of the past, the awfulness of the future, these he saw with eyes made clear and strong,

for the perfection of his punishment; and yet no groan, no transport of remorse escaped him."

Speaking of him in his old age, as troubled mainly by the officious curiosity of the little ones who clambered up in his lap, searching for and asking about the silken cord he wore about his neck, she says, "It seemed a matter of indifference to him that his neighbors shunned and feared him; that for weeks together no stranger would come near his dwelling; that, when he walked abroad, the very children shrank away in awe. No emotion seemed to be awakened in his mind when stories of the people's superstitions regarding him and his grim abode came to his ears. The country people would walk miles around to avoid passing within earshot of it by night. Ghosts they believed were its habitual tenants; poor murdered Nattee, chained to her ghastly horse, dashed nightly past the old man's window, and the clatter of his hoofs upon the rocks reached there the whole night long. The old man heard these stories, and knew of this belief; but they never gave him one pang, more or less.

"Children grew into youths and maidens. Some married and went to distant homes, while others lay down to rest in narrower but stiller homes in the churchyard on the hill, and yet the old man's breath was even and his brow unclouded. Changes such as few men live to see passed upon those around him, and left him untouched. He saw the young let go their hold on life and lie down dumb in death, the old sink quietly into waiting graves, and the middle-aged give grudgingly up their cherished idols and obey God's summons. He saw revolutions convulse the State, a republic born, a nation started into life, wars rage and cease, great names made and great men rise and reign and die; and still his worthless, blank, dead life clung to him, still his dreary burden must be borne.

"The slow years grew heavier and slower as they neared that once distant goal. Each day had its own dire, distinct, unceasing weight of dread. He felt life enough in his pulses to carry him beyond that point, vitality enough to hold him in the flesh until justice should have her due. But he need not have feared: men had forgotten if God had not. A new government held the reigns, a new generation had arisen; the old man and his crime were things long buried in the past. In the hurry and tumult of the present, old reckonings were lost sight of, old promises were obliterated. The appointed time of retribution came and passed, and Ralph Sutherland died quietly in his bed, undisturbed of men, and only judged of by God, in the hundredth year of his strange and sinful life. As Moore has well said,

> 'To walk through sunlight places,
> With heart all cold the while;
> To look in smiling faces,
> When we no more can smile;
> To feel, while earth and heaven
> Around thee shine with bliss,
> To thee no light is given,—
> Oh! what a doom is this.'"

Some of the principal facts in the case described above, as recently obtained at my request from aged people living in the neighborhood, by my friend, Rev. Mr. Searle, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Leeds, a village in the town of Catskill, are as follows:

Mr. William S——, belonging to one of the earliest, richest, and most respectable families in the county, a man honorable alike in his descent and in his descendants, who still live in the county, was guilty of the crime in question. He did not live in the old house spoken of by Colonel Stone, built in 1705, and now occupied by Mr. James Van Deusen, though he was born there; but in that in which

General William S—— formerly lived, and where the family of the late Cornelius Rouse now reside. It is the old stone house near the tollgate, on the road to Cairo, a little more than a mile from the Dutch Church in Leeds.

The girl who was killed was white and of Scotch descent. She had been sold, as it was called, to Mr. S——; that is, she had been bound by her parents to labor for him until she was twenty-one years old, in order to raise money with which to pay for the then recent passage of the family from Scotland,—it being common in early times for persons to sell themselves, or rather their labor for a term of years, or to be thus sold by others, in order to pay for their passage as emigrants from Europe to America. The young woman, not being treated as she liked, ran away, and was pursued and overtaken by Mr. S——. To punish her he tied her hands together with a halter, which he fastened to his horse's tail. While thus dragging her along she stumbled and fell, hitting the hind legs of the horse, and so frightening him that he became unmanageable, and ran at a furious rate with her fastened to him, until after she was dead. Mr. S—— was also thrown from the horse, and with his foot fast in the stirrup would himself have been killed but for the breaking of his shoe-buckle, by which his foot was released. What a fearful spectacle of speedy retributive justice would it have been had his dead and mangled body, with hers, been drawn along the rough road, torn and bleeding, by that fiercely dashing steed! To such an event a parallel could scarce have been found in the poetry or fiction of any age. The place where she was killed was on the old Coxsackie road, half a mile northwest of the church, between the house of Mr. William Newkirk and the foundry of Mr. Milton Fowks. Her body, it is said, was buried on Mr. Newkirk's farm. As applied to cases like that here given, how true it is, that,

"In a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and in the blight
Of our own souls turn all our blood to tears,
And color things to come with hues of night.
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those who walk in darkness;
And yet existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolate bosoms."

Since writing the above I have called upon General S——, a grandson of the hero of this tale, a highly respectable citizen of Catskill, and a magistrate there. And although it is a pity, a *sad pity indeed*, to spoil or mar so good a story, so often repeated, and so religiously believed in all the country round, yet I here give the statements he made to me, as received from his father. His impression is that the servant in question was a German, but of this he is not sure. She had been enticed away by, or had gone to the house of, a low family who lived in the fields near where the Jacksons reside, about a mile from Leeds, on the road to Catskill. As she refused to return and fulfil her contract to labor, and behaved badly in other respects, Mr. S—— tied her with a rope, which he fastened around his own body; and hence, when the horse became frightened and ran, he was thrown to the ground, and was in danger of being killed. He gave himself up to the court, who, on learning the facts in the case, acquitted him and let him go free. He died in the autumn of 1801, a few months after his grandson, General S——, was born. His will, dated February 2, 1800, I have seen. The family have two swords, one marked 1550, and the other 1635, which have come down to them from their first ancestor in this country, a man of high military rank and command.

July 25, 1813, a young lady named Sally Hamilton,

daughter of Samuel Hamilton, Esq., of the upper village in Athens, in Greene County, opposite Hudson, in a thickly-settled part of the village, was left by friends within twenty rods of her father's house; and three days after her body was found half a mile above the bridge of the creek, north of the village, as far up as a boat could go or the tide could bear it. The skull and cheek bone were broken; her hands were much injured; and there were marks of blows on her breast: but no other violence had been offered her. The stifled cries of a woman in distress were heard in the village, as also eighty rods beyond the creek, and there was blood on the timbers of the bridge. She was a young lady of unimpeachable character, attractive in her person, highly respectable in her connections, and in a good degree accomplished. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that her death was caused by some person or persons unknown; and unknown they still are, after a period of more than half a century. Different persons were at times suspected of being connected with the murder; and one man charged with it was tried, but was forthwith fully acquitted.

A brief sketch of Rev. Mr. Stimson, of Windham, in Greene County, a pioneer settler there, has been given in this work. There are others of the same class, who deserve a record here.

Rev. Beriah Hotchkin, from New Haven County, Connecticut, came to Greene County in 1792, and is said to have been the first missionary from New England to the white settlers west of the Hudson River. Like Roger Sherman, of Revolutionary fame, a native of the same State, and others who have risen to distinction, he was a self-made man, and a shoemaker. He founded most of the Presbyterian churches in the county, including those in Catskill, Cairo, Greenville, Windham, and Durham; and labored

with energy and success in Greenville from 1792 until 1824, soon after which he died. He was a sound and able divine, dignified, venerable, and much esteemed and beloved. Like Dr. Porter, of Catskill, he wore the small-clothes of early times until he died. His son, Rev. James H. Hotchkin, who entered the ministry in 1801, published in 1848 a very useful and instructive work of five hundred pages octavo, on the settlement of Western New York by the whites, and the rise and progress of the Presbyterian Church in that region.

Rev. Dr. Williston, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Durham from 1810 until 1828, was born in Suffield, Connecticut, in 1770; was a graduate of Dartmouth College in 1787, and a fine scholar; had once as a pupil the celebrated Unitarian divine, Dr. Channing, of Boston; was a very grave, devout, and able minister; and published many tracts, sermons, and theological treatises. His thorough conscientiousness, deep-toned and earnest piety, and familiar knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, have rarely been equalled or surpassed. He died in 1854, in the eighty-first year of his age.

Rev. Dr. Porter, of Catskill, was a native of Hebron, Connecticut; was born in 1761; was ten months in our Revolutionary army; graduated at Dartmouth College with high rank as a scholar, in 1784; came to Catskill in 1803, when it was small, and by his energy, talents, learning, thorough knowledge of men, and his ability and piety as a Christian preacher, did more than any other man to form and control the early religious character of the place. He died in Catskill in 1851, in the ninetieth year of his age.

Mr. Samuel L. Penfield, a native of Fairfield, Connecticut, came to Catskill as a clerk, when sixteen years of age; was long a merchant in the place, a man of intelli-

gence, energy, strict integrity, and uncommon purity and worth; and was for many years an elder in Dr. Porter's church. He and his pastor, who for forty-five years had together lived and labored, and prayed and praised the Lord of all, justly loving and esteeming each other in advanced years with matured Christian piety, died the same day and the same hour of the day. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided." Together their spirits ascended to heaven, together were their bodies borne to the house of God, where they had so often united in prayer and praise, and together were they laid in their graves. It was as if Elijah and Elisha had together, from the banks of the Jordan, gone up to heaven, or from the summit of Tabor or of Olivet our Saviour had taken the beloved disciple with him up to heaven.

Hon. Daniel Sayre came from Long Island to Cairo in 1794, was a pioneer there, and long a leading man in the place. He was one of the founders of the Presbyterian Church, a member of the Legislature, and a county judge. January 8, 1808, his house was burned in the night; and four of his children, one son and three daughters, aged four, seven, eleven, and fifteen years, perished in the flames. Their funeral sermon, by Dr. Porter, with the facts in the case, was published; and the tradition of the sad event will long live in all the region round.

Early in my professional life I preached for a time in Litchfield, Connecticut, where I had a home with two ladies of the name of Pierce and their brother, all of them advanced in life and unmarried. The ladies of the family had long carried on a female boarding-school, said to have been the first one in point of time in our country, and continued so long that three generations in the same

family had in some cases been educated in the school. Their brother, John Pierce, was Paymaster-General of our Revolutionary army through the whole of the war; having been selected for that office and appointed to it by the special urgency and effort of General Washington, as one "in whose ability and integrity he had entire confidence," as is learned from his letters. Our National House of Representatives, also, at the close of the war, passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Pierce, as one whose "heart was pure and his hands clean."

Mr. Pierce married a daughter of Dr. Bard, an eminent physician in New York, who was the medical attendant of General Washington when he was in the city. Ruth Pierce, a sister of John, was born in Litchfield, February 22, 1765, so that she was ten years old when the Revolutionary War began, and sixteen when it closed. Her family connections, as stated above, led her to be acquainted with General Washington and his family. At the age of twenty-four she witnessed his inauguration as President of the United States; and she ever afterwards retained a distinct and lively impression of his majestic and commanding form and bearing, as, stepping forth upon the balcony of the old Federal Hall, in New York, which stood where the Custom-House now does, he there received the oath of office, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators.

After this, Miss Pierce was invited to take tea with General Washington's family, at a time when he was severely, if not dangerously ill with quinsy. While she was there Dr. Bard came in from the General's room, looking very grave, and related what had passed between them. Washington, knowing the danger there was of his dying from suffocation, said, "Doctor, if I am to die, do not hesitate to tell me of it. I am quite prepared. If

it be the will of God, I am prepared to fall asleep, and in this world never wake again."

In 1791 Miss Pierce was married to Dr. Thomas O. H. Croswell, and the next year removed to Catskill, in the infancy of the village, where, as a refined and intelligent Christian lady, she lived seventy years, highly and justly beloved and esteemed. On removing to Catskill, I early sought her acquaintance, and learned from her the story of her early life, as she was then in full possession of her faculties ; and she went abroad until her death, which took place January 7, 1862, at the age of ninety-six years, ten months, and fifteen days.

Of about the same age with Mrs. Croswell was Mrs. Maria Seeley, who died at a later date. She was a parishioner of mine, and I often visited her in her old age. Her mind was weakened by age and infirmity ; and she had a distinct recollection of the beginning and whole course of the Revolutionary War, as it raged on the bloody ground of Ulster County, where the burning of Kingston, the frequent savage raids of Indians and tories, with the massacre and frequent carrying away into captivity of those around her, made a deep impression on her mind. She used often to apologize to me for her want of early education, by saying that when she was young the schools were all broken up by the war.

In the Life of Washington, by Washington Irving, vol. iv., page 312, and elsewhere, we have a record of events referred to above, which is as follows :

" Washington was inaugurated April 30, 1789. At nine o'clock there was prayer in all the churches. At twelve the city troops presented themselves before his door. At half-past twelve the procession moved, with the Committees of Congress and Heads of Departments, in carriages, to the place of inauguration."

In vol. v., pages 21, 22, of the same work, we have the following account of General Washington's sickness, already referred to. Speaking of his early Presidential life, Irving says, "It was interrupted by an attack of anthrax" (a general inflammation of the throat, tending to mortification, and much more extended than quinsy, which commonly affects only the tonsils and upper part of the throat). "For several days he was threatened with mortification, and a knowledge of his dangerous condition caused great alarm in the community. *He*, however, was unagitated. His medical adviser was Dr. Samuel Bard, an excellent physician and estimable man, who attended him with unremitting assiduity. When, at a certain time, alone with Washington, the President looked steadily at him and asked him his candid opinion of the probable result of his sickness, and said to him, with placid firmness, 'Doctor, do not flatter me with vain hopes; I am not afraid; I can bear the worst.' The doctor told him that there was ground for hope, but yet there was also reason for apprehension as to the result. 'Whether I die to-night or twenty years hence,' said Washington, 'makes no difference to me. I know that I am in the hands of a Good Providence.' His sufferings were intense, and his recovery slow. For six weeks he could lie only on his right side. After a time he had a carriage so contrived that he could lie in it at full length, and thus take exercise in the open air."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, BY IRVING.—Their Name.—Description of Them.—The Alleghanies.—Their Extent.—Hudson River.—A Voyage on it.—An Indian Trader.—Early Legends.—Storms and Clouds.—American Climate and Scenery.—Gold among the Catskills.—Governor Kieft.—Van der Donk.—De La Montagne.—Arent Corsen.—Van Slechtenhorst.—Death of Kieft.—Silver Ore.—Search for it.—Fearful Rain Storm.—Its Effects.—History of Van der Donk.—His Writings.—Sketch of La Montagne.—Van Slyke's Patent.—Claims of Van Rensselaer and Others.—The Silver Mine.—The Tempest.—Colonel Stone.—Catskill, the Valley of Cauterskill, and the Mountains.—Lawrences.—The Mountain House.—View from thence.—A Thunder Storm.

THE sketch which follows is from a work entitled "Spanish Papers, and other Miscellanies hitherto unpublished or uncollected, by Washington Irving, arranged and edited by Pierre M. Irving, in two volumes. New York, 1866." What is here given is from vol. ii., pages 480–487 :

The Catskill, Katskill, or Cat River Mountains, derived their name in the time of the Dutch Domination, from the catamounts by which they were infested, and which, with the bear and the deer, are still found in some of their most difficult recesses. The interior of these mountains is in the highest degree wild and romantic. Here are rocky precipices mantled with primeval forests, deep gorges walled in by beetling cliffs, with torrents tumbling as it were from the sky, and savage glens rarely trodden except by the hunter. With all this internal rudeness, the aspect of these mountains towards the Hudson at times is eminently bland and beautiful, sloping down into a country softened by cultivation and bearing much

of the rich character of Italian scenery about the skirts of the Appenines.

The Catskills form an advanced post or lateral spur of the great Alleghanian or Appalachian system of mountains, which sweeps through the interior of our continent from southwest to northeast, from Alabama to the extremity of Maine, for nearly fourteen hundred miles, belting the whole of our original confederacy, and rivalling our great system of lakes in extent and grandeur. Its vast ramifications comprise a number of parallel chains and lateral groups, such as the Cumberland Mountains, the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, the Delaware and Lehigh, the Highlands of the Hudson, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. In many of these vast ranges or sierras Nature still reigns in indomitable wildness; their rocky ridges, their rugged clefts and defiles teem with magnificent vegetation. Here are locked up mighty forests that have never been invaded by the axe; deep umbrageous valleys, where the virgin soil has never been outraged by the plough; bright streams flowing in untasked idleness, unburdened by commerce, unchecked by the milldam. This mountain zone is, in fact, the great poetical region of our country, resisting, like the tribes which once inhabited it, the taming hand of cultivation, and maintaining a hallowed ground for fancy and the Muses. It is a magnificent and all-pervading feature that might have given our country a name, and a poetical one, had not the all-controlling powers of commonplace determined otherwise.

The Catskill Mountains, as I have observed, maintain all the internal wildness of the labyrinth of mountains with which they are connected. Their detached position, overlooking a wide lowland region, with the majestic Hudson rolling through it, has given them a distinct

character, and rendered them, at all times, a rallying point for romance and fable. Much of the fanciful associations with which they have been clothed may be owing to their being peculiarly subject to those beautiful atmospherical effects, which constitute one of the great charms of Hudson River scenery. To me they have ever been the fairy region of the Hudson. I speak, however, from early impressions, made in the happy days of boyhood, when all the world had a tinge of fairyland. I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson, in the good old times, before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time; but we enjoyed the river then; we relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip; not as at present, gulping all down at a draught, without tasting it. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything that partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on board the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the Lakes, to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river, such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Dans Kammer, and other hobgoblin places. The Catskill Mountains, especially, called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge

of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept day and night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones into stars. The great Manitou or master spirit employed her to manufacture clouds. Sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off, flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers. Sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams and sweep everything away. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits, who infested the mountains, in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck, throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach, at others to recede; during the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them, thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine and the cloud-weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospherical phenomena of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their

summits, and the thousand aërial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world,—the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical, the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter, with us, has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds and chilling frosts and whirling snow-storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when, at night, the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life. And the splendors of our summer,—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory,—its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds, piled up in a deep azure sky, and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere; and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky! Surely, we may say, in our climate, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firma-

ment showeth forth His handiwork: day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

A word more concerning the Catskills. It is not the Indians only to whom they have been a kind of wonderland. In the early times of the Dutch dynasty we find them themes of golden speculation, among even the sages of New Amsterdam. During the administration of Wilhelmus Kieft, there was a meeting between the Director of the New Netherlands and the chiefs of the Mohawk Nation, to conclude a treaty of peace. On this occasion the Director was accompanied by Mynheer Adrian Van der Donk, Doctor of Laws, and subsequently historian of the Colony. The Indian chiefs, as usual, painted and decorated themselves on the ceremony. One of them, in so doing, made use of a pigment, the weight and shining appearance of which attracted the notice of Kieft and his learned companion, who suspected it to be ore. They procured a lump of it and took it back with them to New Amsterdam. Here it was submitted to the inspection of Johannes de la Montagne, an eminent Huguenot, Doctor of Medicine, one of the Counsellors of the New Netherlands. The supposed ore was forthwith put into a crucible and assayed, and to the great exultation of the junto, yielded two pieces of gold worth about three guilders. This golden discovery was kept a profound secret. As soon as the treaty of peace was adjusted with the Mohawks, William Kieft sent a trusty officer and a party of men, under guidance of an Indian, who undertook to conduct them to the place where the ore had been found. We have no account of this gold-hunting expedition, nor of its whereabouts, except that it was somewhere on the Catskill Mountains. The exploring party brought back a bucket full of ore. Like the former specimen, it was submitted to the crucible of De la Montagne, and was equally productive of gold. All

this we have on the authority of Doctor Van der Donk, who was an eye-witness to the process and its result, and records the whole in his "Description of the New Netherlands."

William Kieft now dispatched a confidential agent, one Arent Corsen, to convey a sackful of the precious ore to Holland. Corsen embarked at New Haven in a British vessel bound to England, whence he was to cross to Rotterdam. The ship set sail about Christmas, but never reached port. All on board perished.

In 1647, when the redoubtable Petrus Stuyvesant took command of the New Netherlands, William Kieft embarked on his return to Holland, provided with further specimens of the Catskill Mountain ore, from which he doubtless indulged golden anticipations. A similar fate attended him with that which had befallen his agent. The ship in which he had embarked was cast away, and he and his treasure were swallowed up in the waves.

Here closes the golden legend of the Catskills, but another one of a similar import succeeds. In 1679, about two years after the shipwreck of Wilhelmus Kieft, there was again a rumor of the precious metals in these mountains. Mynheer Brant Arent Van Slechtenhorst, agent of the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, had purchased, in behalf of the Patroon, a tract of the Catskill lands, and leased it out in farms. A Dutch lass, in the household of one of the farmers, found one day a glittering substance, which, on being examined, was pronounced silver ore. Brant Van Slechtenhorst forthwith sent his son from Rensselaerswyck to explore the mountains in quest of the supposed mines. The young man put up in the farmer's house which had recently been erected on the margin of a mountain stream. Scarcely was he housed when a furious storm burst forth on the mountains. The thunders rolled, the

lightnings flashed, the rain came down in cataracts; the stream was suddenly swollen to a furious torrent thirty feet deep; the farmhouse and all its contents were swept away, and it was only by dint of excellent swimming that young Slechtenhorst saved his own life, and the lives of his horses. Shortly after this a feud broke out between Peter Stuyvesant and the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, on account of the right and title to the Catskill Mountains, in the course of which the elder Slechtenhorst was taken captive by the potentate of the New Netherlands, and thrown into prison at New Amsterdam.

We have met with no record of any further attempt to get at the treasures of the Catskills. Adventurers may have been discouraged by the ill luck which appeared to attend all who meddled with them, as if they were under the guardian keep of the same spirits or goblins who once haunted the mountains and ruled over the weather. That gold and silver ore was actually procured from these mountains in days of yore we have historical evidence to prove; and the recorded word of Adrian Van der Donk, a man of weight, who was an eye-witness. If gold and silver were once to be found there, they must be there at present. It remains to be seen, in these gold-hunting days, whether the quest will be renewed; and some daring adventurer, with a true Californian spirit, will penetrate the mysteries of these mountains, and open a golden region on the borders of the Hudson.

The facts which follow were collected by the author from various historical sources.

Adrian Van der Donk, spoken of above, was a free citizen of Breda, in Holland; graduated at the University of Leyden; became a learned lawyer, and received the Degree of Doctor both of Civil and of Canon Law; was an Advocate in the Supreme Court of Holland; and was the

first lawyer who practised in New York. He came to America in 1641, as Sheriff of the Colony of Rensselaerwyck, in the region of Albany. In 1643 he made an attempt to purchase lands at Catskill, but was defeated by the Patroon, Van Rensselaer, who coveted that region for himself. He afterwards removed to the Manhattans, now New York, and obtained a grant of land where Yonkers now is, which was made a Manor, and he was its Patroon. Having returned to Holland, he came to America again in 1653, his family having removed here the previous year. He published a "History of New Netherlands" in 1650, and a second edition in 1653, which has been translated by Hon. Mr. Johnson, of Brooklyn. He was permitted to give advice to clients, but not to plead in the courts, as the good Dutch fathers thought that the pleas of lawyers in court consumed useful time without being of much account.

Dr. Johannes La Montagne, a learned Huguenot, of whom Irving speaks, was born in 1592, and came to this country in 1637. He commanded expeditions against the Indians near the city, and in 1643 saved Governor Kieft from assassination. His farm, called Vredendal, or Valley of Peace, was east of the Eighth Avenue, and extended from Ninety-third street north to Harlem River. It contained two hundred acres, and was bought for seven hundred and twenty dollars, of the heirs of Hendrick Deforest, deceased, ancestor of the Deforests in Connecticut and the region around.

August 22, 1646, Governor Kieft issued a patent to Cornelis Antonissen Van Slyck, of Bruckelen (Brooklyn), for the land of Catskill, lying on the River Mauritius (the Hudson being then so called by the Dutch, in honor of Maurice, Prince of Nassau), there to plant with his associates a colony. This was in return for what Van

Slyck had done for "this country as well in making peace as in the ransoming of prisoners." Kieft thus set at nought the claims of the Patroon, Van Rensselaer, which had also been formally denied in the proceedings against Koorn in 1644.

April 19, 1649, coveting the region extending from his possessions south to Catskill, and disregarding the patent which Governor Kieft had granted to Van Slyck three years before, the Patroon procured through his agent, Van Slechtenhorst, a cession to himself of the Indian title to the Catskill lands.

May 24, 1650, the claims of proprietors in the colony, to the territory about Catskill, were openly denied by the Dutch West India Company, under whose orders Governor Stuyvesant prohibited any settlements there by tenants claiming to hold under leases which had been granted by the authorities of Rensselaerwyck. Those thus forbidden wished to refer the question to Holland for decision, promising, in the meantime, to refrain from further action in the matter.

July 1, 1652.—The sale by the Indians, to Van Slechtenhorst and others, of lands at Catskill and Claverack, was declared void by Governor Stuyvesant, and the pretended proprietors were to return the purchase money to those who had obtained lands from them. But if those holding these lands would, within six weeks, petition the Director and Council, they might retain such lands as should then be assigned to them. All persons were also forbidden to purchase lands of the Indians without the previous consent of the Governor and Council. The Amsterdam Chamber, however, afterwards gave grants free from any feudal patronage or patroonship, to the purchasers of lands near Catskill, Claverack, and Rensselaerwyck.

A little before the date last given, namely, in September, 1650, Van Slechtenhorst, who had just escaped from Manhattan, where he had been detained four months by Governor Stuyvesant for opposing and disobeying him, by directions from Holland sent his son Gerrit to the Catskill Mountains in search of a silver-mine. Some time previous to this a farmer's daughter at Catskill had found a stone which some thought to be silver. This led, in the end, to the search for a mine. As soon, however, as young Gerrit had reached the Patroon's newly established bouwery, or plantation there, there was a heavy rain-storm, so that in three hours the mountain torrent there rose thirty feet, the farmhouse was swept into the kill or creek, and all the cattle and horses would have perished but for the exertions of Gerrit, who was an excellent swimmer. The ruin which the flood had caused diverted all thought of immediate explorations, and the hope of finding a silver-mine in the Catskill Mountains was postponed.

The following sketch of Catskill and the Catskill Mountains, is by William L. Stone, Esq., formerly editor of the New York "Commercial Advertiser," a well-known historical and political writer.

Colonel Stone visited the mountains in 1824, and published in the paper of which he was editor, the following account of what he saw and heard. Of Catskill he says, "Its Dutch founders, with characteristic prudence, placed it entirely out of sight from the river, probably to render themselves secure from bombardment by a foreign fleet, and from invasion from the armies of Yankees, which formerly so much annoyed our primitive settlements." The lovely valley of the Cauterskill, three miles west of Catskill, on the road to the mountains, he thus describes: "The traveller is here cheered by one of the most charm-

ing landscapes, though of small extent, that we recollect to have seen. The beauty of this romantic spot is undoubtedly heightened by contrast with the country around. A water prospect is supplied by the Cauterskill, which winds its way through the valley. The eye lingers on the rich fields and green meadows, diversified with fruit and forest trees, with delight."

The author of this work has for years passed and repassed through this valley weekly or oftener, and always with peculiar pleasure. The valley, for several miles along the creek, is of great fertility and beauty, with numerous grassy hillocks and projecting spurs from the hills on either side; those on the east being of gentle and graceful descent, while on the west is a high, precipitous, wooded cliff, down which, after heavy rains, a mountain torrent wildly rushes. The creek, too, so winds its way in graceful curves through the valley, as within a short distance to run towards every point of the compass; presenting, as seen from some places, the appearance of several different streams, advancing and retreating, sporting and dallying with each other, in their onward course. In viewing this fertile and lovely valley, I have often thought of the words of the inspired poet of Israel, where he says of the Most High, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, thy paths drop down fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." The valley of the Kiskatom, too, farther on, with its flowing streams, its gentle hills on one side, and towering mountains on the other, richly dotted with fruit and forest trees, and extending, with its teeming fertility and verdure for miles in extent, along the eastern base of the mountains—this valley is one to which, for productive-

ness, grandeur, and beauty in and around, it were not easy to find a parallel elsewhere.

At Lawrence's Hotel, at the foot of the mountains (since burned, and replaced by the dwelling-house of my late friend and neighbor, Joseph Sax), Colonel Stone saw a tame bear, such as were often kept there to attract and amuse guests, and as but three cents were charged for an introduction to King Bruin, he had many visitors and friends.

Of the Mountain House and the mountain, Colonel Stone thus writes: "The rock on which the Mountain House stands projects out like a circular platform beyond the regular line of the ridge. On reaching the front of the house the tremendous prospect suddenly opens below and before you. Burke remarks that height has less grandeur than depth, and that we are more struck at looking down from a precipice than in looking up to an object of equal height. The correctness of this opinion will not be questioned by those who from below have looked up to the hotel almost without emotion, and who again have looked down from these shelving cliffs with giddy heads and trembling, breathless interest." "No one," says an elegant writer, "mounts a towering eminence but feels his soul elevated; the whole frame acquires unwonted elasticity, and the spirits flow as it were in one aspiring stream of satisfaction and delight: for what can be more animating than from one spot to behold the pomp of man and the pride of nature lying at our feet? Who can refrain from being charmed when looking down upon a vast extent of country, with its mountains and cliffs, its hillsides and valleys, its fields and glens, the cottages of the lowly and the mansions of the rich, its flocks and herds, and its broad, expansive river, sweeping its course along an extended vale, now encircling a moun-

tain, and now overflowing a valley, here gliding beneath overhanging trees, and then in grand cascades or mighty cataracts rolling over rocky ledges of lofty mountain cliffs."

Of the morning glories of the mountain, Colonel Stone says, "As the day advanced, and the rays of light darted thicker and brighter across the heavens, the purple clouds which hung over the hills in the east were fringed with a saffron dye of inexpressible beauty; while a deeper glow was imparted to the centre, where the sun was about to appear in all his majesty and glory.

"Such is the elevation of this portion of the Catskills that storms of rain and snow are not unfrequently below, while all is clear and serene on the mountain's top. A friend at the hotel described to us a thunder-gust he had witnessed a few days before. The top of the mountain was cloudless through the day. At two P. M. clouds began to collect on the mountain-side below, which increased rapidly, as thick columns of vapor came rolling and surging along, rising apparently from the deep glens and ravines of the mountains to the south. Then a heavy, dark cloud from the east, an immense mass of vapor, spread over the valley. Opposing currents of clouds flowed onwards, mingling together, forming a vast canopy of darkness, suspended in mid air. The thunder muttered and roared like an earthquake below. The lightning, brighter than the sun above, played upon the upper surface of the clouds like the crinkling scintillations along the conductor of a powerful electrical machine, while now and then a vivid, dazzling flash, from the highly charged artillery of heaven, brought with it a report, by which the awe-struck spectator was led to feel as well as see the violence of the storm, which was heaving and raging beneath his feet; a spectacle sublime

beyond expression, with no feeling of terror, or of fear of injury from a storm, so far below the lofty mountain-top.

"Viewing from above the wide expanse of country below, under the bright sunlight of Heaven, where things large and grand look, in the distance, so slight and small, one is led wisely to reflect on the insignificance and the vain and trifling pursuits of man. If to us, thus raised but a little above those around us, man's possessions and labors seem so small, how must the saint in Heaven look down upon human toils and cares and greatness, here on this little globe of earth so far beneath him!"

THE FAWN'S LEAP.

CHAPTER XII.

Catskill Creek.—Hudson and the Indians.—Road to the Mountains.—Onti Ora.—Cole, the Artist.—His Paintings.—Sketch of the Road.—Rip Van Winkle's Cabin.—The Mountain House.—View from it.—Cloud Mirror.—North and South Mountains.—The Lakes.—The Falls.—Cauterskill Clove.—The Fawn's Leap.—Palensville.—Cooper's "Pioneers."—The Mountains and Falls.—Rip Van Winkle.—Sketch of Him.—His Trip up the Mountains.—His Companion.—Playing at Ninepins.—Hard Drinking.—A Long Nap.—Waking Up.—Return Home.—Changes there.

AN able author and artist, after speaking of Catskill as lying at the mouth of Catskill Creek, a clear and beautiful stream that flows down from the hill-country of Scholarie County for nearly forty miles, thus writes: "It was near Catskill that the Half Moon, Hendrick Hudson's vessel, anchored September 20, 1609, and was detained all the next day on account of the great number of natives who came on board and had a merry time." Master Juet, one of Hudson's companions, says, in his journal, "Our master and his mate determined to trie some of the chefe men of the country, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they tooke them down into the cabbin and gave them so much wine and aqua vitæ that they were all merrie; and one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly as any of our country-women would doe in a strange place. In the ende, one of them was drunke, which had been aboord our ship all the time that we had beene there; and that was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it. The canoes

and folks all went on shore; but some of them came again, and brought stropes of beades (wampum made of the clam shell); some had six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and gave him (that is, Hudson). So he (the Indian) slept all night quietly. The savages did not venture on board until noon the next day, when they were glad to find their old companion that was so drunk quite well again. They then brought on board tobacco and more beads, which they gave to Hudson, and made an oration; and afterwards sent for venison, which was brought on board."

From Catskill, at the distance of eight miles in an air line, the Mountain House may be seen. The river is crossed on a steam ferry-boat, and omnibuses convey travellers to the pleasant village of Catskill, half a mile from the landing. From thence conveyances take the tourist to the Mountain House, twelve miles distant, through a picturesque and highly cultivated country, to the foot of the mountains. From the banks of the Hudson, a few miles into the country, may be seen from different points of view some of the most charming scenery in the world. Every turn in the road, every bend in the stream, presents new and attractive pictures, remarkable for beauty and diversity in outline, color, and aërial perspective. The solemn Katzbergs, sublime in form, and mysterious in their dim, incomprehensible, and ever-changing aspect, almost always form a prominent feature in the landscape.

The Indians called these mountains "Onti Ora," or "Mountains of the Sky;" for, in some conditions of the atmosphere, they are said to appear like a heavy cumulose cloud above the horizon. In the midst of this scenery, Cole, the eminent painter, delighted to linger when the shadows of the early morning were projected towards the mountains, then bathed in purple mists; or at evening,

when these lofty heights, then dark and awful, cast their deep shadows over more than half of the country below between their bases and the river. Charmed with Catskill and its vicinity, Cole made it at first a summer retreat, and finally his permanent residence; and there, in a fine old family mansion, delightfully situated to command a full view of the mountains and the intervening country, his spirit passed from earth; while a sacred poem, created by his wealthy imagination and deep religious sentiment, was finding expression upon his easel in a series of fine pictures like those of "The Course of Empire" and the "Voyage of Life." He entitled the series "The Cross and the World." Two of them were unfinished. One had found form in a "study" only, while the other was half finished upon the large canvas, with some figures sketched in white chalk. So they remain, just as the master left them; and so remains his studio. It is regarded by his devoted widow as a place too sacred for the common gaze. The stranger never enters it.

The mountains rise abruptly from the plain on their eastern side, where the road that leads to the Mountain House enters them, and follows the margin of a deep, dark glen, through which flows a clear mountain stream, seldom seen by the traveller, but heard continually for nearly a mile, as in swift rapids or in little cascades it hurries to the plain below. The road is winding, and in its ascent along the side of the glen, or, more properly, magnificent gorge, it is so inclosed by the towering heights on one side, and the lofty trees that shoot up on the other, that little can be seen beyond a few rods except the sky above or glimpses of some distant summit, until the pleasant nook in the mountain is reached wherein the Rip Van Winkle cabin is nestled. After that the course of the road is more nearly parallel with the river and the plain, and

through frequent vistas glimpses may be caught of the country below that charm the eye, excite the fancy and imagination, and make the heart throb quicker and stronger with pleasurable emotions. Rip's cabin is a small, white building, with two rooms, where travellers formerly obtained refreshments ; and is at the head of the gorge along whose margin the traveller has ascended. It is so called because it stands within the amphitheatre, inclosed by lofty heights, reputed to be the place where the ghostly ninepin players held their revel ; and where Rip Van Winkle lay down to his long repose. From a rude spout by the cabin there pour cooling draughts from a mountain spring, more delicious than ever came from the juice of the grape.

There are many delightful resting-places upon the road, soon after leaving Rip's cabin, as we toil wearily up the mountain, where the eye takes in a magnificent panorama of hill and valley, forest and river, hamlet and village, and thousands of broad acres, where herds graze and the farmer gathers his crops ; much of it dimly defined because of distance, a beautifully colored map rather than a picture. These delight the eye and quicken the pulse ; but there is one place upon the road where the ascending weary ones enjoy more exquisite pleasure, for a moment, than at any other point in all that mountain region. It is at a turn in the road where the Mountain House stands ; suddenly, before and above the traveller, revealed in perfect distinctness, column, capital, window, rock, people,—all apparently only a few rods distant. There too the road is level, and the traveller rejoices in the assurance that the toilsome journey is at an end, when suddenly, like the young pilgrim in Cole's "Voyage of Life," he finds himself disappointed in his course. The road that seemed to be leading directly to that beautiful mansion upon the crag just

above him turns away, like the stream that appeared to be taking the ambitious young man directly to the shadowy temple of fame in the clouds; and many a weary step must be taken over a steep, crooked road before the traveller can reach the object of his journey.

The grand rock platform on which the Mountain House stands is reached at last, and then comes the full recompense for all weariness. Bathed, immersed, in pure mountain air, almost three thousand feet above tide-water, full, positive, enduring rest is given to every muscle, after half an hour's respiration of that invigorating atmosphere, and soul and limb are ready for a longer, loftier, and more rugged ascent. There is something indescribable in the pleasure experienced during the first hour passed upon the piazza of the Mountain House, gazing upon the scene towards the east. That view has been described a thousand times. I shall not attempt it. Much rhetoric and rhyme, with sentimental platitudes, have been employed in describing it.

The ærial pictures seen from the Mountain House are sometimes marvellous, especially during a shower in the plain, when all is sunshine above, while the lightning plays and the thunder rolls far below those upon the summits; or after a storm, when mists are driving over the mountains, struggling with the wind and sun, or dissolving in the pure air. At rare intervals an apparition, like the spectre of the Brocken, may be seen. A late writer, who was there during a summer storm, was favored with the sight. The guests were in the parlor when it was announced that "the house was going past, on the outside." All rushed to the piazza; and there, sure enough, upon a moving cloud more dense than the fog that enveloped the mountains, was a perfect picture of the great building, in colossal proportions. The mass

of vapor was passing slowly from north to south, directly in front, at a distance apparently of two hundred feet from the house, and reflected the noble Corinthian columns which ornament the front of the building, every window, and all the spectators. The cloud moved on, and ere long we saw one pillar disappear, and then another. We, ourselves, who were expanded into giants in size, saw the gulf into which we were to enter and be lost. I almost shuddered when my turn came; but there was no escaping my fate; one side of my face was veiled, and in a moment the whole had passed like a dream. An instant before, and we were the inhabitants of a gorgeous palace; but it was the "baseless fabric of a vision," and now there was left "not a wreck behind."

Although the Mountain House is far below the higher summits of the range, yet portions of four States of the Union and an area of about ten thousand square miles are comprised in the scope of vision from its piazza. From the top of the South Mountain, near and three hundred feet above the Mountain House, and of the North Mountain more distant and higher, a greater range of sight may be obtained, including part of a fifth State. The lakes, lying in a basin a short distance from the Mountain House, with all their grand surroundings, the house itself, the South Mountain, and the Roundtop or Liberty Cap, form the middle ground; while in the dim distance the winding Hudson, with Esopus, Shawangunk, and the Highland ranges are revealed, the borders of rivers dotted with villas and towns, appearing mere white specks on the landscape.

Two miles and a half from the Mountain House is an immense gorge scooped from the rugged hills, into which pours the gentle outlet of the Cauterskill Lakes, in a fall, first of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and close

to it another of eighty feet. If the visitor would enjoy one of the wildest and most romantic rambles in the world, let him follow that little stream in its way off the mountains, down the deep, dark, mysterious gorge, until it joins the Cauterskill proper, that rushes through the Clove from the neighborhood of Hunter, among the hills above, and thence onward to the plain. The tourist, if he fails to traverse the rugged gorge, should not omit a ride from the Mountain House, down through the Clove, to Palensville and the plain, a distance of eight miles. After leaving the falls and reaching the Clove, down, down, sometimes with only a narrow space between the base of a high mountain on one side and steep precipices on the other, whose feet are washed by the rushing Cauterskill, our crooked road pursued its way, now passing a log house, now a pleasant cottage, and at length the ruins of a leather-manufacturing village, deserted because the bark upon the hills around, used for tanning, is exhausted.

Near this picturesque scene the Cauterskill leaps into a seething gulf between the cleft rocks and flows gently on, to make still greater plunges into darker depths a short distance below. This cleft is called the "Fawn's Leap," a young deer having there escaped a hunter and his dog, that pursued to the verge of the chasm. The fawn leaped it; but the dog, attempting to follow, fell into the gulf below and was drowned. The foiled hunter went home without dog or game. By some, less poetical than others, the place is called the "Dog Hole." A few rods below the Fawn's Leap the road crosses a rustic bridge, at the foot of a sheer precipice, and for half a mile traverses a shelf cut from the mountain side, two hundred feet above the stream that has found its way into depths so dark as to be hardly visible. Upon the opposite side of the creek, a perpendicular wall rises many hundred feet; and then, in

slight inclination, the mountain towers up at least a thousand feet higher, and forms a portion of the range known as the South Mountain. At the mouth of this cavernous gorge lies the pretty little village of Palensville, where we again cross the stream, and in a few moments find ourselves upon a beautiful and highly cultivated plain. From this point, along the base of the mountains to the road by which we enter them, or more directly to Catskill, the drive is a delightful one.

EXTRACT FROM COOPER'S "PIONEERS,"

Volume I., Pages 105–109.

"I have travelled the woods for fifty-three years," said Leather-Stocking, "and have made them my home for more than forty: and I can say that I have met but one place that was more to my liking; and that was only to eyesight, and not for hunting or fishing."

"And where was that?" asked Edwards.

"Where! why, up on the Catskills. I used often to go up into the mountains after wolves' skins and bears; once they brought me to get them a stuffed painter; and so I often went. There's a place in them hills that I used to climb to when I wanted to see the carryings on of the world, that would well pay any man for a barked shin or a torn moccasin. You know the Catskills, lad, for you must have seen them on your left, as you followed the river up from York, looking as blue as a piece of clear sky, and holding the clouds on their tops, as the smoke curls over the head of an Indian chief at a council fire. Well, there's the High-peak and the Round-top, which lay back, like a father and mother among their children, seeing they are far above all the other hills. But the place I mean is next to the river, where one of the ridges juts out a little from the rest, and where the rocks fall for the best part of a thousand feet so much up and down that a man standing on their edges is fool enough to think he can jump from top to bottom."

"What see you when you get there?" asked Edwards.

"Creation!" said Natty, dropping the end of his rod into the water, and sweeping one hand around him in a

circle, "all creation, lad. I was on that hill when Vaughan burnt Sopus, in the last war; and I seen the vessels come out of the Highlands as plainly as I can see that lime-scow rowing into the Susquehanna, though one was twenty times further from me than the other. The river was in sight for seventy miles under my feet, looking like a curled shaving, though it was eight long miles to its banks. I saw the hills in the Hampshire grants, the high lands of the river, and all that God had done or man could do, as far as the eye could reach,—you know that the Indians named me for my sight, lad,—and, from the flat on the top of that mountain, I have often found the place where Albany stands; and, as for Sopus, the day the royal troops burned the town the smoke seemed so nigh that I thought I could hear the screeches of the women."

"It must have been worth the toil to meet with such a glorious view."

"If being the best part of a mile in the air, and having men's farms and houses at your feet, with rivers looking like ribands, and mountains bigger than the 'Vision' seeming to be haystacks of green grass under you, gives any satisfaction to a man, I can recommend the spot. When I first came into the woods to live, I used to have weak spells, and I felt lonesome; and then I would go to the Catskills and spend a few days on that hill, to look at the ways of man; but it's now many a year since I felt any such longings, and I'm getting too old for these rugged rocks. But there's a place, a short two miles back of that very hill, that in late times I relished better than the mountains; for it was more kivered by the trees, and more nateral."

"And where was that?" inquired Edwards, whose curiosity was strongly excited by the simple description of the hunter.

"Why, there's a fall in the hills, where the water of two little ponds that lie near each other breaks out of their bounds, and runs over the rocks into the valley. The stream is, may be, such a one as would turn a mill, if so useless a thing was wanted in the wilderness. But the hand that made that 'Leap' never made a mill. There the water comes crooking and winding among the rocks, first so slow that a trout could swim in it, and then starting and running just like any creater that wanted to make a fair spring, till it gets to where the mountain divides like the cleft hoof of a deer, leaving a deep hollow for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh two hundred feet, and the water looks like flakes of driven snow afore it touches the bottom; and there the stream gathers itself together again for a new start, and maybe flutters over fifty feet of flat rock, before it falls for another hundred, when it jumps about from shelf to shelf, first turning this-a-way and then turning that-a-way, striving to get out of the hollow, till it finally comes to the plain."

"I have never heard of this spot before," exclaimed Edwards; "it is not mentioned in the books."

"I never read a book in my life," said Leather-Stocking; "and how should a man who has lived in towns and schools know anything about the wonders of the woods? No, no, lad; there has that little stream of water been playing among them hills since He made the world, and not a dozen white men have ever laid eyes upon it. The rock sweeps like mason-work, in a half-round, on both sides of the fall, and shelves over the bottom for fifty feet; so that when I've been sitting at the foot of the first pitch, and my hounds have run into the caverns behind the sheet of water, they've looked no bigger than so many rabbits. To my judgment, lad, it's the best piece of work that I've met with in the woods; and none know how often the

hand of God is seen in a wilderness but them that rove it for a man's life."

"What becomes of the water? in which direction does it run? is it a tributary of the Delaware?"

"Anan!" said Natty.

"Does the water run into the Delaware?"

"No, no: it's a drop for the old Hudson; and a merry time it has till it gets down off the mountain. I've sat on the shelving rock many a long hour, boy, and watched the bubbles as they shot by me, and thought how long it would be before that very water which seemed made for the wilderness would be under the bottom of a vessel, and tossing in the salt sea. It is a spot to make a man solemnize. You can see right down into the valley that lies to the east of the High-peak, where, in the fall of the year, thousands of acres of woods are before your eyes in the deep hollow and along the side of the mountain, painted like ten thousand rainbows by no hand of man, though not without the ordering of God's providence."

"Why, you are eloquent, Leather-Stocking," exclaimed the youth.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A Posthumous Writing of Diedrich Knickerbocker. From Irving's "Sketch-Book," Volume I., Page 45.

> By Woden, God of Saxons,
> From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
> Truth is a thing that ever I will keep,
> Unto thylke day in which I creep into
> My sepulchre— *Cartwright.*

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magic hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch col-

onists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace !); and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and, if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van

Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them,—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cows would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of set-

ting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon and night, her tongue was incessantly going; and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind; and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house, the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van

Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the everduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail dropped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless, sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled by Derrick Van Bummell, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled

by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf!" he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee." Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully

in his master's face; and, if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun.* For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He

* The glen here described is passed by the visitor to the Mountain House during the first mile of ascent in climbing the mountain. It begins near the gate, and ends at the "Shanty."

thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but, supposing it to be some one of the neigborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, brushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist; several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach, and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant; but, supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small

amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the banks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were withal the most melancholy party of pleasure he

had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling ; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes,—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep,—the strange man with the keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at ninepins, the flagon. "Oh ! that wicked flagon !" thought Rip, "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle ?"

He looked round for his gun ; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain ; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip ; "and, if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen ; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening ; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre ; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called

and whistled after his dog: he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows; everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the

Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay,—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me."

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears; he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however

the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff; a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre; the head was decorated with a cocked hat; and underneath was painted, in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, election, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentle-

man, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm a-kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating as it were into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

"Alas, gentlemen!" cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired,—"Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know,—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand,—war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh! Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three; "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself; I'm somebody else; that's me yonder; no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night; but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am."

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through

the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man! his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedlar.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father," cried he,—"Young Rip Van Winkle once,—old Rip Van Winkle now. Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle!—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared

when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head,—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half Moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and

heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor,—how that there had been a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England; and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George III., he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to

vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related ; and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins ; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

CHAPTER XIII.

Willis Gaylord Clark.—His Sketch of the Mountains, the Road to them and Views from them.—Similar Sketches by Tyrone Power, N. P. Willis, Park Benjamin, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Ellett, Dr. Murdoch, Bayard Taylor, and Rev. Dr. Cuyler.

SKETCHES BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

YOU would scarcely think, arrived at Kaatskill Landing, on the Hudson, that, just before you enter the coach which conveys you to the mountain, any extraordinary prospect was about to open upon your vision. True, as when on the water, the great cloud Presence looms afar, yet there is a long level country between it and you ; and it is too early in the day to drink in the grandeur of the scene.

As you move along from the landing, by pleasant and quiet waters, and through scenes of pastoral tranquillity, you seem to be threading a road which leads through a peaceful and variegated plain. You lose the memory of the highlands and the river in the thought that you are taking a journey into a country as level as the lowliest land in Jersey. Sometimes the mountains, as you turn a point of the road, appear afar ; but "are they clouds, or are they not?" By the mass, you shall hardly tell. Meantime, you are a *plain*-traveller, a quiet man. All at once you are wheeled upon a vernal theatre, some five or six miles in width, at whose extremity the bases of the Kaatskills 'gin to rise. How

impressive the westering sunshine, sifting itself down the mighty ravines and hollows, and tinting the far-off summits with aerial light! How majestic yet soft the gradations from the ponderous grandeur of the formation; up, up to the giddy and delicate shadowings, which dimly veil and sanctify their tops, as "sacristies of nature," where the cedar rocks to the wind, and the screaming eagle snaps his mandibles, as he sweeps a circuit of miles with one full impulse of his glorious wing! Contrasting the roughness of the basis with the printed beauty of the iris-hued and skïey ultimatum, I could not but deem that the bard of "Thanatopsis" had well applied to the Kaatskills those happy lines wherein he apostrophizes the famous heights of Europe:

> "Your peaks are beautiful, ye Apennines,
> In the soft light of your serenest skies;
> From the broad highland region, dark with pines,
> Fair as the hills of paradise, ye rise!"

Be not too eager, as you take the first stage of the mountain, to look about you; especially, be not anxious to look *afar.* Now and then, it is true, as the coach turns, you cannot choose but see a landscape to the south and east, *farther off* than you ever saw one before, broken up into a thousand vistas; but look you at them with a sleepy, sidelong eye, to the end that you may finally receive from the *Platform* the full glory of the final view. In the meantime, there is enough directly about you to employ all your eyes, if you had the ocular endowments of an Argus. Huge rocks, that might have been sent from warring Titans, decked with moss, overhung with rugged shrubbery, and cooling the springs that trickle from beneath them, gloom beside the way; vast chasms, which your coach shall sometimes seem to overhang, yawn on the left; the pine and cedar-scented air comes freely and

sweetly from the brown bosom of the woods; until, one high ascent attained, a level for a while succeeds, and your smoking horses rest, while, with expanding nostril, you drink in the rarer and yet rarer air a stillness like the peace of Eden (broken only by the whisper of leaves, the faint chant of embowered birds, or the distant notes that come "mellowed and mingling from the vale below"), hangs at the portal of your ear. It is a time to be still, to be contemplative; to hear no voice but your own ejaculations, or those of one who will share and heighten your enjoyment, by partaking it in peace, and as one with you, yet alone.

Passing the ravine, where the immortal Rip Van Winkle played his game of nine-pins with the wizards of that neighborhood, and quaffed huge draughts of those bewildering flagons which made him sleep for years, I flung myself impatiently from the "quarter-deck" of the postilion whose place I had shared, and pushed gaily on, determined to pause not until my weary feet stood on the Platform. The road was smooth and good; the air refreshing and pure, beyond description. The lungs play there without an effort; it is a luxury to breathe. How holy was the stillness! Not a sound invaded the solemn air; it was like inhaling the sanctity of the empyrean. The forest tops soon began to stir as with a mighty wind. I looked, and on both sides of the road there were trees whose branches had been broken, as if by the wings of some rushing tempest. It was the havoc of winter snows.

There is a wonderful deception in the approach to the Mountain House, which, when discovered, will strike the traveller with amazement. At one point of the road, where the mansion which is to terminate your pilgrimage

heaves its white form in view (you have seen it from the river for nearly half a day), it seems not farther than a hundred rods, and hangs apparently on the verge of a stupendous crag over your head, the road turns again, it is out of sight, and the summits, near its *locus in quo*, are nearly three miles off. The effect is wonderful. The mountain is *growing upon you.*

I continued to ascend, slowly, but with patient steps, and with a flow of spirit which I cannot describe. Looking occasionally to the east, I saw a line of such parti-colored clouds (as then I deemed them), yellow, green and purple, silver-laced and violet-bordered, that it meseemed I never viewed the like kaleidoscopic presentments. All this time, I wondered that I had seen no land for many a weary mile.

Hill after hill, mere ridges of the mountain, was attained; summit after summit surmounted; and yet it seemed to me that the house was as far off as ever. Finally it appeared, and a-nigh; to me the "earth's one sanctuary." I reached it; and stood on the Platform.

Good Reader! expect me not to describe the indescribable. I feel now, while memory is busy in my brain, calling up that vision to my mind, much as I did when I leaned upon my staff before that omnipotent picture, and looked abroad upon its GOD-written magnitude. It was a vast and changeful, a majestic, an *interminable* landscape; a fairy, grand, and delicately-colored scene, with rivers for its lines of reflections; with highlands and the vales of *States* for its shadowings, and far-off mountains for its frame. Those parti-colored and varying clouds I fancied I had seen as I ascended, were but portions of the scene. All colors of the rainbow; all softness of harvest-field, and forest, and distant cities, and the towns that simply

dotted the Hudson; and far beyond where that noble river, diminished to a brooklet, rolled its waters, there opened mountain after mountain, vale after vale, State after State, heaved against the horizon, to the north-east and south, in impressive and sublime confusion; while *still beyond*, in undulating ridges, filled with all hues of light and shade, coquetting with the cloud, rolled the rock-ribbed and ancient frame of this dim diorama! As the sun went down, the houses and cities diminished to dots; the evening guns of the national anniversary came booming up from the valley of the Hudson; the bonfires blazed along the peaks of distant mountains, and from the suburbs of countless villages along the river; while in the dim twilight,

> "From coast to coast, and from town to town,
> You could see all the white sails gleaming down."

The steamboats, hastening to and fro, vomited their fires upon the air, and the circuit of unnumbered miles sent up its sights and sounds, from the region below, over which the vast shadows of the mountains were stealing.

Just before the sun dropped behind the west, his slant beams poured over the South Mountain and fell upon a wide sea of feathery clouds, which were sweeping midway along its form, obscuring the vale below. I sought an eminence in the neighborhood, and with the sun at my back, saw a giant form depicted in a misty halo on the clouds below. He was identified, insubstantial but extensive Shape! I stretched forth my hand, and the giant spectre waved his shadowy arm over the whole county of Dutchess, through the misty atmosphere; while just at his supernatural coat-tail, a shower of light played upon the highlands, verging toward West Point, on the river, which are to the eye, from the Mountain House, level slips of shore, that seem scarce so gross as knolls of the smallest size.

In discoursing of the territorial wonderments in question, which have been moulded by the hand of the ALMIGHTY, I cannot suppose that you who read my reveries will look with a compact, imaginative eye upon that which has forced its huge radius upon my own extended vision. I ask you, howbeit, to take my arm, and step forth with me from the piazza of the Mountain House. It is night. A few stars are peering from a dim azure field of western sky ; the high-soaring breeze, the breath of heaven, makes a stilly music in the neighboring pines ; the meek crest of Dian rolls along the blue depths of ether, tinting with silver lines the half dun, half fleecy clouds.

There is a bench near the verge of the Platform where, when you sit at evening, the hollow-sounding air comes up from the vast vale below, like the restless murmurs of the ocean.

Listen to those voiceful currents of air, traversing the vast profound ! What a mighty circumference do they sweep ! Over how many towns, and dwellings, and streams, and incommunicable woods ! Murmurs of the dark sources and awakeners of sublime imagination swell from afar. You have thoughts of eternity and power here which shall haunt you evermore.

You can lie on your pillow at the Kaatskill House, and see the god of day look upon you from behind the pinnacles of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, hundreds of miles away. Noble prospect ! As the great orb heaves up in ineffable grandeur, he seems rising from beneath you, and you fancy that you have attained an elevation where may be seen *the motion of the world.* No intervening land to limit the view, you seem suspended in mid-air, without one obstacle to check the eye. The scene is indescribable. The chequered and interminable vale, sprinkled with groves, and lakes, and towns,

and streams; the mountains afar off, swelling tumultuously heavenward, like waves of the ocean, some incarnadined with radiance, others purpled in shade; all these, to use the language of an auctioneer's advertisement, "are too tedious to mention, but may be seen on the premises." I know of but one picture which will give the reader an idea of this ethereal spot. It was the view which the angel Michael was polite enough, one summer morning, to point out to Adam, from the highest hill of Paradise.

"His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings; and thence
To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul
Down to the golden Chersonese; or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan; or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco: or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port,
Ercoco; and the less maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world; in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
(And Texas too, great HOUSTON's seat—who knows?)
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoiled
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado.

It looks to be a perilous enterprise to descend the Kaatskills. The wheels of the coach are shod with the preparation of iron slippers, which are essential to a hold

up; and as you bowl and grate along, with wilderness-chasms and a brawling stream mayhap on one hand, and horrid masses of stone seemingly ready to tumble upon you on the other; the far plain stretching like the sea beneath you, in the mists of the morning; your emotions are *fidgetty*. You are not afraid—not you, indeed! Catch you at such folly! No; but you wish most devoutly that you were some nine miles down, notwithstanding, and are looking eagerly for that consummation.

We paused just long enough at the base of the mountain to water the cattle and hear a bit of choice grammar from the landlord, a burly, big individual, "careless of the objective case," and studious of ease, in bags of tow-cloth (trowsers by courtesy), and a roundabout of the same material; the knees of the unmentionables apparently greened by kneeling humbly at the lactiferous udder of his only cow, day by day. He addressed "the gentleman that driv' us down":

"Well, Josh, I seen them *rackets!*"

"Wa'nt they almighty bright?" was the inquisitive reply.

This short colloquy had reference to a train of fire-works which were set off the evening before at the Mountain House; long, snaky trails of light, flashing in their zigzag course through the darkness. It was beautiful to see those fiery sentences, written fitfully on the sky. fading one by one, like some Hebrew character, some Nebuchadnezzar scroll, in the dark profound, and showing, as the rocket fell and faded, that beneath the lowest deep to which it descended, there was one yet lower still, to which it swept, "plumb-down, a shower of fire."

We presently rolled away, and were soon drawn up in front of the Hudson, at the landing.

"IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA, DURING 1833–35."

BY TYRONE POWER, ESQ.

A STAGE was in waiting at the landing-place, which quickly took us to the town, where we took a carriage directly to the Mountain House, which we had marked from the river as the morning sun lighted it up, looking like a white dove-cot raised against the dark hill-side.

I will say nothing of our winding, rocky road, or of the glimpses we now and then had of the nether world, which "momentarily grew less," as, whilst halting for breath, we curiously peeped through the leafy screen, flying from the faded leaf and drooping flower of scorching summer, and finding ourselves once more surrounded by all the lovely evidences of early spring. I walked more than half way, and never felt less weary than when I rested on the natural platform, which, thrust from the hill-side, forms a stand whence may be worshipped one of the most glorious prospects ever given by the Creator to man's admiration.

In the cool shade we stood here, and from this eyry looked upon the silver line drawn through the vast rich valley far below, doubtful of its being the broad Hudson, upon whose bosom we had so lately floated in a huge vessel crowded with passengers; for this vessel we searched in vain; but, by the aid of a telescope, made out one of the same kind, which appeared to flit along like some fairy skiff on a pantomimic lake, made all radiant with gold and pearl.

How delightful were the sensations attendant upon a first repose in this changed climate, enhanced as these were by the remembrance of the broiling we had so recently endured! I never remember to have risen with feelings more elastic, or in higher spirits, than I did after my first night's rest upon the mountain.

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A ride of some three miles brought us as close as might be to the spot (the Falls), and a walk of as many hundred yards presented to view a scene as well suited for a witch's festival as any spot in the old world.

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With two others, I decided upon walking back, and pleasant it is to walk through these quiet wild-wood paths, where the chirps of the birds and the nestle of the leaves alone break in upon the repose. These mountains are everywhere thickly clothed with wood, save only the platform where the house is built; deer abound on the lower ridges, and the bear yet finds ample cover here. A number of these animals are killed every season by an indefatigable old Nimrod who lives in the valley beneath, and who breeds some very fine dogs to this sport.

I did promise unto myself that during the coming November I would return up here, for the purpose of seeing Bruin baited in his proper lair; but regret to say my plan was frustrated. It must be an exciting chase to rouse the lord of this wild mountain forest on a sunny morning, with the first hoar frost yet crisping the feathery pines; and to hear the deep-mouthed hounds giving tongue where an hundred echoes wait to bay the fierce challenge back, and to hear the sharp crack of the rifle rattle through the thin air.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

At this elevation you may wear woollen and sleep under blankets in midsummer; and that is a pleasant temperature where much hard work is to be done in the way of pleasure-hunting. No place so agreeable as Catskill, after one has been parboiled in the city. The cool woods, the small silver lakes, the falls, the mountain-tops, are all delicious haunts for the idler-away of the hot months, and, to the credit of our taste, it may be said they are fully improved,—Catskill is a "resort."

From the Mountain House the busy and all-glorious Hudson is seen winding half its silver length,—towns, villas, and white spires, sparkling on the shores, and snowy sails and gaily-painted steamers specking its bosom. It is a constant diorama of the most lively beauty; and the traveller, as he looks down upon it, sighs to make it a home. Yet a smaller and less-frequented stream would best fulfil desires born of a sigh. There is either no seclusion on the Hudson, or there is so much that the conveniences of life are difficult to obtain. Where the steamers come to shore (twenty a day, with each from one to seven hundred passengers) it is certainly far from secluded enough. No place can be rural, in all the *virtues* of the phrase, where a steamer will take the villager to the city between noon and night, and bring him back between midnight and morning. There is a suburban look and character about all the villages on the Hudson which seems out of place among such scenery. They are suburbs, in fact;

steam has destroyed the distance between them and the city.

The Mountain House on the Catskill, it should be remarked, is a luxurious hotel. How the proprietor can have dragged up, and keeps dragging up, so many superfluities from the river level to the eagle's nest, excites your wonder. It is the more strange, because in climbing a mountain the feeling is natural that you leave such enervating indulgences below.

The mountain-top is too near heaven. It should be a monastery to lodge in so high; a St. Gothard, or a Vallambrosa. But here you may choose between Hermitages, "white" or "red" Burgundias, Madeiras, French dishes, and French dances, as if you had descended upon Capua.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

July, 1843.

'Tis pleasant, for a while to leave the heated pavements and the garbaged atmosphere of our ever-bustling, noisy city; to bid adieu to the continued rumbling and rattling of all the various vehicles that the worried horses are destined to drag in merciless labor to and fro the city's length; to shun the charcoal vender's unearthly guttural; the cries of the newspaper urchins, more varied in tone than the gamut's self; to flee from patients, clients, patrons, and all the constant, never-varying avocations, that tend to harass and perplex the lives of toiling citizens, and perch one's self upon some mountainous elevation, where nature's calmness changes the current of our thoughts, and turns them from the real and artificial miseries of humanity. On such a spot we can enjoy an inward elevation, partaking of the beauty and serenity of the scene, and indulge the mind in instructive reflections upon the past, the present, and the future.

It would seem that the great Creator of the universe had built up this mighty eminence that man might know His power, and, feeling his own insignificance, despise and shun the vanities and hollow-heartedness of life. Here the belief is taught that there is but *one* religion and *one* great family of mankind. Station yourself upon that projecting rock that hangs in such terrific altitude over the immense space beneath, but attempt not to give utterance to your feelings—language could not express them. Have you ever stood upon a vessel's deck, lashed to her for

security, amid the howling tempest's rage, the winds driving her into the sea's deep chasms, and suspending her on the lofty pinnacle of the waves, the lightning's flashes brightening the surrounding horrors, and showing by its vivid glares the peril of your situation? Have you ever known the mightiness of the tempest's angry mood at such a moment, and felt how utterly inadequate is speech? If so, then stand upon this high-poised rock and learn that it is not the *awfully* sublime alone that seals the lips, but that nature in her *calmest* mood can subdue the mind to silence.

The checkered scene below lies like the loveliest meadow, in variegated patchwork. Hills have disappeared. Here and there, apparently within a narrow lane, a mite is seen. It is the vehicle of some sturdy farmer, drawn by his well-fed span, measuring with rapid pace the broad highway leading to the distant village, whose diminished spires decorate the landscape. Observe that quiet stream attenuated to a brook. One bound would carry you to its opposite bank, were it what it seems, and by that bound you would leap the noble Hudson. See that tiny cloud—smaller than the puff just issuing from your Havana—as it rises from the river's surface. That speck beneath is speeding on its way with a velocity that gladdens its living freight of anxious travellers, and yet to the eye it moves not. Those far-off mountains, rising from the horizon in varied obscure shapes and heights, belong to other States. The fleeting clouds in graceful movement pass beneath you, dragging their lengthened shadows over the colored plain, until nature's curtain, being drawn, shuts out the view. And now the whole becomes one vast fictitious sea, placing you in feeling near the ocean's level, and relieving for a moment the nervous throbs the dizzy height occasioned. Soon the

clouds disperse, and separating in changing forms, the quiet region underneath lies again before you in all its beautiful and glorious sublimity. Such is nature's tableau. Why was creation formed with features so imposing, but for man's great benefit, that he might learn the power and majesty of the Omnipotent!

Come, then, ye multitudes of uneducated mortals, and from this great book store your minds with deep reflections, leading to wisdom and to happiness.

FROM "RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL."

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HOWEVER widely European travellers have differed about other things in America, all seem to agree in their love of the Hudson. The pens of all tourists dwell on its scenery, and their affections linger about it like the magic lights which seem to have this river in their peculiar charge. Yet very few travellers have seen its noblest wonder. I may be singular; but I own that I was more moved by what I saw from the Mountain House than by Niagara itself.

What is this Mountain House? this Pine Orchard House? many will ask; for its name is not to be found in most books of American travels. "What is that white speck?" I myself asked, when staying at Tivoli, on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite to the Catskills, whose shadowy surface was perpetually tempting the eye. That white speck, visible to most eyes only when bright sunshine was upon it, was the Mountain House; a hotel built for the accommodation of hardy travellers who may desire to obtain that complete view of the valley of the Hudson which can be had nowhere else. I think I had rather have missed the Hawk's Nest, the Prairies, the Mississippi, and even Niagara, than this.

The mountain laurel conveyed by association the first impression of coolness. Sheep were browsing among the shrubs, apparently enjoying the shelter of the covert. We scrambled through deep shade for three or four miles, heavy showers passing over us, and gusts of wind

bowing the tree-tops, and sending a shiver through us, partly from the sudden chillness, and partly from expectation and awe of the breezy solitude.

After another level reach of road, and another scrambling ascent, I saw something on the rocky platform above our heads, like (to compare great things with small) an illumined fairy palace perched among the clouds in opera scenery; a large building, whose numerous window lights marked out its figure from amid the thunder-clouds and black twilight which overshadowed it. It was now half-past eight o'clock, and a stormy evening. Everything was chill, and we were glad of lights and tea in the first place.

After tea I went out upon the platform in front of the house, having been warned not to go too near the edge, so as to fall an unmeasured depth into the forest below. I sat upon the edge, as a security against stepping over unawares. The stars were bright overhead, and had conquered half the sky, giving promise of what we ardently desired, a fine morrow. Over the other half the mass of thunder-clouds was, I supposed, heaped together, for I could at first discern nothing of the campaign which I knew must be stretched below. Suddenly and from that moment incessantly, gushes of red lightning poured out from the cloudy canopy, revealing not merely the horizon, but the course of the river in all its windings through the valley. This thread of river, thus illuminated, looked like a flash of lightning caught by some strong hand and laid along in the valley. All the principal features of the landscape might, no doubt, have been discerned by this sulphurous light; but my whole attention was absorbed by the river, which seemed to come out of the darkness like an apparition at the summons of my impatient will. It could be borne only for a short time; this dazzling,

bewildering alternation of glare and blackness, of vast reality and nothingness. I was soon glad to draw back from the precipice and seek the candle-light within.

The next day was Sunday. I shall never forget, if I live to a hundred, how the world lay at my feet one Sunday morning. I rose very early and looked abroad from my window, two stories above the platform. A dense fog, exactly level with my eyes, as it appeared, roofed in the whole plain of the earth; a dusky firmament, in which the stars had hidden themselves for the day. Such is the account which an antediluvian spectator would probably have given of it. This solid firmament had spaces in it, however, through which gushes of sunlight were poured, lighting up the spires of white churches, and clusters of farm buildings, too small to be otherwise distinguished; and especially the river, with its sloops floating like motes in the sunbeam. The firmament rose and melted, or parted off into the likeness of snowy sky-mountains, and left the cool Sabbath to brood brightly over the land. What human interest sanctifies a bird's-eye view! I suppose this is its peculiar charm, for its charm is found to deepen in proportion to the growth of mind. To an infant, a campaign of a hundred miles is not so much as a yard square of gay carpet. To the rustic it is less bewitching than a paddock with two cows. To the philosopher, what is it not? As he casts his eye over its glittering towns, its scattered hamlets, its secluded homes, its mountain ranges, church spires and untrodden forests, it is a picture of life; an epitome of the human universe; the complete volume of moral philosophy, for which he has sought in vain in all libraries. On the left horizon are the Green Mountains of Vermont, and at the right extremity sparkles the Atlantic. Beneath lies the forest, where the deer are hiding and the birds rejoicing in song.

Beyond the river he sees spread the rich plains of Connecticut; there, where a blue expanse lies beyond the triple range of hills, are the churches of religious Massachusetts sending up their Sabbath psalms: praise which he is too high to hear, while God is not. The fields and waters seem to him to-day no more truly property than the skies which shine down upon them; and to think how some below are busying their thoughts this Sabbath day about how they shall hedge in another field, or multiply their flocks on yonder meadows, gives him a taste of the same pity which Jesus felt in his solitude when his followers were contending about which should be the greatest. It seems strange to him how that man should call anything *his* but the power which is in him, and which can create somewhat more vast and beautiful than all that this horizon incloses. Here he gains the conviction, to be never again shaken, that all that is real is ideal; that the joys and sorrows of men do not spring up out of the ground or fly abroad on the wings of the wind, or come showered down from the sky; that good cannot be hedged in, nor evil barred out; even that light does not reach the spirit through the eye alone, nor wisdom through the medium of sound or silence only. He becomes of one mind with the spiritual Berkeley, that the face of nature itself, the very picture of woods, and streams, and meadows, is a hieroglyphic writing in the spirit itself, of which the retina is no interpreter. The proof is just below him (at least it came under my eye), in the lady (not American) who, after glancing over the landscape, brings her chair into the piazza, and, turning her back to the campaign and her face to the wooden walls of the hotel, begins the study, this Sunday morning, of her lapful of newspapers. What a sermon is thus preached to him at this moment from a very hackneyed text! To him that hath much—

that hath the eye, and ear, and wealth of the spirit, shall more be given ; even a replenishing of this spiritual life from that which to others is formless and dumb ; while from him that hath little, who trusts in that which lies about him rather than in that which lies within him, shall be taken away, by natural decline, the power of perceiving and enjoying what is within his own domain. To him who is already enriched with large divine and human revelations, this scene is, for all its stillness, musical with divine and human speech ; while one who has been deafened by the din of worldly affairs can hear nothing in this mountain solitude.

The march of the day over the valley was glorious, and I was grieved to have to leave my window for an expedition a few miles off. However, the expedition was a good preparation for the return to my window. The little nooks of the road, crowded with bilberries, cherries, and alpine plants, and the quiet tarn, studded with golden water-lilies, were a wholesome contrast to the grandeur of what we had left behind us.

On returning, we found dinner awaiting us, and also a party of friends out of Massachusetts, with whom we passed the afternoon, climbing higher and higher among the pines, ferns, and blue berries of the mountain, to get wider and wider views. They told me that I saw Albany, but I was by no means sure of it. This large city lay in the landscape like an ant-hill in a meadow. Long before sunset I was at my window again, watching the gradual lengthening of the shadows and purpling of the landscape. It was more beautiful than the sunrise of this morning, and less so than that of the morrow. Of this last I shall give no description, for I would not weary others with what is most sacred to me. Suffice it that it gave me a vivid idea of the process of creation, from the moment

when all was without form and void, to that when light was commanded, and there was light.

When we were departing, a foreign tourist was heard to complain of the high charges! High charges! As if we were to be supplied for nothing on a perch where the wonder is if any but the young ravens get fed! When I considered what a drawback it is in visiting mountain-tops that one is driven down again almost immediately by one's bodily wants, I was ready to thank the people devoutly for harboring us on any terms, so that we might think out our thoughts, and compose our emotions, and take our fill of that portion of our universal and eternal inheritance.

THE FOURTH AT PINE ORCHARD.

BY MRS. ELLETT.

"Have you been at the Catskill Mountain House?" asked a friend, incidentally; "our party is going to-morrow"—and the important question was decided. The morning of the third we set off in the Empire steamer. After dinner we landed at Catskill, at three in the afternoon. Stages were ready to receive the passengers, and bestowing ourselves therein, we turned from the village, crossed a fine wide stream called the Catskill, and entered upon a country enchanting enough to fill with rapture one long unaccustomed to such varieties of scenery. Here were rich valleys sprinkled with cottages and watered by winding streams, whose course could be traced far off by the luxuriance of the shrubbery on their banks; there were cultivated fields, and green meadows, and impervious woods; and land now gently undulating, now broken into steep ascents and startling declivities. Occasionally the road wound along a precipice, just steep and high enough to be perilous and pleasant. The vivid green of the foliage everywhere, and the verdure of the meadows, was most refreshing to an eye accustomed of late to the barren wastes of southern pine-lands. Here and there you pass a picturesque dell; one of them is filled with the sound of a distant waterfall, doubtless worth a pilgrimage to see; and frequently you are arrested by the tiny voice of some adventurous rill, flinging itself impetuously down the hill-side, and hastening to its burial in the valley's depths. The range of mountains now rises high and misty before

you; anon you skirt a gloomy and fathomless valley, perfectly dark with verdure. This is the Sleepy Hollow, commemorated by Irving. I looked to see a Rip Van Winkle emerge from its shades. It is said that one of the oldest settlers in the region actually remembers a strange person of that name; doubtless an inveterate sleeper, whose habits suggested a legend. Rolling on with the merciless velocity of stage-coaches, we came to the spot where the steep ascent commences; and here I was fain, with many others, to alight and walk, dreading that in the climbing process No. 1 might chance to fall back on No. 2, No. 2 on No. 3, and so on. However, none but an habitual coward like myself need fear such a catastrophe, as the vehicles are strongly built, and provided each with a pointed bar of iron that would effectually prevent any retrograde motion. The winding road, closely embowered with foliage, is here picturesque in the extreme. Almost every turn brings some new beauty to view, and the woods are white with the blossoms of the mountain laurel, of which our party bore away numerous trophies. The precipice on the right overhangs the road, but the rocks are concealed by a bright mantle of green. The mountain towers into still grander elevation as you ascend it, and is fast darkening with the shadows of evening, though the plain still lies in sunshine. Suddenly a turn places you in sight of the house, which is the termination of your journey. It is seen directly overhead, perched on the very brink of the frowning precipice, like the eagle's or the lammergeyer's nest, or some feudal castle on its foe-defying height. This, indeed, it would resemble, were it of gray stone, instead of being built of wood and painted white. Nevertheless, its snowy whiteness contrasts perhaps the more beautifully with the green woods from the bosom of which it seems to rise, and with the mountainous background.

The road by which that elevation is gained is very tortuous, so that a considerable space must be passed over before you come to the plateau on which the house stands. This plain lies in an amphitheatre between two mountains. It is called Pine Orchard, because it was formerly covered with a growth of small pines, which are now removed, having been sacrificed to enhance the beauty of the spot, and encourage the growth of clover and grass, that fills the open space between the beds of solid rock. The "Mountain House" is a large and irregular building, having been built in different parts at different times. The more recent portion was erected in 1824. It is spacious enough to accommodate a very large number of guests, having double and triple rows of goodly dormitories, all of a better size, and more comfortably furnished, than the sleeping-rooms usually appropriated to travelers at the fashionable watering-places. The drawing-rooms are spacious; the principal one consisting of three large saloons opening into each other, or rather forming one. The dining-room is large enongh for a feudal banqueting hall, its effect being increased by a range of pillars for the whole length down the centre; and these pillars are wreathed with evergreens, while between the numerous windows stand hemlock or cedar trees during the season, quite in baronial taste. As far as I know, this style of embellishment is unique; it is certainly very picturesque.

The evening shadows now stretch over the entire plain, and the quiet of the scene, after the day's bustle, invites to sweet repose, which the guests are fain to seek, after the good appetites created by the drive of twelve miles, and the fresh mountain air, have been satisfied by the excellent supper provided by Mr. Beach, the enterprising landlord. Here is an almost wasteful profusion of strawberries, and the other fruits of the season, freshly picked

by the mountaineers, with cream and butter that does ample justice to the rich pasturage of this region.

In the morning, go to the front, and what a scene presents itself! The "House" stands on the table rock, a few yards from the sheer verge—an elevation of eighteen hundred feet above the apparent plain, and twenty-seven hundred above the level of the river. There is a narrow strip of green just in front, under the long and capacious piazza, beautifully ornamented with young fir and cedar trees, and a variety of shrubs. Then comes a strip of bare rock, overlooking the awful abyss.

A sea of woods is at your feet, but so far below, that the large hills seem but slight heavings of the green billowy mass; before you lies a vast landscape, stretching far as the eye can take in the picture; a map of earth with its fields, its meadows, its forests, and its villages and cities scattered in the distance; its streams and lakes diminished, like the dwellings of man, into insignificance. Through the midst winds the sweeping river, the mighty Hudson, lessened to a rill; or it might be likened to a riband laid over a ground of green. Still further on are the swelling uplands, and then far along the horizon, mountains piled on mountains, melting into the distance, rising range above range, till the last and loftiest fades into the blue of the sky. Over this magnificent panorama the morning sun pours a misty radiance, half veiling, yet adding to its beauty, and tinting the Hudson with silver. Here and there the bright river is dotted with sails, and sometimes a steamboat could be seen winding its apparently slow way along. The clouds that fling their fitful shadows over the country below are on a level with us dwellers of the air; the golden patches that occupy the higher regions of atmosphere seem but a few feet above us, and we beyond their sphere, standing in mid-air, look-

ing down on so unrivalled a picture, to thank Heaven for the glory and beauty of earth—even the birds seldom soar higher than our feet; the resting-place of the songster, whose flight can no longer be traced from the plain, is still far *below* us. We seem like the bell immortalized by Schiller:—

> "In Heaven's pavilion hung on high,
> The neighbors of the rolling thunder,
> The limits of the star-world nigh."

After contemplating this gorgeous scene, this still-life of the busy world, till lost in admiration, and listening to the ceaseless but faint roar sent up from the forest, like the chime of the eternal ocean, the next thing you will do will be to take a carriage to the Catskill Falls, distant about three miles. The road is rough, wild and rocky, but beautifully picturesque. The mountains forming the back-ground of this scene are half-covered with shadows from the clouds, which present the appearance of gorges on their sides, and are continually changing their form, and shifting as the breezes blow. They are distinguished by various names, such as Round Top, Indian's Head, &c. On the road, which is winding, and embowered by close woods, you cross a small mountain stream that soon expands into a perfect gem of a lake, quite embosomed in the circling hills, covered with a growth of straight, giant-like pines, rising range above range to the summits, where the tallest stand in relief against the sky. At a distance of more than a quarter of a mile from the Falls, you alight from the carriages, and walk along the romantic road, admiring at every step, or stopping to gather the abundant variety of wild flowers. The beauty of this woodland path baffles all description. It conducts to the Pavilion, situated at the top of the fall, and directly over-

hanging the abyss. On the end of the platform you are close upon the water, hastening to precipitate itself over the rock on which you stand, and tumbling into the wildest ravine ever poet dreamed of. The height of this fall is one hundred and eighty feet; a second just below is eighty feet, but from the height it seems a mere step the playful stream is taking, to dash itself in rapids a little further on, and then be lost to sight in the thick foliage overgrowing the bottom of the gorge. Three mountains here intersect each other; and the *overlapping* of their sides conceals the bed of the stream, so buried that a sea of woods alone is visible. You descend by a path in the woods, and by staircases fixed in the "precipitous, black, jagged rocks." The view from different points of the ravine, and the perpendicular wall forming its sides, is both splendid and sublime. When about half-way from the bottom of the first fall, the path turns aside, and enters a spacious cavern, wholly behind the falling sheet. The sides and roof are of solid gray rock, and the roof projects seventy feet, though in some places it is so low that it cannot be passed under without stooping. The path is consequently sheltered, though but a foot in width —a mere shelf on the verge of a precipice, so narrow as to be quite invisible to those without. It is somewhat "on the plan" of that to Termination Rock behind the falling ocean at Niagara, and really gives an idea of that stupendous place, barring the thunders and the world of waters. A fine view is here obtained of the falling sheet, which appears much larger and broader; while the sides of the ravine, and the dense forest seen through the showery curtain, present a scene beautiful beyond description. Having emerged on the other side, you descend quite to the bottom, and cross the chafed stream by stepping on fragments of rock. Here is a noble view;

and the quantity of water is suddenly increased by opening the dam above, so that its roar fills the gorge. Again you descend by the steep path, and a succession of staircases, fifty feet below the foot of fall second, and cross near a small but furious rapid. From the large flat rock here you obtain the finest view of all. It is three hundred and ten feet below the Pavilion. The whole castellated amphitheatre is before you; and a succession of falls, with a wall of foliage and rocks on either side, ascending far upward, so as to shut out all but a narrow strip of blue sky, seen overhead, and just above the top of fall first. Over this opening golden patches of clouds are sailing, and seem almost to rest upon it. Once more the quantity of water is increased; the falls swell to larger volume, and the clouds of sunny spray rise and fill the amphitheatre; then melt away as before, while the fall assumes its former thread-like appearance. The people walking within the cavern, just visible through the spray, look spectral enough, especially as they seem to have some secret of their own for clinging to the rocky wall, no path being apparent. It would require but little stretch of imagination to suppose them children of the mist, or genii of the waterfall, particularly that light, fragile figure, whose floating white robe contrasts so wildly with the dark mass behind her. What a scene for deeds of romance and heroism! I warrant me many a declaration has been made in that thrilling spot; and would advise any fair lady who would bring a hesitating lover to confession, to lead him hither for the inspiration he needs. Some instances of success on both sides, I could mention; and could relate one or two romantic tales, but they must be postponed to another occasion. Below, for a little way, the eye can follow the stream; and our guide told us that a quarter of a mile further were other small falls. The

path is wild and rough along the stream, but would doubtless well reward the exploration. You ascend by the same way, winding through the cavern to the Pavilion, where the American flag, and the reports of a gun or two reverberating among the mountains, somewhat startlingly reminded us of the Fourth ; not so keenly, however, as to destroy the enchantment of this "spirit-stirring nook." The sound of a bugle in the distant forest restored the poetry of the scene at once, notwithstanding the presence of numbers of country people in their holiday attire—shirt-sleeves—the costume of the American peasantry. To add a little incident in character, one of our party hooked up with an umbrella from the bushes a manuscript, illustrating the beauties of the scene in very blank verse.

Returning by the carriages over the same road, the gorgeous still-life view from the table-rock awaited us ; the ocean landscape ; the distant river silvered by the sunshine ; the mountains melting into ether.

Visitors at Catskill mountain do not usually give themselves time to see even what they do see to the best advantage. Many of them remain but a single day, paying only a hurried visit to the falls, and neglecting many other scenes almost equal in interest. There are numerous lovely walks in the vicinity, chief among which are those upon the South and North mountain ; and the beautiful lake in the immediate neighborhood of the House is said to abound in fish, affording amusement to those fond of the sport, with boats for rowing or sailing-parties. There is said also to be an ice-glen some miles distant, into the depths of which the sun never penetrates, and where ice may be found deposited by all the winters since the creation.

The walk upon North mountain I found particularly

interesting. For some distance you follow the winding road, through woods certainly richer than ever grew on such a height before, with a great deal of impervious underwood, embellished with wild flowers. The moss grows here in such abundance as everywhere to attract attention. At the falls it partially covers the rock beside the cavern, and is of the most vivid green. Near the foot of the lake is a mass of rock, twelve or fifteen feet in height, perfectly covered with gray lichen. The boulders on the mountain are almost hidden by the ancient-looking shroud; and the various growths might form a study for the naturalist. Leaving the road for the mountain path, you begin the ascent, and skirt the frowning precipice, where a single false step would be destruction. Far, far below is the same extensive, billowy verdure—the primitive forest. Now you climb a rude staircase of piled stones, then wind through the deep woods, where wanderers would infallibly be lost without a guide, and where the guide himself finds it hard to thread the tangled maze. Several points where a fine view may be seen claim your attention, as now and then you come forth on the rocky verge; but the cry is still "onward," and, like all others of the human race who never weary of pursuing a promised good, you persevere till the actual summit, by toil and trouble, is reached at last. And splendid is the reward! So vast is the height on which you stand, that the "Mountain House," with its lakes, itself appears upon a plain. In clear weather the view is almost boundless, including Albany on one hand, the Highlands on the other; but just then I witnessed a still grander phenomenon, realizing the beauty of Halleck's lines descriptive of Weehawken:

> "Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
> Of summer's sky in beauty bending o'er him."

The clouds were not exactly slumbering, but rolling in heavy masses below us, shrouding completely the more distant portions of the landscape, while a thick mist rendered indistinct the scene immediately beneath. I cannot say we were altogether in the enjoyment of "the clear blue of summer's sky," for the top of the mountain just behind us was enveloped in clouds, and only here and there narrow strips of the sky could be discerned; but we were "mickle better aff" than the seeming plain, on which a fierce rain was evidently pouring. Ere long, however, and while storm and darkness yet brooded on the regions below, the mists rolled away from the summit and melted at the presence of the sun, the heavens looked forth blue and clear as ever, and the rain-drops on the trees glanced in the pure sunshine. Then the vapory veil beneath us was rent and rolled back; part of the landscape rejoiced once more in the living light! The sun pierced the dark curtain beyond; it was lifted, and gradually withdrawn; the glancing river and the distant mountains came into bright view once more; and ere long no trace of the storm could be found, save in the dense masses of cloud that mingled with the mountains on the farthest verge of the horizon.

I would not have missed this spectacle, new and surpassingly glorious as it was, for the world. But one even more striking can be seen, I am told, during a sudden thunder-shower. The clouds then fill the lower regions of the atmosphere, and roll dense and dark beneath, like ocean-waves tossed by the blast; the lightning leaps from space to space, and the thunder peals wildly around, while "the dweller in air" sees naught above him but a blue sun-bright sky. The clearing up of a storm seen under these circumstances must be sublime beyond imagination, and well worth a journey to the Mountain House expressly to see.

Some of our party regretted that the house had not been built on the table-rock of North mountain ; but the difficulty of access, and the impossibility of coming up with stages, would, in such a case, have limited the number of visitors to a few. The present location is the most eligible in every respect.

After the descent our guide directed us to a rocky foot-path, instead of the winding road to the house. It required some toil and climbing, but well repaid the exertion.

The ascent to the South mountain is equally beautiful. The path leads from the plateau to the left up the steep acclivity, through a wild forest, less tangled, however, than the other, where huge boulders, gray with moss, are piled fantastically around ; some poised on a single edge, and looking as if the slightest force would precipitate them downward to crush the woods in their path ; some without apparent foundation, resting on points unseen, and presenting shallow but extensive caverns, the probable abode of reptiles, and green with rank moisture. Trees grow on their sides and in the clefts, and you wonder whence their nourishment is derived ; they seem, in truth, to have a partiality for the rugged soil, and frequently send their roots far down the rock to seek the humid earth. The fir, the cedar, and silver pine, so much more beautiful than the southern pine, abound here, with a vast variety of deciduous trees. The innumerable crevices are filled with green moss. The ascent becomes yet more steep, and presently you enter a narrow rift, from which the party, one by one, emerge above, and seem as if ascending out of the earth. The shadow of the overhanging cliffs renders this spot ever cool and fresh, even in the hottest part of the summer-day. On the summit are three points usually visited by travelers,

from which a gorgeous view may be obtained. On one the huge fragment of rock is, to all appearance, entirely separated from the mountain; it is really, however, fast united below, or it would, long ere this, have plunged from its place into the abyss. I must not forget to mention that there is a plateau on both these mountains, covered with short pines, which has obtained the name of Pine Orchard. The pioneer who erected the first building on the mountain pointed out to us the spot where he slept, wrapt in his greatcoat, under a rocky shelter, the first night he passed in this neighborhood.

From the third and highest point the view is the best. Here, besides the dark ridge of forest and the ocean landscape, a new range of mountains can be discerned far southward, and several towns on the Hudson.

There is a beautiful drive in the vicinity, enjoyed by few among the visitors to the Mountain House, which, however, should be neglected by none. It is on what is called the Clove road, leading through a cleft in the mountain southward. Descending by the traveled road three or four miles, passing the weird valley of Sleepy Hollow, where, in a dreamy nook, under the towering mountains, you will find the picture of old Rip at his waking, hung up as a sign to a rude-looking house of refreshment; and pursuing the road a little beyond the toll-gate, you turn aside to the right and follow the road along the foot of the precipice on which the house stands. Ere long you turn again to the right, and presently find yourself in a mountain defile, where surprise and delight at the wondrous scene accompany you on every step onward. The mountains rise abruptly on either side almost to the clouds; the primeval forest is around you; and the depth of the gorge, which is sometimes narrow and cavernous, is filled by a brawling mountain stream, the same Cauters-

kill that takes the leap down the falls above. For two or three miles this scene of beauty and grandeur, varying every moment, meets your eye; now the stream runs over its bed of rocks, now dashes wildly in rapids, now runs smoothly for a space; while the road winds on its verge, sometimes far above it, sometimes descending nearly to its level. After passing through the cleft you ascend the mountain and return to the house, having made a circuit of twelve miles.

To those who have leisure for enjoyment of country air and scenery, and for exploring the wild and numerous beauties of this region, I would recommend a residence of weeks at Pine Orchard. The mountain is fresh and invigorating, and always cool in the sultriest season. The rapid succession of visitors, presenting new faces every day, is rather an objection to those who have a taste for the society of watering-places; but I see no reason why the Catskill Mountain House should not, when its resources are better known, be a place of fashionable resort, during all the hot season, for summer travelers.

E. F. E.

A SKETCH BY REV. DR. MURDOCK.

We arrived at "the House" in a most unfavorable time for seeing anything, and were strongly tempted to return immediately. It was just that kind of sky which below *gives* the "blues." The dreary, dense mist that enveloped the entire range, was mournful; and, as the wind blew from the north-east, there was no prospect of the sky being cleared till the Newfoundland banks had exchanged these vapory sheets for a robe of sunshine. The cloud was as damp as clouds are anywhere that I have known. I have heard of *Lapland fogs*, and had felt *Scotch mists*, but this was equal to any of these for its penetrating quality. Starch and gum shrank into mournful, skin-like *flaccidity;* and to use the *inelegant* expression of a fellow-visitor, whose *sobriquet* was "Tom," "Kate's ringlets were no more like seraphs' locks than Old Bay's tail."

It was in vain that we fled from the outside of the house to the inside, as the cloud went with the air, and a perfect *vacuum* was impossible. Chairs, tables, mantel-pieces, stood in dewy beads; and even the beds had that *sticky* touch you feel at the "Ocean House" after two days stormy weather. Though there was a constant fire kept up in the parlor, it did not to us, the "new arrived," exhibit that bliss which a kindled hearth presents to the youthful imagination anticipating the marriage-day.

A lugubrious-looking man here stepped up, and with the most rueful-looking countenance declared, that "This was awful! I came here," said he, "a week ago, all the way from Cape Cod, for the sole object of getting a *look*,

and here I have seen *nothing;* and to be laughed at in the bargain." "I shall not go back," said "Tom," "without my story. I have seen *something* worth telling." "And pray what shall you tell them that you saw?" said the sad man, "except across the dinner-table; and scarcely that far, if I may guess from your good judgment on cookery." "Why," said "Tom," with perfect *nonchalance*, "I shall tell them I have seen the *greatest fog* that I have ever seen in my life!" "And, my dear sir," said the gentleman with the book, "you can now preach from that text, 'All baptized in the *cloud*.'" "Or that other one," said the lady, "being compassed about with so great a *cloud* of witnesses."

Now, thought I, there may be more in this darkness than was dreamed of in my first philosophy. I will remain, and perhaps I may catch some of the inspiration from this happy family. But I was disturbed in my cogitations by a buzz among the guests near the door, and all I could hear was that the house was "going past on the outside." A waiter was quieting an old lady by telling her that all was quite firm at the foundations, for it was built on a rock.

We were all on the piazza in a few moments, and there, sure enough, was the perfect image of the vast building, plainly impressed upon a *thicker* cloud than the general *envelope* that had covered us. It was a great mass of vapor, moving from north to south, directly in front, and only about two hundred feet from us, which reflected the light of the sun, now beginning to appear in the west, from its bosom, like a mirror, in which the noble Corinthian pillars, which form the front of the building, were expanded like some palace built by the Titans for the entertainment of their antediluvian guests. I had read of Catherine of Russia's famous palace of ice, all glittering with the gorgeousness that now beautifies the Kremlin; and how

frequently that is produced, as emblematic of human glory; but here was something that more than recalled my early impressions of Aladdin's lamp, or of the magician's wand.

The visionary illusion was moving with the cloud, and ere long we saw one pillar disappear, then another. We, ourselves, who were expanded to Brobdignags in size, saw the gulf into which we were to enter and be lost. I almost shivered when my turn came, but there was no eluding my fate; one side of my face was veiled, and in a few moments the whole had passed like a dream. An instant before, and we were the inhabitants of a "gorgeous palace," but it was the "baseless fabric of a vision," and now there was left "not a wreck behind."

After tea, and the lamps lit, the different *sets* were seen discussing *the events* of that day; and it would fill a book to report the half of the really interesting conversations that were held. The book man was lecturing upon optics and showing "Kate" how the laws of light were to be understood, on *reflection* and *refraction;* and how these effects were produced this afternoon by the rays striking a certain angle of incidence; all of which was *Greek* to me.

"Uncle," said "Kate," "tell us what you were thinking of during that wonderful vision." "Oh, yes," said the mother, "you have traveled, brother, in the old world, and can enlighten us." "My story has a moral to it," said the clergyman, for I found he was one. "The mysteriously grand temple we have beheld in the cloud has brought to my mind the fleeting nature of all earthly temples. When I first saw the Parthenon at Athens, looking out on the Ægean Sea from the highest point of the Acropolis, I said there is man's finest workmanship passing, after it has stood two thousand years. Again, I saw on Calton Hill, Edinburgh, how the proud Scotchmen attempted to imitate their ancient models, and failed. Their Parthenon is

already *like* a ruin. And here, on a higher eminence still, stands a building that, *at a distance*, rivals both in *appearance*, till you come near and find that it is but wood, and shall pass away sooner than either of those I have referred to. But to-day, as if in mockery of all earthly greatness, we have seen an *airy* Parthenon passing by us like a dream. Truly,

> "'This world is all a fleeting show,
> For man's illusion given.'"

There was nothing to be seen next day, and the greater part was spent in hope of conjuring up something before it was done. About three o'clock I heard the cry of "A rainbow! a rainbow!" and on looking down towards the river I perceived that the right limb of a large bow was already formed. It gradually took its proper shape, until its colors came all out in their completeness. The shower was falling on the river, and supposing that to be the cord, the extent must have been twenty miles in length, with a span in proportion. It was such a token as Noah saw from Ararat, rising on the plain of Shinar.

It was interesting to listen to the remarks of the spectators—moralizing, poetizing, and philosophizing. A young wife and mother stood next me, wrapt in admiration, and asked of her *material* husband if he did not think "that would make a noble gateway for the 'house made without hands,' that we saw yesterday?" "Umph!" said the careful father, "pick up your raisins there, you little fool. What is that you said, my dear, about *gate-posts?*" "Oh, see," said the really enraptured wife, "what a gem is there. See! see! the sun is tinting that cloud with gold, till it looks like a throne in the heavens." The deep solemn voice of the *grave* man was repeating in an undertone, "And there was a rainbow round about the throne,

in sight like unto an emerald. And the city had twelve gates, and every several gate was one pearl." "Tom" was not behind the rest with his word. The idea of that being an entrance to the palace of yesterday caught his fancy, and he was repeating, with *variations*,

> " Still seem as in my infant days,
> A glorious *gateway* given,
> For happy spirits to alight,
> Between the earth and heaven."

The shower passed to the eastward, and the great bow fell flat upon the black surface, and did appear like a fallen arch, the remnant of departed glory.

I must take for granted that the ride to the falls and the general features of the region are known; but this day was remarkable for new objects of interest to me.

Standing on the south-west point, after going round *below* the cascade, I became drenched and almost suffocated with the *steam*, which rose through the air so thick that I could not see across the boiling caldron, and was glad to stand still and take breath. So much rain had fallen for a week, the torrent was greater than I had ever seen it before. It seemed that I was standing within the crater of a volcano, deep and fearful. After steadying my feet and my head, my eyes caught the iris of a rainbow of uncommon brilliancy. At first I was inclined to believe myself under some visual delusion, and that in my eagerness to retain the image of what I had already seen that day, this was but the *spectrum* of that *other* rainbow. But as I looked up I saw the sun reflected from millions of prisms, hung on every tree and blade of grass around. And from the point where I stood, round to the opposite side of the gulf, there was one solid mass of variegated glory. It seemed to be one jewel, upon which I might have walked with ease. After the first surprise,

I discovered that I stood within the rays of this brightness. Was it presumption in me to feel enraptured, with the bow of promise around my head, and the rock of ages beneath my feet? Blessed emblem of hope and immortality!

The sun had now gained the full ascendancy in the heavens, and his setting gave us the hope of a bright morning, and we retired to rest to-night, congratulating ourselves on the wonderful things we had seen this day.

In the dark of the morning I heard gentle feet going through the long passages, and, afraid of being late, I hastened to the east side of the house, where the greater part of the guests were before me; and after looking at the sky, and then at the spectators, I thought of the Psalmist's words, "I wait for thee, as they that wait for the *eyelids* of the morning."

Except a few scattered clouds the dawn was purer than the crystal, for it was unassociated with any material thing. It brought all the beautiful things of this world to remembrance. An infant's eyes opening for the first time on a world of sin. The cactus in full flower, with its purple and azure mingling.

Two small clouds, half way up the sky, towards the north-east, caught the earliest tints of glory: then, higher up, another became so white that it was at last painful to look at. In my eagerness to see all and catch the first glance of the sun himself, my eyes were dazzled so that I was almost blinded. It was therefore a great relief to hear a voice cry out from one of the windows, Look below! look below!

And we all looked, but the whole scene was unutterably grand. The sea! the sea! many voices said at once. From the verge of the cliff, as far as the eye could reach, it was rolling vapor; the waves rose and fell in hills and

deep valleys, coming on like the tide and retiring; and I caught myself involuntarily listening for the dash of the surge. But the silence was alarming. The sea so measureless; so disturbed to the eye; so near, and yet so *speechless* to the ear. It was not a *dead sea*, for it moved; but it was the movement of oblivion. How melancholy to think on the thousands of buried homes, wrapt in that cold cheerless sheet; and we up here, basking in the beams of heaven's own brightness.

The two clouds nearest the east had become solid gold, we thought nothing could be brighter, till a moment after the king himself appeared. It was as if the helmet of a conqueror had risen on the top of a hill; but there he was himself, unexcelled. His actual presence produced a sudden tremor, and tears gushed plentifully at the sight.

We had now time to look beneath, and already there was an evident movement, as if some great commotion was taking place beneath, at the centre. But it was the sun now making himself felt, like the Spirit of God moving on the face of chaos, when he said, "Let there be light, and there was light." We were waiting for the "*dry land*" to appear.

The vapory mass began to move more rapidly, and assume every fantastic shape that the imagination gave it.

Monstrous giants rose, ruled, and departed like the despots of antiquity. Ossian, before his blindness, must have beheld the like, ere he described Fingal's combat with the misty demon. And so did Milton, doubtless, while "holy light" entered his early eye; when from the "alpine heights" he saw the celestial and infernal armies, as here, deploying, then closing, then recoiling in terrific fury.

"Uncle," said the sensitive girl, "tell me what *you* see there." "Oh, child, child, I see, I see what is unspeakable.

There is Tophet sending forth its smoke; look at that yawning gulf, was ever anything so capacious; and there beyond is Mount Sinai in awful hidden darkness." "Yes, brother," said the mother, "but look up higher, and tell me what you think of those clouds that have become separated from the rest, and that are now already tinged with heaven's gold." "Oh, it was in such a chariot as that my Master ascended, when a cloud received Him out of their sight;" and the solemn man wept like a child. In about an hour from sunrise the several fleeces had been lifted up from the earth, till the hills with which I was familiar became apparent, but still huge and awful. And there the river ran dark, in the mist, like the mysterious Styx of the region of Pluto; and as the clouds passed over it they seemed to be fleets of departed nations who were there navigating their shadowy barks, joyless and hopeless. What a contrast between that gloomy region and the rich panorama that is spread out here at noon. Then that river reminds one of the "river of life, clear as crystal," and of that world, when the veil of mystery will be removed, and we shall look no more through a glass darkly.

CASCADE AT "THE HIGH ROCKS."

TRAVELS AT HOME.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I HAVE been so often asked, "Where are you going to next?" and have so often answered, "I am going to travel at home," that what was at first intended for a joke, has naturally resolved itself into a reality. The genuine traveler has a chronic dislike of railways, and if he be in addition a lecturer, who is obliged to sit in a cramped position and breathe bad air for five months of the year, he is the less likely to prolong his winter tortures through the summer. Hence, it is scarcely a wonder that, although I have seen so much of our country, I have *traveled* so little in it. I knew the Himalayas before I had seen the Green Mountains, the Cataracts of the Nile before Niagara, and the Libyan Desert before the Illinois prairies. I have never yet (let me make the disgraceful confession at the outset) beheld the White Mountains, or Quebec, or the Saguenay, or Lake George, or Trenton Falls!

In all probability I should now be at home, enjoying summer indolence under the shade of my oaks, were it not for the visit of some European friends, who have come over to see the land which all their kindness could not make *their* friend forget. The latter, in fact, possesses a fair share of the national sensitiveness, and defended his country with so much zeal and magnificent assertions, that his present visitors were not a little curious to see whether their own impressions would correspond with his pictures. He, on the other hand, being anxious to maintain his own as well as his country's credit, offered his services as guide

and showman to our mountains, rivers, lakes, and cataracts; and this is how he (I, you understand) came to start upon the present journey. On the whole, I think it a good plan not to see all your own country until after you have seen other lands. It is easy to say, with the schoolgirls, "I adore Nature!"—but he who adores never criticises. "What a beautiful view!" everyone may cry: "Why is it beautiful?" would puzzle many to answer. Long study, careful observation, and various standards of comparison are necessary—as much so as in art—to enable one to pronounce upon the relative excellence of scenery. I shall have, on this tour, the assistance of a pair of experienced, appreciative foreign eyes, in addition to my own, and you may therefore rely upon my giving you a tolerably impartial report upon American life and landscapes.

When one has a point to carry, the beginning is everything. I therefore embarked with my friends on a North River day-boat, at the Harrison street pier. The calliope, or steam-organ attached to the machine, was playing "Jordan's a hard road to travel," with astonishing shrillness and power. "There's an American invention!" I exclaimed, in triumph; "the waste steam, instead of being blown off, is turned into an immense hand-organ, and made to grind out this delightful music."

Several years had passed since I had seen the Hudson from the deck of a steamer. I found great changes, and for the better. The elegant summer residences of New Yorkers, peeping out from groves nestled in warm dells, or, most usually, crowning the highest points of the hills, now extend more than half-way to Albany.

The trees have been judiciously spared, straggling woods carved into shape, stony slopes converted into turf, and, in fact, the long landscape of the eastern bank gardened into more perfect beauty. Those Gothic, Tuscan, and Nor-

man villas, with their air of comfort and home, give an attractive, human sentiment to the scenery; and I would not exchange them for the castles of the Rhine.

The Highlands, of course, impressed my friends as much as I could have wished. It is customary among our tourists to deplore the absence of ruins on those heights—a very unnecessary regret, in my opinion. To show that we have associations fully as inspiring as those connected with feudal warfare, I related the story of Stony Point, and Andrè's capture; and pointed out, successively, Kosciusko's Monument, old Fort Putnam, and Washington's Headquarters. Sunnyside was also a classic spot to my friends, nor was Idlewild forgotten.

In due time we reached Catskill, and made all haste to get off for the Mountain House. There are few summits so easy of access—certainly no other mountain resort in our country where the facilities of getting up and down are so complete and satisfactory. The journey would be tame, however, were it not for the superb view of the mountains, rising higher, and putting on a deeper blue, with every mile of approach.

On reaching the foot of the mountain, the character of the scenery entirely changes. The trees in Rip Van Winkle's dell are large and luxuriant-leaved, while the backward views, enframed with foliage and softly painted by the blue pencil of the air, grow more charming as you ascend. Ere long the shadow of the towering North Mountain was flung over us, as we walked up in advance of the laboring horses. The road was bathed in sylvan coolness; the noise of an invisible stream beguiled the steepness of the way; emerald ferns sprang from the rocks, and the red blossoms of the showy *rubus* and the pale blush of the laurel brightened the gloom of the undergrowth. It is fortunate that the wood has not been cut

away, and but rare glimpses of the scenes below are allowed to the traveler. Landing in the rear of the Mountain House, the huge white mass of which completely shuts out the view, thirty paces bring you to the brink of the rock, and you hang suspended, as if by magic, over the world.

It was a quarter of an hour before sunset—perhaps the best moment of the day for the Catskill panorama. The shadows of the mountain-tops reached nearly to the Hudson, while the sun, shining directly down the Clove, interposed a thin wedge of golden lustre between. The farm-houses on a thousand hills beyond the river sparkled in the glow, and the Berkshire mountains swam in a luminous, rosy mist. The shadows strode eastward at the rate of a league a minute as we gazed; the forests darkened, the wheat-fields became brown, and the houses glimmered like extinguished stars. Then the cold north wind blew, roaring in the pines, the last lurid purple faded away from the distant hills, and in half an hour the world below was as dark, and strange, and spectral, as if it were an unknown planet we were passing on our journey through space.

The scene from Catskill is unlike any other mountain view that I know. It is imposing through the very simplicity of its features. A line drawn from north to south through the sphere of vision divides it into two equal parts. The western half is mountain, falling off in a line of rock parapet; the eastern is a vast semicircle of blue landscape, half a mile lower. Owing to the abrupt rise of the mountain, the nearest farms at the base seem to be almost under one's feet; and the country, as far as the Hudson, presents almost the same appearance as if seen from a balloon. Its undulations have vanished; it is as flat as a pancake; and even the bold line of hills stretch-

ing toward Saugerties, can only be distinguished by the color of the forests upon them. Beyond the river, although the markings of the hills are lost, the rapid rise of the country from the water-level is very distinctly seen ; the whole region appears to be lifted on a sloping plane, so as to expose the greatest possible surface to the eye. On the horizon the Hudson Highlands, the Berkshire and Green mountains unite their chains, forming a continuous line of misty blue.

At noonday, under a cloudless sky, the picture is rather monotonous. After the eye is accustomed to its grand, aerial depth, one seeks relief in spying out the characteristics of the separate farms, or in watching specks (of the size of fleas) crawling along the highways. Yonder man and horse, going up and down between the rows of corn, resemble a little black bug on a bit of striped calico. When the sky is full of moving clouds, however, nothing can be more beautiful than the shifting masses of light and shade, traversing such an immense field. There are, also, brief moments when the sun or moon is reflected in the Hudson ; when rainbows bend slantingly beneath you, striking bars of seven-hued flame across the landscape ; when, even, the thunders march below, and the fountains of the rain are under your feet.

What most impressed my friends was the originality of the view. Familiar with the best mountain scenery of Europe, they could find nothing with which to compare it. As my movements during this journey are guided entirely by their wishes, I was glad when they said, "Let us stay here 'another day.'"

We have front rooms at the Mountain House ; have you ever had one ? Through the white, Corinthian pillars of the portico—pillars, which, I must say, are very well proportioned—you get much the same effects as

through those of the Propylæa of the Athenian Acropolis. You can open your window, breathing the delicious mountain air in sleep (under a blanket), and, without lifting your head from the pillow, see the sun come up a hundred miles away.

Those, I find, who visit Catskill, come again. This is my fourth ascent, and I trust it is far from being my last. More to-morrow.

At the foot of the Catskill Mountain, the laurel showed its dark-red seed vessels; half-way up, the last faded blossoms were dropping off; but, as we approached the top, the dense thickets were covered with a glory of blossoms. Far and near, in the caverns of shade under the pines and oaks and maples, flashed whole mounds of flowers, white and blush-color, dotted with the vivid pink of the crimped buds. The finest cape azaleas and ericas are scarcely more beautiful than our laurel. Between those mounds bloomed the flame-colored lily, scarcely to be distinguished, at a little distance, from the breast of an oriole. The forest scenery was a curious amalgamation of Norway and the tropics. "What a land, what a climate," exclaimed one of my friends, "that can support such inconsistencies!" "After this," I replied, "it will perhaps be easier for you to comprehend the apparent inconsistencies, the opposing elements, which you will find in the American character."

The next morning we walked to the Katterskill Falls. Since my last visit (in 1851), a handsome hotel—the Laurel House—has been erected here by Mr. Schutt. The road into the Clove has also been improved, and the guests at the Mountain House make frequent excursions into the wild heart of the Catskill region, especially to Stony Clove, fourteen miles distant, at the foot of the

blue mountain which faces you as you look down the Katterskill glen. The falls are very lovely (I think that is the proper word)—they will bear seeing many times—but don't believe those who tell you that they surpass Niagara. Some people have a habit of pronouncing every last view they see "the finest thing in the world!"

The damming up of the water, so much deprecated by the romantic, strikes me as an admirable arrangement. When the dam is full the stream overruns it, and you have as much water as if there were no dam. Then, as you stand at the head of the lower fall, watching the slender scarf of silver fluttering down the black gulf, comes a sudden, dazzling rush from the summit; the fall leaps away, from the half-way ledge where it lingered, bursting in rockets and shooting stars of spray on the rocks, and you have the full effect of the stream when swollen by spring thaws. Really, this temporary increase of volume is the finest feature of the fall.

No visitor to Catskill should neglect a visit to the North and South mountains. The views from these points, although almost identical with that from the House, have yet different foregrounds, and embrace additional segments of the horizon. The North Peak, I fancy, must have been in Bryant's mind when he wrote his poem of "The Hunter." Those beautiful features, which hovered before the hunter's eyes, in the blue gulf of air, as he dreamed on the rock, are they not those of the same maiden who, rising from the still stream, enticed Goethe's "Fisher" into its waves?—the poetic embodiment of that fascination which lurks in height and depth? Opposite the North Rock there is a weather-beaten pine, which, springing from the mountain-side below, lifts its head just to the level of the rock, and not more than twelve feet in front of it. I never see it without feeling a keen desire to

spring from the rock and lodge in its top. The Hanlon Brothers or Blondin, I presume, would not have the least objection to perform such a feat.

In certain conditions of the atmosphere the air between you and the lower world seems to become a visible fluid, an ocean of pale, crystalline blue, at the bottom of which the landscape lies. Peering down into its depths, you at last experience a numbness of the senses, a delicious wandering of the imagination, such as follows the fifth pipe of opium. Or, in the words of Walt Whitman, you "loaf, and invite your soul."

The guests we found at the Mountain House were rather a quiet company. Several entire families were quartered there for the season, but it was perhaps too early for the evening hops and sunrise flirtations which I noticed ten years ago. Parties formed and strolled off quietly into the woods ; elderly gentlemen sank into arm-chairs on the rocks, and watched the steamers on the Hudson ; nurses pulled venturous children away from the precipice, and young gentlemen from afar sat on the verandah and wrote in their note-books. You would not have guessed the number of guests if you had not seen them at table. I found this quiet, this nonchalance, this "take care of yourself and let other people alone" characteristic very agreeable, and the difference, in this respect, since my last visit, leads me to hope that there has been a general improvement (which was highly needed) in the public manners of the Americans.

A SABBATH ON THE CATSKILLS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

YESTERDAY was a golden Sabbath. With a chastened warmth the sun-rays fell through the crystal air—an air so pure that the slightest sound from cawing crow or whistling robin in the pines beneath us, came up to our ears distinctly.

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> Bridal of earth and sky."

By five o'clock we were out upon the ledge in front of the hotel, for you must remember that the Mountain House is hung, like an eagle's nest, right on the verge of the precipice. As we came out to the table-rock, the sun was just coming up to the horizon. Aurora, with rosy finger, was opening the portals of the east. A long, fleecy cloud, whose lower surface was dyed with crimson, which faded into pink and then into a pearl-white, lay motionless in the glowing air. Between the Hudson and the far-away hills of Berkshire were heaped up banks of vapor which parted at the coming of the king of day—like cohorts parting right and left to receive an advancing sovereign. Detachments of mist were floating out from the entrance of the "Clove," and moving off toward the silver Hudson. Presently the river began to turn to paly gold. Then brighter. Then redder. Then it burned into a molten mirror of crimson, for the sun had already passed up from the horizon and veiled his glorious face behind the mantling cloud. So screened was his brightness from

the eye, that we could look down undazzled upon the gorgeous panorama of the veil beneath. Far off toward the south, smoked the Highlands with their morning incense. Nearer lay the winding of the river before Hyde Park. Saugerties, with its white church-spires, was at our feet. A patch of green no larger than a man's hand, on the opposite side of the river from Catskill, marked the spot on which the painter Church is gathering materials for his nest. The cottage (Mrs. Cole's) in which, with his new-found mate, he is now waiting for the season of nidification, is also distinctly in view. Across the field from the cottage stands the studio of Cole, from which came forth the immortal "Voyage of Life," and in which still remains the unfinished "Cross and the World." Beyond this haunt of genius lies the bay of Hudson, golden in the sunlight, then the spires of Hudson City, then verdant farms and forest, and in the dim, mist-covered background swell upward the Green Mountains of Vermont.

A half-dozen of our fellow-lodgers, who, like ourselves, wished to begin the day's worship early, were standing beside us on the rocks, wrapped in cloaks and shawls. There was a dim resemblance in the scene to a sunrise on the Righi. But alas! no glaciers, no sky-piercing pinnacle of ice, was in sight. No sublimity, either, was there in our spectacle; but there was *beauty* infinite, beauty beyond aught that we have seen from mountain-top before, beauty beyond the reach of words. The sublime is only to be found at Catskill when a thunder-storm is mustering its battalions and discharging its terrific artillery among the "rattling peaks." At other times, the one sensation that is inspired by every varying view from sunrise to sunset, is that of beauty unending and illimitable. And never is the spectacle so surpassingly beautiful as at the day-dawn of a summer's morn.

After breakfast, the large company gathered in groups upon the ledge until the hour of service, or, with book in hand, strolled up into the thickets toward South Mountain. A few drove off to the Kauterskill Falls about three miles distant; but the Sabbath arrangements of our Sabbath-observing host were cordially responded to by nine-tenths of all his guests. This house is a "sweet home" all the week, and a sanctuary on the Lord's day.

At eleven o'clock a gong sounded through the halls, and the parlors were soon filled by a quiet, reverential audience. A pulpit was extemporized in one corner of the drawing-room, quite as much of a pulpit as that from behind which Boanerges thunders every Sunday in Plymouth church. We had delightful music, for the leader of the "First Dutch Church" of Brooklyn, with his accomplished *soprano*, was present. Their rich voices led ours, as we joined in good old "Coronation;" and with swelling chorus shouted out, "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings," in a style that would have gladdened Father Hastings' soul. A stout substantial Scotch divine gave us a discourse quite Chalmerian in character, on the "wondrous works of God" in creation, providence, and redemption. We all like his Scotch brogue exceedingly; it is an unctuous brogue, whether for song or for sermon; whether in Burns's lyrics or from Guthrie's pulpit. In that Gælicized English have been delivered many of the most magnificent discourses of modern days. In the afternoon our hotel congregation gathered again to hear a discourse from your Brooklyn friend on "Love for Christ as the inspiration and joy of the Christian's life." Even a third service in the evening was crowded to the door! Again our good dominie from the "land o' brown heath" addressed us, his subject being the "Sepulchre in the Garden;"—again our eyes were lifted toward the

everlasting hills whence cometh all our help—again our voices rang out upon the still mountain air as we joined in singing "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people." When the company separated, unwearied, to their rooms, the general utterance was: "What a blessed Sabbath we have had! A more delightful we never passed than this Sabbath on the Catskills!"

Yesterday was clear from dawn to twilight. To-day the drenching rain is pouring down the window-pane. Over the ledge lies an Atlantic of vapor without sail or shore, and through the hemlocks on North mountain the wind brattles like a hurricane. We are disappointed of our expected ride through the Clove, a deep ravine, which was the favorite haunt of Cole, and of his pupil Church. Over all this region these two sons of nature rambled together; their names are as thoroughly identified with it as the name of Scott with the Eildon Hills, or that of Irving with the Hudson. Great as is the fame of Cole, it is not outstripped by his more celebrated pupils. No production of Turner is superior to the *Heart of the Andes*—not even the "Sunset View of Cologne," or the "Building of Carthage." Claude is the acknowledged prince of landscape painters; yet in a distant land of which Claude had never heard, has risen up a youth who need not fear to have his productions hung on the same wall with the masterpieces of the man whose pictures used to sell for as much gold as would cover the canvass. Were the "Twilight in the Wilderness" to be found a few years hence in some dusty corner of an Italian convent, it might pass for a gem of Venetian or Florentine genius. Yet its author once played, a Yankee boy, in the streets of Hartford, and learned the secrets of his wondrous art, not in foreign galleries, but in yonder glorious Clove-gallery of rocks and mountain-pines, built by the Almighty arm.

CHAPTER XIV.

Thomas Cole.—His Early Life.—His first Visit to the Mountains, and Attachment to them.—Paintings of them.—Cols. Trumbull, Dunlap, Durand.—Cole's Early Fame.—Bryant.—Sunrise on the Mountains.—Poetry.—Windham.—Rev. Mr. Stimson.—Trip to Windham.—A Rude Hotel.—A Storm in the Mountains.—The Bewilderment.—Fearful Peril and Final Escape.—A Dream.—Poetry.—A Trip to the Mountains.—The Lakes.—Scenery there.—Durand's Painting of Rip Van Winkle.—Excursion to High Peak.—American and Swiss Scenery compared.—Plattekill Clove.

THERE is no one whose name, either as author or artist, is more prominent, in connection with the Catskill Mountains and the country around, than Thomas Cole, N. A., who has left behind him, as enduring memorials of his fame, "The Course of Empire," "The Voyage of Life," and other paintings of high artistic merit and fame. Mr. Cole was a native of England, but came to this country, with his father's family, when nineteen years of age. After enduring the privations of poverty for years, as an engraver, a traveling portrait painter, and in other callings and pursuits in life, he, at length, by the force of his talents, genius, industry, perseverance, and patient and enduring toil and study, became one of the most eminent and successful landscape painters in the world. To his warm personal friend, pastor, and biographer, Rev. Louis L. Noble, formerly of Catskill, we are indebted for a full, able, and interesting record of the life, labors, personal character, and success in his profession, of Mr. Cole.

As Cole early visited the Catskill Mountains, and afterwards, for many years, on to the end of life, had his family residence and studio near the village of Catskill, in full view of all the higher summits of the range, he had, from the first, a peculiar interest in them, and an ardent and enthusiastic attachment to them. Of his first excursion up the Hudson River, his biographer thus writes:—"From the moment when his eye first caught the rural beauties clustering round the cliffs of Weehawken, and glanced up the distance of the Palisades, Cole's heart had been wandering in the Highlands, and nestling in the bosom of the Catskills. It is needless to say that he followed its impulses, at his earliest liberty, in the Autumn ensuing."

"If it be interesting to know what were his first impressions of the romantic scenery now made familiar to art by his pencil, it is certain that they were even more lively than he had himself anticipated. It charmed his eye, and took his soul captive. What his affections so readily embraced, only became dearer to him the more he enjoyed it. Wherever he subsequently traveled, whether among the lakes and hills of England, the Alban heights, or the Alps, up the sides of the Apennines, or of Etna, along the seashore, down the Rhone or the Rhine, he always turned to the Hudson, and the summits that pierce its clouds, and darken its blue skies, with the strength and tenderness of a first love. It is questionable whether after this, he ever painted a picture, with the exception, perhaps, of his European landscapes, which does not bear witness to some feature peculiar to this land of his heart."

Of the paintings of Cole after his return from this excursion to the Catskill Mountains, one was "A Lake with Dead Trees," suggested, perhaps, by one of the lakes near the Mountain House, with the dead trees around it,

many such being found there, as relics and memorials of the wildly raging fires which, from time to time, sweep over the mountains; and of which we had a fearfully sublime example during the dry summer of 1864, when the flames reached within a few feet of the outbuildings at the Mountain House, and the costly structure there owed its safety mainly to a fire-engine, which had been hastily brought there, from the village of Catskill, twelve miles distant. A view by night, of the mountains, with the flames rolling along their sides and summits, and shining forth from the trunks and tops of lofty forest trees, is a scene of exciting and appalling splendor, well nigh as grand and imposing as an eruption of Vesuvius or Etna.

Another painting by Cole, after his return from the Mountains, was "The Falls of the Cauterskill," the last word being here written as it is commonly pronounced, though the proper original spelling of the word is Kaaterskill, meaning the kill, or stream, of the Kaater, or male wildcat, or lynx, an animal which is still often met with in this region. This picture of the Falls was purchased by Colonel Trumbull, the celebrated historical painter, and two others by Dunlap and Durand, celebrated artists, to whom Cole was thus introduced, and thus, by the aid of these three distinguished friends, the attention and patronage of the public, far and wide, was secured by Cole, though at that time but twenty-four years of age. Trumbull then said to him: "You surprise me, at your age, to paint like this. You have already done what I, with all my years and experience, am yet unable to do." Durand said of him, "His fame spread like fire;" and Bryant, in his "Funeral Oration," thus wrote: "From that time he had a fixed reputation, and was numbered among the men of whom our country has reason to be proud." Thus it would seem that the eagle-winged genius of Cole received

an early inspiration, and made its first daring and successful flight from the summit of the Catskills; and hence it is not strange that ever after it should have been the home of his heart's affections, within full view of which he fixed his life-long abode, and on which he fondly gazed, as from above and beyond it the setting sun shone, in its splendor and its beauty, on the closing scenes of life. Thus were these rude and rugged cliffs to him like the "Delectable Mountains" to the wayworn Christian Pilgrim, clothed with attractive grandeur and beauty, while above and beyond them were the high glories and enduring bliss of the Celestial City, the New Jerusalem on high.

It was a favorite maxim with Cole, that "To walk with Nature as a poet is the necessary condition of a perfect artist." Hence he often, in his wanderings at the close of the day, wrote in glowing language, in poetry, or prose, or both, of the impressions made upon his mind by the scenery around him. Of these sketches I here give one, entitled

"SUNRISE FROM THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS."

The mists were resting on the vale of the Hudson like the drifted snow; tops of distant mountains in the east were visible—things of another world. The sun rose from bars of pearly hue; above these were clouds light and warm, and the clear sky was of a cool grayish tint. The mist below the mountains began first to be lighted up, and the trees on the tops of the lower hills cast their shadows over the misty surface—innumerable streaks. A line of light on the extreme horizon was very beautiful. Seen through the breaking mist, the fields were exquisitely fresh and green. Though dark, the mountain-side was sparkling, and the Hudson, where it was uncovered to the sight, slept in deep shadow.

In a poem of Cole's, entitled "The Wild," we have a similar description:

"Friends of my heart, lovers of Nature's works,
Let me transport you to those wild blue mountains
That rear their summits near the Hudson's wave.
Though not the loftiest that begirt the land,
They yet sublimely rise, and on their heights
Your souls may have a sweet foretaste of heaven,
And traverse wide the boundless: From this rock,
The nearest to the sky, let us look out
Upon the earth, as the first swell of day
Is bearing back the duskiness of night.
But lo! a sea of mist o'er all beneath;
An ocean shoreless, motionless, and mute.
No rolling swell is there, no sounding surf;
Silent and solemn all; the stormy main
To stillness frozen, while the crested waves
Leaped in the whirlwind, and the loosen'd foam
Flew o'er the angry deep.
See! now ascends
The Lord of Day, waking with pearly fire
The dormant depths. See how his glowing breath
The rising surges kindles: lo! they heave
Like golden sands upon Sahara's gales.
Those airy forms disporting from the mass,
Like winged ships sail o'er the wondrous plain.
Beautiful vision! Now the veil is rent,
And the coy earth her virgin bosom bares,
Slowly unfolding to the enraptured gaze
Her thousand charms."

In another place he writes as follows:

"Oh, for an hour
Upon that sacred hill, that I might sleep,
And with poetic fervor wake inspired!
Then would I tell how pleasures spring like flowers
Within the bosom of the wilderness,
And call from crumbling fanes my fellow-men
To kneel in Nature's everlasting dome,
Where not the voice of feeble man doth teach,
But His, who in the rolling thunder speaks,
Or in the silence of the shady night,

Breathes in His power upon the startled ear.
Then would I tell the seasons' change; how spring
With tears and smiles speeds up the mountain's side,
And summer sips the moisture of her steps;
Tell how rich autumn, decked in colored robe,
Laughing at thirsty summer, ceaseless shakes
The juicy fruits from her luxurious lap,
And winter, rending, in his angry mood,
With cold, remorseless hand, the mantle bright
His dying sister left him, rudely sweeps
His snowy beard o'er all the beauteous world.

The sun was set in peace. It was the hour
When all things have a tone of sadness,
When the soft cloud moves not in its azure bed,
Left by the purple day to fade and die,
But beautiful and lovely in its death,
As is the virgin who has died of love."

WINDHAM.

This town lies on the western side of the Catskills, north-west of the Mountain House, and about as high above the level of the Hudson River as is the region around the Pine Orchard, where the Mountain House is; while higher mountain summits rise between these two points, where, and in the deep ravines along their sides, bears and other wild animals find a rude and safe retreat. The view from the road from Cairo to Windham, up the north-eastern point of the mountains, is one of the most striking and attractive in all this region, in the fertile, highly-cultivated, and richly-varied rural scenery of forest and field which meets the eye, when near the summit of the mountain one looks to the north on the towns of Durham, Greenville, and the country far and wide around.

In the southern part of the pleasant village of Windham Center is a large, smooth, perpendicular rock, at right-angles to the street, from ten to twenty feet in height and breadth. In the year 1785, Henry B. Stimson, then a boy

fourteen years of age, came from Hopkinton, Massachusetts, with his father, who was more than sixty years of age; and the two built, against the side of that rock, a rude cabin of brush and logs, with a roof of bark; and there they lived, among bears, wolves, and panthers, two years, until the other members of their family removed there. Their nearest neighbors were at Prattsville, ten miles in one direction, and at Cairo, sixteen miles in the other; and they brought their Indian corn, and other provisions, from the east side of the Hudson River, some thirty miles distant. This corn they bruised or ground with a stone, on the top of a large rock. Just as the first winter of their sojourn there commenced, their rude cabin, with everything in it, was burned; and then they reared another, which was but a poor shelter for them, amid the deep snows and raging winds of those mountain heights.

At the age of twenty, the son had been at school but three or four months in all; and yet, by the diligent reading and study of such books as he could obtain, much of it at night, after severe toil by day, lighted by pine-knots stuck in the back of the chimney of their log-cabin, and lying with his book on the floor before him, he laid the foundation of a solid, useful education; so that, at the age of thirty, with only one year's schooling abroad, and the aid, to some extent, of clergymen several miles from him, he became the first pastor of the Presbyterian Church, founded by him in Windham; and in twenty-two years admitted between six and seven hundred to its communion, baptized about the same number of children, and married nearly two hundred couples. His mountain diocese embraced what are now five or six townships, and he often attended four or five religious services, several miles distant from each other, on a single Sabbath. All honor to such hardy and hard-working pioneers, who laid broad and deep the

foundations of religious truth and order, to enlighten and guide all who should come after them. Mr. Stimson preached most of his life in the region where he first came as a pioneer, and in 1852, died, where his family still live, in the eightieth year of his age, having, for the last eight years of his life, been deranged.

The biographer of Cole thus writes of him :—"Attracted by the wild scenery of Windham, he made an excursion there in the Autumn of 1826. The following is a description of an ascent to a mountain summit :—

TRIP TO WINDHAM.

October 8th.

At an hour and a half before sunset I had a steep and lofty mountain before me, heavily wooded, and infested with wolves and bears ; and as I had been informed, with no house for six miles. But I determined, in spite of all difficulties, and an indescribable feeling of melancholy, to attain my object : so pressing my portfolio to my side, I dashed up the dark and woody height. After climbing some three miles of steep and broken road, I found myself near the summit of the mountain, with (thanks to some fire of past times) a wide prospect. Above me, jutted out some bare rocks ; to these I clambered up, and sat upon my mountain throne, the monarch of the scene. The sun was now nearly setting, and the shadows veiled in dim obscurity the quiet valley. Here and there a stream faintly sparkled ; clouds flaming in the last glories of day hung on the points of the highest peaks, like torches lifted by the earth to kindle the lamps of heaven. Summit rose above summit, mountain rolled away beyond mountain. The prospect was sublime. A hasty sketch or two, and I commenced my descent. After a hurried walk of two or three miles, I came to a log house, a rude swinging sign pointing it out as a place of

sojourn for the night. I walked in, and it appeared comfortless enough. I felt as though I should be more comfortable in the woods. I was relieved, however, when my landlady appeared with clean and smiling face, and asked me upstairs. A scene of neatness here presented itself that I had not expected. After a plain supper of cheese, rye-bread and butter, I was entertained by an old hunter with a recital of feats of the chase. Here in this valley he and his wife had resided more than twenty years, and raised, with the help of no hands but their own, the first log-house. Those were days of privation and hardship for the pioneer, but he looks back upon them as days of happiness. 'There were but few of us, then,' the old hunter said, 'and we loved and helped one another ; but it is not so now.' I believe all the people in the little settlement flocked together in the evening to see me—a strange animal, surely ; and a hard-featured, long-bearded, long-legged company they were. My portfolio was an object of universal curiosity. One wiseacre pronounced it, in a low voice, '*a grammar.*' They took the liberty, when my back was turned, of opening it, in order to see what so large a book might contain. What discoveries they made in their own estimation I hardly know. I simply heard something about maps. I slept soundly, rose early at a good breakfast, and desired of my kind host what was to pay.—*One shilling.* I offered them a bank-note, as I had no silver ; unfortunately they could not change it, and so I gave my note *for one shilling*, payable on demand, at ——'s, nine miles distant. I then took my way back 'Over hills, over dales, through bush, through briers.'"

The following sketch is also by Cole :—

STORM IN THE CATSKILLS.

In one of my mountain rambles I was overtaken by

a thunderstorm. In the early part of the day the sky was brilliant and unclouded. As it advanced, huge masses of vapor were seen moving across the deep blue. Though there was some reason to expect a storm, I contented myself with the hope that the clouds would pass over the mountains without unburdening themselves. My hope proved fallacious. A sudden darkness enveloped the scene, which a few moments before was beaming with sunlight, and thunders muttered in the distance. It was necessary soon to seek a shelter, which I found beneath an overhanging rock. Under this massive canopy of stone I took my station, with the feeling of one who knows himself out of the reach of peril, while it is all around him. Here, thought I, as I paced the rocky floor of my temporary castle, I will watch unharmed the battle of the elements. The storm came on in all its majesty. Like a hoarse trumpet sounding to the charge, a strong blast roared through the forest, which stooped in its weakness, and shook off its leaves as thickly as in October. To this tremendous onset succeeded a death-like calm. The deep gorge below me grew darker, and the gloom more awful: terrific clouds gathered in their black wings, upon the hollow hushed abyss, closer and closer. Expectation hung on every crag. A single pass of one long blade of lightning through the silence, followed by a crash as of a cloven mountain with a thousand echoes, was the signal for the grand conflict. A light troop of raindrops first swept forward, footing it over the boughs, with a soft and whispery sound; then came the tread of the heavy shower: squadrons of vapor rolled in, shock succeeded shock, thunderbolt fell on thunderbolt, peal followed peal, waters dashed on every crag from the full sluices of the sky. I was wrapped in the folds of the tempest, and blinded to every prospect beyond the rugged doorway

of the cave. Then came up a thousand fancies. I thought myself careering in a chariot of rock through airy wastes, beyond the reach of gravitation, with no law but my own will. Now I rose over mountainous billows of mist, then plunged into the fathomless obscure. Night shot athwart the darkness, darkness extinguished light: to musical murmurs succeeded quick explosions. There was no cessation, fixedness, or rest. The storm kept on, strong and furious; no fancy could dissipate the awful reality; no imagery of mind could amuse the fears that began to throng around my heart! Trees fell with a stifled crash, cataracts mingled their din with the general uproar. I began to fear that the rocks would be loosened from the brow of the mountain above me, and roll down with overwhelming force. The lightning played round my very tenement, and the thunder burst on my door-stone. I felt as feeble as a child. Every moment my situation was becoming more comfortless, as well as romantic. A torrent, to all appearance parted by the projecting crag which formed the roof of my shelter, came rushing down on both sides of me, and met again a short distance below me. Here I was, a captive to the floods, and began to meditate the possibility of having to spend the night in this dismal nook. There was the hard rock, a little mat of moss, and the remains of a mountain dinner in my knapsack. The wind drove the chilly vapor through my portals; the big drops gathered on my stone ceiling, and pattered on my hat and clothes, and the waters began to flow in little brooks across my floor. My bed of moss became a saturated sponge. I piled the loose flakes of rock in the cave, and sought comfort on the rugged heap. My only hope was the sudden cessation of the storm. I knew that the sun was hardly yet setting, although the darkness had deepened fearfully. But this, to my great joy, turned out to be the crisis of the tempest.

"All at once a blast with the voice and force of a hurricane swept up through the gulf, and lifted, with magical swiftness, the whole mass of clouds high into the air. This was the signal for a general dispersion. A flood of light burst in from the west, and jeweled with glittering raindrops the whole broad bosom of the mountain. The birds began to sing, and I saw in a neighboring dell the blue smoke curling quietly up from a cottage chimney."

Early in the summer of 1827, Cole was again in Catskill, where he fitted up a room for painting; and, as usual, spent much time in the open air, sketching and drawing, and wandering among the mountains.

The story which follows has a strong flavor of the fanciful and romantic; and yet to one familiar with the wild scenery of the mountains, and the imposing and varied force and grandeur of the raging torrents, which, after a freshet, run down the deep ravines, scarce anything in the way of description appears overdrawn or extravagant.

"THE BEWILDERMENT.

"The sun was low in the sky, and seemed to hasten down with unaccustomed speed, for I was alone and a stranger in the wilderness. The nearest habitation was on the other side of a mountain which rose before me, whose tangled woods were the haunt of wild animals. I had walked far that day, but my path had been through regions of nature that delight and impress the mind. Excitement had well nigh carried me above the reach of fatigue, and my feet were not slow upon the leaf-strewn path. A lone man in the wilderness is affected by every change of light and shade, of sunshine and of storm. In the fine morning his spirits are fresh and elastic as the air he breathes, and he feels as if weariness could never oppress him. But when evening is dropping her dusky curtains the wind

has a tone of sadness, and the sound of the waterfall steals through the arches of the forest like the moaning voice of a spirit. Thus was it with me; joyous as I had been through the splendor of the day, I could not but feel a tone of melancholy as I threaded the deepening shadows of the woodlands. The road was steep and difficult, and the thick boughs on either side shut me in from every distant object. I reached, at length, the top of the mountain, and had a glorious prospect. The sun was sinking behind a dark fringe of pines and rocks, leaving the vales in solemn shadow. Here and there beams of reflected light shot up from the depths below, from the rapid brook, or the quiet pool. On every side the mountains bore their burden of ancient woods: far as sight could reach, through glens and craggy passes, and up to the mountain line, melting away in misty distance, all was the old woody wilderness. Here and there, piled on the overtopping pinnacles, clouds bathed themselves in the last red sunbeams. The chilly air of twilight had come before I could leave this glorious solitude. Anxious to reach my intended resting-place for the night, I hastened onward with redoubled speed. My path led steeply down into a deep valley; the shades thickened at every step, and rendered its windings more and more obscure. Several times I hesitated, in doubt as to its course, and at length I lost it entirely. A tornado had recently passed this way, and laid prostrate almost every tree in its track of desolation. How long I struggled through the entangled roots and branches I could not tell, but they seemed interminable. I went forward and back, to the right hand and to the left, and at length was so bewildered as to be wholly unable to decide which way I should go.

"The truth at last crept over me. *I was lost*—lost past finding out or being found, at least for that night. Fa-

tigued, dripping with perspiration, disheartened, hungry, and vexed, I sat down among the briers, with the resolution to wait there until the break of day. But the air grew chilly, wild clouds hurried across the sky, and the wind sounded hollow and forebodingly through the forest. Inaction I could endure no longer. Again I tried to extricate myself from the windfall, with a desperate energy. I climbed and stooped, scrambled, crawled, and dodged. Now a limb struck me in the face, and I fell backwards among the brambles; then I made a misstep, or a rotten bough broke beneath my foot, and I plunged forward with a crash. I was every moment in danger of breaking my limbs, and putting out my eyes. At length, to my unspeakable delight, I struck into open ground, and advanced a few yards with as much spirit as if the difficulty was all over, and the end of my efforts was attained. This again was of short duration. The ground was pitch black, and I could see no more of its surface than a blind man. One moment I fancied it was smooth where it was rough, or started back as if from a hollow, where the surface was actually rising. It was dark as Egypt, and I stood still. The next few moments were among the most strange and critical in my life; yet I was without the least sense of danger, listening to the rapid beating of my heart, when the sod gave way beneath my feet and I shot down an almost perpendicular bank of earth, with a force and swiftness that outstripped the loose earth and stones that came down after me.

"In vain did I throw out my arms with the hope of grasping rock, root, or shrub; everything I seized gave way instantly, and joined in the general plunge. How long was the earthy steep, or how high was the rock over which, at last, I dashed headlong, I could not tell:—deep water received me in its cold embrace. How I managed

to escape instant drowning, as I could never swim, I do not know. An involuntary struggle brought me to the surface, and clinched my hands to a rock which rose above the water. Upon this rock I climbed, and lay for awhile motionless and exhausted. Soon, however, I was able to sit up and look around. Save a small spot of blue sky, far, far overhead, with a single star, all was dark as Erebus itself. My first thought was to sit out the night, but my hands and feet began to ache with cold, and my whole frame to shiver. The lone star was gone, and the wind began to howl in the forest above me, in token of coming rain. The trees moaned sullenly, and chafed each other, and a large raindrop fell upon my face. A heavy rain I knew would quickly swell the brooks to raging torrents, and sweep me from the rock. Something must soon be done to relieve me from danger.

"Taking firm hold of the rock, I carefully lowered myself into the water, and found it beyond my depth. With the greatest difficulty I regained my former situation. I then tried the other side of the rock, and could touch the bottom. Quitting my stronghold, I waded, breast deep, in the water, until putting forth my hands, I laid them on a wet solid wall of perpendicular rock, extending as far as I could reach. My heart sank within me. My blood ran with a chilly tingling through my veins, a cold sweat stood upon my forehead. I was imprisoned in a dungeon of precipices, and the rain was falling in sheets. The sickness of despair seized upon me. 'Here, then,' I exclaimed aloud, 'I shall perish;' my friends will never know what has become of me. I shouted, but to no purpose; my voice was instantly smothered by the roar of the wind and the rain. Desperation seized upon me, and I determined to rescue myself at every hazard. I first held my hand in the water to learn the direction of the

current, in order to find some outlet, but the water was in perfect repose. I then began to wade round the pool, with one hand upon the rock. So deep was the water that my progress was slow, and the pool seemed of great extent. At length a rumbling murmur, as of a stream running in a cavern, fell distinctly on my ears, in a momentary lull of the storm. Soon I was near the outlet of the dungeon lake, but what was my terror when I found the water tumbling into the mouth of a cavern, the arch of which I could feel with my hands as I stood in the current. But my fear was quickly gone, and I made my way down among the crags and foam. I worked with the energy of desperation, and found that the rapid was more turbulent than deep, until I reached a smooth rocky floor, over which the water flowed silently. Whither the stream led, was a question which greatly excited me, but there was no return, and no delay. The dash of my footsteps, as I waded forward, rang strangely through the hollow cave, and I felt a wild and vivid pleasure as I advanced. I shouted, sang, whistled, for the very horror of the thing, and strode on courageously and strong. All at once the floor declined, and the water deepened. I paused a moment, turned back, and struck my head against the limb of a small dry tree lodged by a freshet, on a projecting crag of the cavern.

"I rolled off the dry fragment of the tree into the water, and pushed it on before me until the water was too deep for wading, and then mounting it, committed myself to the mercy of the current. At length the motion of my odd bark was evident, and I heard the low murmur of falling water. The stream became swift and whirling, and I felt that the crisis of my fate was fast approaching. The murmur had now increased to the dashing of a cascade, and the stillness of the atmosphere was broken by

gusts of misty wind. I floated on smoothly and swiftly; there was a sudden lighting up of the darkness, and my bark struck. I sprang into the shallow rapid, and was indeed on the verge of a waterfall, but to my great joy I found myself in the open air. A few steps brought me to a sandy bank, where I sat down in a state of mingled excitement and gratitude, and rested till my stiff and chilly limbs warned me to make some efforts to find a dwelling.

"The tempest had passed over; the moon, rising above a distant peak, sent her soft light through the shattered clouds; a faint blush in the east announced the dawn of day, and the barking of a dog gave me delightful intelligence of a house. Wet and weary I picked my way through the brushwood, and soon came to a path which led to the log-cabin of which the dog had given me the signal. A warm fire, and venison steak came in quick succession, with many wonders and guesses by mine host, a rough, but hospitable woodman. Among the most remarkable was the wonder how I came to get into the 'pot,' as he called the gulf where I had spend part of the night."

COLE'S DIARY AND LETTERS.

After Cole's return from his first visit to Europe, we find in his Diary allusions to the mountains, of which the following has a not unnatural connection with the narrative above:

"November 6, 1834.—Last night I dreamed that I was descending a steep mountain, and had to cling to roots and shrubs to aid me in the descent. One shrub, towards which I had stretched my hand, attracted my admiration by its beauty. I paused to gaze at it. As I gazed, I perceived, to my horror, that it was a serpent,

coiled in an attitude to spring upon me. How is this dream like many of the realities of life! Objects the most beautiful, and which we desire to clasp, are often fraught with poison." [The poison (in the case of human objects of desire) of avarice, ambition, passion, pride, or discontent.]

February 25.—Speaking of storms, he thus writes:

"I sigh not for a stormless clime,
Where drowsy quiet ever dwells,
Where crystal brooks with endless chime
Flow winding through perennial dells.

"For storms bring beauty in their train:
The hills below the howling blast,
The woods all weeping in their rain,
How glorious when the storm is past!

"So storms of ill, when pass'd away,
Leave in the soul serene delight;
The gloom of the tempestuous day
But makes the following calm more bright."

"May 24.—Spring has come at last. We have had a few days truly delightful: the softest temperature, the purest air, sunshine without burning, and breezes without chilliness; soft and cloudless skies. The mountains have taken their pearly hue, and the streams leap and glitter as though some crystal mountain was thawing beneath the sun. The swelling hills, with their white and rosy blossoms, blush in the light of day, and the air is full of fragrance and music. Oh, that this could endure, and no poison of the mind mingle in the cup."

RIP VAN WINKLE'S DELL, THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, AND THE LAKES.

"July 6, 1835.—I have just returned from the mountain, where I spent two of the happiest days I remember. Upon the evening of the third of July, with a friend, I de-

termined to spend our 'Fourth' among the mountains. Having waited in vain for a stage until nine in the evening, we set out to walk. The night was fine, and the moon gave a pleasant light, until it sank behind the piney ridge of the North Mountain. Being thirsty, and finding no spring at Lawrence's, where they were soundly asleep, we walked three miles further, to Rip Van Winkle's Hollow. The long mile from the toll-gate to Rip's is very steep. Thirst, however, gave wings to our feet, and we reached there with parched mouths and wet skins. It was midnight when we sat down by the stream which comes leaping from the grand amphitheatre of wooded mountains. There was a tin cup glittering by the rill, placed there for the use of travelers, by some generous soul, and we drank from it again and again, of the pure, cold water, and the draughts were even more delicious than those of Rip from the famous keg. It was a solemn scene. Dark forests, rugged rocks, towering mountains were around us, and the breeze brought to our ears the sound of waving trees, falling waters, and the clear chant of the whip-poor-will. We did not, like old Rip, sleep twenty years after our drinking, but reached the Mountain House at one o'clock.

"After breakfast, we strolled down to the small lake, a few hundred yards from the house. It has beautiful as well as grand features—rich forests and mountains. The lower lake is much larger and more beautiful than the other. I pointed out a view which I once painted, which was, I think, the first picture ever painted of the lake, which will hereafter be the subject of a thousand pencils. Several years since I explored its shores for some distance, but thick woods and swampy grounds impeded me. I enriched my sketch-book with studies of the fine dead trees, which stand like spectres on the shores. As we

made our way to an opening through the woods, which disclosed the lake in a charming manner, we perceived a rude boat among the bushes, which was exactly what we wanted. We pushed off and leaped into it, as if the genius of the deep had placed it there for our special use. Before us spread the virgin waters which the prow of the sketcher had never yet curled, enfolded by the green woods, whose venerable masses had never yet figured in annuals, and overlooked by the stern mountain peaks never beheld by Claude or Salvator, nor subjected to the canvas by the innumerable dabblers in paint of all past time. The painter of American scenery has indeed privileges superior to any other. All nature is here new to art. No Tivolis, Ternis, Mount Blancs, Plinlimmons, hackneyed and worn by the pencils of hundreds, but primeval forests, virgin lakes and waterfalls, feasting his eye with new delights, and filling his portfolio with their features of beauty and magnificence, hallowed to his soul by their freshness from the creation, for his own favored pencil.

"A little promontory, forming a fine foreground to a charming view down the lake, invited us. We had some fine perspective lines of forest on our right, with many dead trees standing near the shore, as if stripped for the elements. These dead trees are a striking feature in the scenery of this lake, and exceedingly picturesque. Their pale forms rise from the margin of the lake, stretching out their contorted branches, and looking like so many genii set to protect their sacred waters. On the left was another reach of forest of various hues, and in the center of the picture rose the distant Round Top, blue and well defined, and cast its reflection on the lake, out to the point where our boat swung like a thing in air. The headland was picturesque in the extreme. Apart from the dense wood, a few birches and pines were grouped together

in a rich mass, and one giant pine rose far above the rest. On the extreme cape a few bushes of light green grew directly from the water. In the midst of their sparkling foliage stood two of the bare spectral trees, with limbs decorated with moss of silvery hue, and waving like gray locks in the wind. We remained here long enough to finish a sketch, and returned to our harbor to refit.

"After dinner we again launched our vessel for a longer voyage of discovery. We now crossed the lake, paddling, after the manner of Indians. Our boat glided beautifully over the tranquil waters, and swept aside the yellow water-lilies. In a strait between the mainland and a low islet, where the water was very still, the woods were reflected beautifully. I never saw such depth and brilliancy in the reflections. The dead trees on the margin added by their silvery tints to the harmony of color, and their images in the waters, which had a gentle undulation, appeared like immense glittering serpents playing in the deep. At every stroke of the oar some fresh object of beauty would break upon us. We made several sketches, and about sunset turned our prow. As we returned we struck up the 'Canadian Boat Song,' and though our music was rude, the woods answered in melodious echoes. What a place for music by moonlight! It would be romance itself! This may be, and I may enjoy it."

AUTUMNAL SCENERY.

"October 7.—At this season, when nature puts on a garb of splendor, when the days are brilliant and the sunsets full of glory, there are moods of mind when I feel that things are ill-timed and out of harmony. It is the saddest season of the year. Blight is on all the vegetable world. The woods are glowing with strange beauty, but it is the hectic flush, that sure precursor of death. But there are

days when I feel no such incongruity; those days of clouds without rain, when shadow subdues the pomp of the earth, and the air crystalline, the woods repose in sombre stillness, and the waters take the hills upon their bosom, and veil them with transparent loveliness.

"October 30.—The weather, for a month, has been truly delightful, but this day above all. A pure, crystal-like atmosphere has floated over the landscape, and the brown of the leafless woods has been tinged with the purest ultramarine. The sky is clear and cloudless, the air is still but fresh. Oh, Nature! to the loving eye, thou art seldom without smiles."

SUMMER SCENE.

"August 1, 1836.—This morning is as beautiful to me as ever fell upon the earth. The air is cool and transparent, the mountains clear and blue, the woods dense with juicy foliage, and every leaf is glittering with the gem-like dew. A robin is singing in the grove his never-closed song, and a little wren in the cedar near the window is warbling with all its might. I took a walk last evening up the valley of the Catskill, once my favorite walk. It is still lovely. Man cannot remove its craggy hills, nor well destroy its rock-rooted trees. The rapid stream will also have its course."

DURAND'S PAINTING OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

In a letter to his friend Durand, the celebrated painter, under date of January 4, 1838, Cole thus writes of the painting of old Rip Van Winkle, by that artist:

"So Rip has toiled up the mountain with the liquor. I should like to see the old Morpheus; and though I may not be blessed with a taste of the somnific cordial, I hope to enjoy the sight of the flagon, when I may, perhaps, ex-

claim, like the old woman in the fable, who, putting her nose to the bunghole of an empty wine-cask, cried, 'Oh, if thou art so delightful now, what must thou have been when full!' But your flagon shall be enjoyed not by nose, but eyes."

It would seem from the above that Durand was then painting the picture referred to, and had reported progress to Cole by letter. February 12, Cole thus writes: "So Rip is about finished. I long to see him."

Where is this painting? It should be at the Mountain House, with a copy of it in that of my friend and parishioner, Mr. S——, at the foot of the ravine up which Rip Van Winkle passed to his long resting-place, on the airy mound above.

EXCURSION TO HIGH PEAK.

Under date October 9, 1838, Cole describes the excursion made by himself, with two gentlemen and several ladies:

"The day was such an one as we would have chosen; one of our heavenly autumnal days, when the sun shines blandly through a clear and cloudless sky, and the crystal atmosphere casts a veil of beauty over the landscape, rich with the loveliest tints. Sundry baskets, with good things provided by the ladies, assured us that we should not die of famine among the mountains. It was resolved that we should sleep the next night on High Peak. The party was in the highest spirits. We entered the Clove, the fine pass where, on both sides, the mountains rise thousands of feet. The sun shone with golden splendor, and the huge precipices above the village of Palensville frowned over the valley like towers and battlements of cyclopean structure.

"At the village our party got out to walk up the steep road. Scattered in groups, we went loitering along,

sometimes stopping to pick a flower or a pebble, and to gaze upon the precipices above us, or into the gulf below, where flows the Cauterskill, with many a rush and bound, as if it were making merry with its native rocks before it left them for the quiet windings of the lower country. We crossed a bridge which spans the stream under impending cliffs. This is a scene truly picturesque; but we could not linger to gaze upon it. We were hungry, and dined at a charming waterfall near by. We ascended the next day, and traversed some beautiful regions of moss, where the sun, shining in gleams through the tall, dark, spruce forest, upon the green velvety carpet, was extremely fine. It reminded me of the interior of some vast Gothic pile, where the sun comes through narrow windows in slender streams, and lights whatever it strikes with a refulgence almost supernatural, amid the gloomy shadows around. There was some hard clambering before we reached the summit, but the ladies did bravely. We remained all night comfortably, and descended the next morning, in health and spirits."

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN SCENERY.

In the autumn of 1841, during his second visit to Europe, Cole thus writes:

"October 16.—We have just arrived at Neufchâtel, and were pursuing our way down the pass, the stream dashing impetuously along a thousand feet below, when a view of Lake Neufchâtel, and the distant Alps rising beyond, opened upon us. This was our first sight of the Alps, and a grand one it was. Upon the highest summits clouds were resting, while the level country was smiling in sunshine. The scene of the lake and the distant mountains resembled one from the upper part of the Plattekill Clove, where you see the Hudson and the New England hills beyond."

The Plattekill Clove is several miles south of the Cauterskill Clove, in the Catskill Mountains, with a wild stream running through it, far below the road.

Again, in October, Cole writes as follows: "I have seen no picture that represented the Alps truly, and words cannot describe them. The imagination searches in vain for comparisons. They are unearthly things, of the texture of the moon as seen through a fine telescope, beaming with a sort of liquid, silvery light—folds of heaven's drapery fallen to the earth. After a short stay at Neufchâtel we proceeded towards Berne, the Jura mountains still about us. How much they reminded me of our own Catskills—their forms and forests. Scenes all American sometimes burst upon us.

"You may fear, perhaps, that the wonderful scenery of Switzerland will destroy my relish for our own. This will not be the case. I know that when I return I shall yet find beauty. Our scenery has its own peculiar charms, and it is so connected with my affection that it will never lose its power."

After reaching home Cole thus wrote to G. W. Greene, Esq., United States Consul at Rome:

"Must I tell you that neither the Alps, nor the Apennines, no, nor Etna itself, have dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our own Catskills. It seems to me that I look on American scenery, if it were possible, with increased pleasure. It has its own peculiar charm—a something not found elsewhere. I am content with nature, would that I were with art. I wish I could transport you here for a few days, to enjoy with me these magnificent mountains. I know you would be willing to repay me in kind, and take me out of Porta Pia to get a sight of Mont Albano."

CHAPTER XV.

The Cauterskill Falls.—View of them in Winter.—Column and Pillars of Ice.—The Falls in 1865.—Excursion to Blackhead.—To South Peak.—Cole's Last Visit to the Mountains.—His Death.—His Residence.—The Dutch Dominie of the Catskills.—Its Author.—Its Hero and Leading Characters.—The Spectral Looking-glass.—Mirage.—Fata Morgana.—Mirage at Sea.—Fawn's Leap and Dog Hole.—Mountains in Autumn and Winter.—Indian Summer.—Scottish Scenery.—The Falls in Winter.—Water Scenery of the Mountains.

THE CAUTERSKILL FALLS.

THESE falls are two miles from the Catskill Mountain House, by foot-paths through the woods, or by a boat to the foot of the Southern Lake, of which the Cauterskill Creek is the outlet; and thence through the woods, or two and a half miles by a pleasant mountain road, over which, during the summer, an omnibus runs twice a day. The falls are near the Laurel House, kept by Mr. Schutt, a popular summer resort for visitors and boarders. The creek there passes over two precipices, the first one hundred and eighty feet high, and the second, a few rods below, is ninety feet. The deep gorge into which the water falls, and the wild ravine through which it flows below the falls, are very grand and imposing. At the upper falls the rock projects eighty feet, so that one can safely pass behind the sheet of falling water. There is also a wild, rude mountain path, along the stream and above it for three-fourths of a mile, to the road which passes through the Cauterskill Clove. These remarks have been made as explanatory of the following sketch, by Cole, of

CASCADE IN PLATTEKILL CLOVE.

THE FALLS OF CAUTERSKILL IN WINTER.

"Winter, hoary, stern, and strong,
Sits the mountain crags among:
On his bleak and horrid throne,
Drift on drift the snow is piled,
Into forms grotesque and wild;
Ice-ribbed precipices shed
Cold light round his grizzly head.
Clouds athwart his brows are bound,
Ever whirling round and round.

"March, 1843.—We have often heard that the Falls of Cauterskill present an interesting spectacle in winter; and, February 27, a party of ladies invited Mrs. C—— and myself to join in this tour, in search of the wintry picturesque. Cloaks, moccasins, and mittens were in great demand, and we were soon glancing over the creaking snow, the sleigh-bells ringing in harmony with our spirits, which were light and gay.

"A snow-storm near the mountains, which proved transitory, added to our enjoyment; for, by partially veiling the heights above us, it gave them a vast, visionary, and spectral appearance. The sun broke forth in mild splendor just as we came in view of the Mountain House, on the bleak crags, a few hundred feet above us. Leaving the house to the left, we crossed the lesser of the two lakes. From its level breast, now covered with snow, the mountains rose in desolate grandeur, their steep sides bristling with bare trees, or clad in sturdy evergreens. Here and there was to be seen a silvery birch, so pale and wan that one might readily imagine that it drew its aliment from the snow around its roots. The Clove Valley, the lofty range of the High Peak and Round Top, which rise beyond, as seen from the road between the house and the falls, are, in summer, grand objects; but winter had given them a sterner character. The mountains seemed more

precipitous, and the forms that inclosed their sides more clearly defined. The projecting mounds, the rocky terraces, the shaggy clefts, down which the courses of the torrents could be traced by the gleaming ice, were exposed in the leafless forests and clear air of winter, while along the grizzly peaks the snow was driving rapidly. There is beauty, there is sublimity in the wintry aspect of the mountains, but their beauty is touched with melancholy, and their sublimity has a dreary tone.

"Before speaking of the Falls as arrayed in wintry garb, I will give a hasty sketch of their appearance in summer.

"There is a deep gorge in the midst of the loftiest Catskills, which is terminated at its upper end by a mighty wall of rock. As the spectator approaches from below, he sees its craggy and impending front rising to the height of three hundred feet. This huge rampart is semicircular. From the centre of the more distant or middle part of the semicircle, like a gush of living light from heaven, the cataract leaps, and foaming into feathery spray, descends into a rocky basin one hundred and eighty feet below. Thence the water flows through a wild rocky pass of several rods, and falls over another rock ninety feet high; and then, struggling and foaming through the shattered fragments of the mountains, and shadowed by fantastic trees, it plunges into the gloomy depths of the valley below. The stream is small, except when swollen by summer freshets, or by the rains and melted snows of spring and autumn; yet a thing of life and motion, it is sufficient at all times to give expression to the scene, which is one of savage and silent grandeur. But its semicircular cavern, or gallery, is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the scene. This has been formed in the wall of rock by the gradual crumbling away of a narrow stratum of soft shell that lies beneath gray rocks

of the hardest texture. The upper rock projects some eighty feet, and forms a stupendous canopy, over which the cataract shoots. Underneath it, if the ground was level, thousands of men might stand. A narrow path, about twenty feet above the basin of the waterfall, leads through the depth of this arched gallery, which is about five hundred feet long.

"It is a singular, a wonderful scene, whether viewed from above, where the stream leaps into the tremendous gulf scooped into the very heart of the huge mountain, or as seen from below the second fall; the impending crags, the shadowy depth of the cavern, across which darts the cataract, broken into fleecy forms and tossed and swayed hither and thither by the wayward wind; the sound of the water, now falling upon the ear in a loud roar, and now in fitful lower tones; the lonely voice, the solitary song of the valley.

"To visit the scene in winter, is a privilege permitted to but few; and to visit it this winter, when the spectacle is more than usually magnificent, and, as the hunters say, 'more complete than has been known for thirty years,' is, indeed, worthy of a long pilgrimage. What a contrast to its appearance in summer! No leafy woods, no blossoms glittering in the sun, rejoice upon the steeps around.

> "'Hoary Winter
> O'er forests wide has laid his hand,
> And they are bare—
> They move and moan, a spectral band
> Struck by despair.'"

There are overhanging rocks and the dark-browed cavern, but where the spangled cataract fell stands a gigantic tower of ice, reaching from the basin of the waterfall to the very summit of the crags. From the jutting rocks that form the canopy of which I have spoken, hang festoons

of glittering icicles. Not a drop of water, not a gush of spray is to be seen. No sound of many waters strikes the ear, not even as of a gurgling rivulet or trickling rill. All is silent and motionless as death; and did not the curious eye perceive, through two window-like spaces of clear ice, the falling water, one might believe that all was bound in icy fetters. But there falls the cataract, not bound but shielded, as a thing too delicate for the frosts of winter to blow upon.

"It falls, too, as in summer, broken into myriads of diamonds, which group themselves, as they descend, into wedge-like forms, like wild-fowls when traversing the blue air. This tower, or perforated column of ice, one hundred and eighty feet high, rests on a field of snow-covered ice, spread over the basin and rocky platform, that in some places is broken into miniature glaciers. Near the foot it is more than thirty feet in diameter, but is somewhat narrower above. It is in general of a milk-white color, and curiously embossed with rich and fantastic ornaments. About its dome are numerous dome-like forms, supported by groups of icicles. In other parts may be seen falling strands of flowers, each flower ruffled by the breeze. These were of the most transparent ice. This curious frostwork reminded me of the tracery and icicle-like ornament frequent in Saracenic architecture, and I have no doubt that nature suggested such ornament to the architect as the most fitting for halls wherever flowing fountains cooled the sultry air. Here and there, suspended from the projecting rocks that form the eaves of the great gallery, are groups and ranks of icicles of every variety of size and number. Some of them are twenty or thirty feet in length. Sparkling in the sunlight, they form a magnificent fringe.

"The scene is striking from many points of view, but one seemed superior to the rest. Near by, and overhead,

hung a broad festoon of icicles. A little further on, another cluster of great size, grouped with the columns all in full sunlight, contrasting finely with the sombre cavern behind. The icicles in this group appear to have been broken off midway some time ago, and from their truncated ends numerous smaller icicles depend. They look like gorgeous chandeliers, or the richest pendants of a Gothic cathedral, wrought in crystal.

"Beyond the icicles and the column is seen a cluster of lesser columns and icicles, and columns of pure cerulean color, and then come the broken rocks and woods. The icy spears, the majestic tower, the impending rocks above, the wild valley below, with its contorted trees, the lofty mountains towering in the distance, compose a wild and wondrous scene, where the Ice King

> 'Builds in the starlight clear and cold,
> A palace of ice where the torrent falls;
> With turret, and arch, and fretwork fair,
> And pillars blue as the summer air.'

We left the place with lingering steps and real regret, for in all probability we were never to see these wintry glories again. The Royal Architect builds but unstable structures, which, like worldly virtues, quickly vanish in the full light and fiery trial.

"It may be asked, by the curious, how the gigantic cylinder of ice is formed round the waterfall. The question is easily answered. The spray first freezes in a circle round the foot of the fall, and as long as the frosts continue this circular wall keeps rising, until it reaches the summit of the cataract—as is the case this winter—though ordinarily the column rises only part of the way up. Even when imperfectly formed, it must be strange to see the water shoot into a hollow tube of ice, fifty or one hundred feet

high; and I have no doubt it would amply repay one for the fatigue and exposure to which he might be subjected in his visit."

The author, or rather the *compiler*, of this work, visited the Cauterskill Falls late in the winter of 1865, and found a hollow cone of ice reaching to the top of the falls, with here and there, near the base, a few openings as air-holes or ventilators; while the whole of the stream below, with the lower falls, was also encased in ice. The icicles from above, and the columns of ice below, formed by the water slowly dripping from the lofty precipices on either side of the falls, were also on a scale of gigantic grandeur, and more than royal magnificence and splendor; the ice, with the light which then shone upon it, having a rich, mellow, alabaster lustre, and a golden or amber tint and radiance. Late in February, or early in March, is the time to see, to the best advantage, the winter glories of the mountains and the falls.

Blackhead, spoken of below, is a high, steep, thickly-wooded, and almost overhanging mountain-peak, on the eastern side of the range, some five or six miles north of the Mountain House. Its base can be reached by way of the valley through which flows the stream, near the foot of the eastern slope of the mountains.

EXCURSION TO BLACKHEAD.

"An excursion to Blackhead, or the Dome Mountain, as Cole loved to call it, one of the finest portions of the Catskills, must always continue to be, both to the writer and the painter, one of the luminous points of the past. Our ride in the morning, over the finely-broken intervening country, through the fresh air, sweetly scented with millions of flowers in the fields and along the roadside,

the likeness of which we see in many of Cole's rich pictures, was one of those rides the very memory of which is beautiful and fragrant. At noon, thirsty and panting on the moss beneath the black fir-trees of the summit, we gazed, and listened, and grew cool and rested. Then followed the descent, the plunge down the wooded steeps, and the laughable mishaps from slips upon the slant, wet rocks, and trips among the roots, vines, and brushwood; all concluding with a pensive return homeward in the dark, loaded with blooming boughs, gathered while yet the golden rays of the sun were upon their crimson and snowy clusters."

EXCURSION TO SOUTH PEAK.

This mountain, more commonly called High Peak, and Round Top, already spoken of, are near each other, some five miles south-west of the Mountain House, in the range of lofty heights which form the southern wall of the Cauterskill Clove, extending far to the west beyond it, and crossed by the deep mountain gorge or ravine known as Stony Clove, on the almost perpendicular sides of which dark-green shrubs and trees thickly grow, as if suspended there by magnetism, or by some miraculous power; and through which flows a rapid, mountain stream, in which, each year, trout by hundreds and thousands are caught. Pine Orchard, where the Mountain House stands, is three thousand feet above tide-water; Round Top is three thousand seven hundred and eighteen feet high; and High Peak three thousand eight hundred and four—or eighty-six feet higher than Round Top. The biographer of Cole speaks of High Peak as perhaps the finest for views in the whole range of the Catskills. Cole made his excursion there in two days, with a party of twelve, the larger part of whom were ladies. He thus describes the manner in which the night was spent upon the summit of the mountain:

"Evening now closed around us. The red flame shot up its long tongue with a loud crackling, when the gummy foliage of the evergreen fir was sportively thrown upon the fire, and the smoke rolled away in luminous billows over the tree-tops, waving to and fro in the fresh night-breeze, and shining in the pale, green light. The heavens, even, in their starry blue, seemed awfully dark, immeasurably deep. The trees near us stood out in strong relief from the broad gloom of the great mountain forest, and our house of boughs, all glowing with a flood of light, except in its dark recesses, presented a scene of singular beauty. Within, reclining forms were dimly seen; while in front, figures in grotesque costumes of shawl and blanket, both sitting and standing, caught the vivid brightness on their faces and vestments. Every light was clear, every shadow mingled with the darkness of the surrounding woods, giving a unity of effect that does not exist by day. Every form thus united with the great shadow of the wilderness became, with trees and grass, part of the mountain top.

"Then came the hours of repose. One by one we sank down upon the fragrant branches of fir, the ladies in the more retired part, the gentlemen on the outer edge of the bough-tent—one in a shawl or cloak, another in his blanket, and I in my brown monk's-dress. The weary sleepers breathed heavily; the breeze at one time softly whispering overhead, at another rushing through the forest-tops with a fitful, melancholy roar; now afar off like the sea-surf, and now making the branches swing about in the dim light of our declining fire. Solemn, awful midnight! A thousand fancies came thronging on my mind. When the gray dawn broke in mildly, a solitary robin, on the mountain-side below us, was warbling his morning hymn. I shall never forget the quiet sorrow with which, in the

course of the forenoon, we bade farewell to South Peak, and slowly took our way down the mountain."

Cole's last visit to the mountains, arrayed as they were in the colors of October, occupied two days. He went to the top of the huge precipice on the side of South Peak, a point visible from his house, at a distance of some twenty miles, and commanding a wonderful prospect. From this dizzy crag he took a long and silent look up and down the beloved "Valley of the Hudson," which for near a quarter of a century had been the chosen and ever-cherished home of his heart's affection and delight, so that he could, with the poet, truly say,

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee"

He had gazed upon this valley from other points unnumbered times, alone, and with such companions as Bryant, Durand, Ver Bryck, and Huntington. It had filled his heart for years. This was his last look. A few hundred feet below, by a rivulet, expanding into a small glassy pool, bordered with moss, and roofed with the gay foliage of the month, he took his final mountain repast.

Soon after this, at his beautiful home in Catskill, he died, at the age of forty-seven years. Calm and strong in Christian faith and hope, he closed his eyes on earth, to open the spirit's eye on brighter, fairer worlds above.

His residence, still occupied by his family, and his studio, with "The Cross and the World," his last unfinished painting in it, are a short distance beyond the beautiful cemetery which crowns the hill above the village of Catskill. In full view in front is the whole eastern slope of the mountains, around are beautiful plants and flowers, fruit and shade trees, and in the rear a lofty range of primeval forest trees, covering lovely, sloping grounds,

for the fourth of a mile or more, down to the banks of the Hudson.

THE DUTCH DOMINIE OF THE CATSKILLS.

A Romance, partly historical, with the title above, was published in New York in 1861. Its author was the Rev. Dr. Murdoch, a native of Scotland, and educated there, though he preached for some time in Canada. He was pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, in the village of Catskill, from 1842 until 1851, when his house and its contents, including his library, were burned, and the church in which he preached. He died a few years since, at Elmira, New York, where he was, from the time of his leaving Catskill, a pastor in the Presbyterian Church. He was a man of talents, of a vigorous, active, cultivated mind, and a lively imagination, with sprightly social qualities, and a pleasant vein of wit and humor.

The hero of the Doctor's romance was Dominie Schuneman, who during a part of the last century was the pastor of the Dutch churches in Leeds and Coxsackie, including Catskill and the region around—a man of power in his day. His son, Hon. Martin G. Schuneman, a giant in size, a man of great force and energy of character, was member of Congress from this District in 1806 and 1807, and his children are still living in Leeds. The Abeels, of whose captivity among the Indians in early times an account is given in this work, with Frederick Saxe, the famous bear-hunter, who was a worthy and useful elder in the Dutch church in Kiskatom, Cornelius Wynkoop, in the same parish, and others, have also a prominent place in the Doctor's book.

The work in question, though somewhat disconnected and incoherent in its different parts, and not always observing the unities of time and place, has still passages

and chapters of much vividness and power, especially in its descriptions of natural scenery and the action and movements of the elements, in connection with storms and other phenomena among the mountains. Dr. Murdoch also compiled the pamphlet entitled "The Catskill Mountains, as described by Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and others," which has been circulated for several years in this region, and extracts from which will be found in this work.

We here first quote from Dr. Murdoch's book his description of what he calls

"THE SPECTRAL LOOKING-GLASS."

By this he means what is called Mī-räge, which Webster defines as "an optical delusion, arising from an unequal refraction in the lower strata of the atmosphere, causing remote objects to be seen double, as if reflected in a mirror, or to appear as if suspended in the air. It is frequently seen in sandy deserts, presenting the appearance of water. The Fata Morgana and Looming are species of *mirage*."

Fata Morgana is a phenomenon which occurs at Reggio, in Italy, on the Straits of Messina, where, by atmospheric refraction, multiplied images of the objects on the shore around are seen in the air, over the surface of the sea. Looming is a magnifying and bringing near to one, in appearance, large and distant objects. The writer once saw this in a striking manner among the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, before a storm. In passing out of the harbor of Portland, Maine, too, in a steamboat, of a misty morning, many years since, the more than three hundred islands in the bay were seen by him, inverted in the air, the lowest point of the image touching the highest part of the island below. When sailing on the

Mediterranean Sea, also, he once saw distinctly the image of a large ship high up in the clouds. In these cases, the moist air or mist acts as a mirror, so that at times persons see their own images reflected back to them, greatly enlarged, as in the case described below.

Dr. Murdoch, in a note on what follows, thus writes: "The Fata Morgana, seen so remarkably on the Straits of Messina, has been observed on the Catskills to perfection. The vision, as described in the text, was seen from the balcony of the Mountain House in 1845. We now come to the extract from "The Dutch Dominie of the Catskills":

"At this point of their conference a movement was observed among the different groups, as if some object of interest had arisen. The wind rose from the north, lifting up the black cloud that had hung like a heavy sheet behind them, and was rolling it up like a scroll, so that the sun was coming out in a clear sky west of the mountain. On the flat rock were all the persons known to us, standing together on the verge of the cliff. When their attention was properly fixed, Teunis saw, for the first time, what he had heard the old hunters tell of, the *Geest Wolk Waren* —the Spirit of the Mist—seen only at rare times in these regions. There were huge masses of vapor passing in different strata, some of which were denser than others. That which was nearest to them was thin and transparent, reflecting all the objects which stood between it and the light thrown upon it from the clearer sky behind. It was indeed a moving mirror that slowly passed, as a panorama is unrolled before a company of spectators. There was, however, this difference between nature and art: the faces and forms of the persons looking on were the figures in the picture before them, taken instantly, and held up to them. Every one saw himself distinctly, and his nearest

neighbor, only less vividly drawn. The whole was more like an artist's dream than a reality. It seemed as if they could have walked out and touched the picture, till a moment's reflection made them sensible that the whole was but a shadow. Teunis gazed first at his own outline, then on the tall, straight form of the Indian, who stood immovable. Behind the front group he saw those who had lain down on the laurel bed, and beside them several starting up in evident alarm. Others were rushing forward with curious and hasty looks of wonder at the strange sight; and around the place where hemlock branches had been woven into tents, some of the Indians were stooping, like Arabs when an alarm has been given caused by the mirage, when it has lifted the forms of an enemy above the level of their sandy plains. Scarcely one of those present had seen the wonder before, and those who had heard of it were more inclined to regard it as a vision of a frightened imagination than a fact.

"Even the educated Englishman, Clifford, though affecting, through philosophy, a superiority to those around him, could not help showing an intense eagerness to see all to the close. He had read of such things among the Alpine heights, and could explain them, but his whole soul was for the moment absorbed in the sense of sight. Indeed, all were more eager to see than to speak, except one man, a Scotch Highlander, who, knowing of these sights in his own country, was anxious to tell of the famous speerman of Ben Cruachan, who saw, in the mists of the hills, the warning to Lochiel.

"The whole assemblage were awakened to the intensest eagerness. All were under an undefined feeling of superstition, as if what they saw was like the writing on the wall which the profane king saw, ominous of his own doom. The sheet-cloud went slowly by, figure after figure

melting into thin air. It was affecting to hear each one tell, afterwards, how he felt an internal shivering as he saw his own body dissolving, before his eyes, into nothing.

"Soon the whole east was covered with the same black cloud as before, while the thin, white vapor, which had served as a reflector, was wheeled round to the south and settled against the sides of the hill, which rises bluffly, a few hundred feet higher than Flat Rock. There again it became a new mirror, but far different from what it was before. Each one, instead of himself, saw his nearest neighbor to the right of him. Fear and superstition gave place to curiosity, and then to frolic and fun. One, who had been the most cowardly of the crew, gave a caper in the air, which threw others into the same absurd attitudes, until an hundred more were seen dancing around and hallooing like madmen. Solemnly and silently the figures in the cloud mocked the fools outside."

THE FAWN'S LEAP, OR DOG HOLE.

This singularly wild and romantic gorge and whirlpool, among the rocks, is a little above the lower bridge in the Cauterskill Clove, where there is a beautiful cascade, with a lofty, massive wall of rock overhanging it. A rude, narrow bridge, by which wood is brought over the stream from the mountains above, crosses it just below the Dog Hole, or Dog Pool, as Dr. Murdoch calls it. He thus speaks of it:

"It lies in a narrow ravine, below the rocks where the Cauterskill comes down and falls over the shelf into a basin, an hundred feet lower down. The whole is surrounded and overhung by trees and shrubs common to the region, and forms an amphitheatre of wildness and beauty seldom surpassed. It is not so capacious as the falls near Pine Orchard, but has points of interest which surpass even that famous spot.

"'Do you see how that stream leaps down among the rocks? Did you ever see a lighter foot than that is, trusting to the air so confidently?'

"'No, never; and yet I have seen airy creatures who seemed more the creations of fancy than of reality.

"'But how beautifully the whole stream loses itself in the haze which covers it with a veil thinner than the lightest gossamer.'

"'And there, again, see how it trips away down yonder, coming out of its misty curtains, fresh and fair, like a child running to its mother's arms.'

"'The stream we are watching is dealt kindly by, for it is let down, step by step, in a far, roundabout way. You saw the two ponds where we were yesterday. They form the fountain head. About two miles below, the waters take a far higher leap than they do here. The further down it goes, the fall is less and less, till it becomes as smooth as your cheek, and as quiet as your old nurse's voice, when she found you asleep in your cradle.'

"'The Dominie says that his young folks go off like the Cauterskill up here, and end like the quiet Catskill, in their old age, joining the great river rolling into the sea.'"

HIGH PEAK—THE MOUNTAINS IN AUTUMN AND IN WINTER.

"'Let us walk, and please not to turn around till I tell you, for I want to point to what I think is worth seeing.' When they had advanced about half a mile above the fall, Elsie said, 'Now turn and look.'

"The sight was so overwhelming that Margaret was for a few moments in speechless rapture. High Peak, that majestic pyramid, stood out in bold relief against the southern sky, surrounded by numerous summits, great and small, among which he rose, like a king attended by

his suite, who looked up to his crown with awe and delight. The October sun had spread a mysterious haze over the whole scene, which expanded rather than hid its greatness.

"'What do you see there?' said the mountain damsel, proud of her own region.

"'My head is dizzy. Let me alone till I get over my bewilderment, and be able to comprehend what is before me. Oh! what a stage is there for superior beings to descend upon and see the actions of puny mortals. Elsie, have you ever known any one to ascend that height?'

"'Oh, yes; I have been up there myself more than once. But it helps to humble one. I never feel myself so small as when I stand on that eminence and think what a mote I am. And yet I have felt my soul expanding above it all when I knew that I was an immortal creature, redeemed by the Son of God.'

"'That is like mounting from the foot of Jacob's Ladder to the top of it at a bound. When I was in the city of Rome they took me into the great church there, called St. Peter's, and do you know that when one beside me said he felt himself so small that he could sink, I said, presumptuous thing that I was, 'My heart swells so that I fill all this house.' You must have felt up there as I did in Rome.

"'Four times a year, Miss Clinton, do I come up to this place and look up; in June, when everything is in the greenest lustre; in August, when all is so rich and full; in October, when those various colors are painted by the hand of Nature; and again in winter.

"'Now I find out the cause of my confusion, Elsie; that wondrous variety of colors. This is what is called the Fall, and Indian Summer, when the foliage changes. It is a new thing to my English eyes.'

"'And have you no Fall, no Indian Summer, in England?' said the amazed girl. 'No Fall! No Indian Summer! What, then, have you?'

"'England is always green, like your June, Elsie; but what would they give for one glimpse of that mountain, clad in trees to the very crown, and every one of these trees in different colors, from the richest purple to the brightest yellow, and the whole robe intermingled with pale and deep green. But tell me what shrub is that covering all the ground so darkly red?'

"'We call that the laurel, which is spread all over the mountains as you see it beneath our feet. But look, here is my favorite flower at this time of year—the *sumach*. Let me put it in your hair for a feather—and tell me if ever the Queen of England had one so rich?"

"'Oh, what deep and pure scarlet! Never, never would they believe me, were I to tell of it just as I see it in your hands. When do you call the mountain in its grandest array? I cannot imagine anything beyond what I am looking at just now. I have seen Mont Blanc, but there was nothing on it save the awful whiteness, which blinds and awes the spirit.'

"'Miss Clinton, to my mind the sublimest scene of these heights is to be seen in the white winter. The loneliness pleases me so that I then have a reverence for High Peak that I never feel at any other season. All then is so still that I can hear my heart beating. It is only at rare times that its real grandeur appears. One day, a few years ago, in January, I was here. There had been a thaw and a heavy rain for a whole day, which beat upon the snow without melting it, making it so hard that one could walk upon it without sinking. Towards midnight the wind came around suddenly to the north-west, and blew one of the coldest blasts I ever knew. The rain froze as it fell,

so that not a tree, a twig, nor a leaf but hung in icicles, clear as crystal. I came here when the sun was at the highest, and of all the sights that mortal eye ever beheld, it seems to me still that one surpassed them all. The mountain was one lump of glass, with not one dark spot on the whole. The trees all hung in crystals. The hard snow was frozen, and glittering to the very mountain's top. It was one vast diamond, perfectly reflecting the different colors of the rainbow. I looked, but my eyes so filled with tears that I turned away, for I was ashamed to be seen weeping at what no one seemed to care for but myself.' "

SCOTTISH AND AMERICAN SCENERY COMPARED.

"'How would that valley down there compare with the scenery of Scotland? You have been up here, of course, in the daytime, and can judge.'

"'Oh, aye, sir; I have been up here hunting with the lads, and, to be honest, I think that the size of the country takes away from the feeling of pleasure I used to have when I looked down from a Scottish mountain.'

"'But does not that make the sublimity all the more, if there be a sufficient variety of hill and dale, wood and water interspersed? And then, surely the forest, rising up as this does, to the very mountain tops, must be more beautiful at all times of the year than the bare furze on the Scottish mountains.'

"'Heather, sir; heather is the word. There is music in the very sound of it, and, as to the sight, I have seen nothing here that can compare with the bloom of the heather.'

"'Keeping out of view the associations of the Scottish scenery, where, to your mind, lies the difference between it and what we see around us?'

"'I think, sir, that the chief difference between what we see here, and that of Scottish mountains and glens, lies in the fact that you can take in all Ben Lomond and the loch below, with the islands down to Dumbarton, and on to Tintock-top, at a glance, and it's all grand; but here, man, everything is on such a grand scale, I cannot comprehend it. My head gets so dizzy that I feel as if my thoughts had turned into bumble-bees. Do you not feel something like it yourself, sir?'

"'I confess that my head is turned, after all that I have seen and heard this day; but, from what you say, there must be a fine uncultivated field for the future poet, in the very greatness and mistiness which meet in the far-off horizon, where the other mountain tops just peer through the clouds, and with that noble river, too, running through the centre, where the forests are ever living and moving.'

"'You are very eloquent on what you have never seen yet, but even your description does not come half way up to it; and as you say yourself, it will require some poet like Allan Ramsay to sing about it.'"

THE CAUTERSKILL FALLS IN WINTER.

"His knowledge of the route soon brought him to the Cauterskill Falls, the place of rendezvous. The solitude, to minds like theirs, under the most painful suspense, was as much as they could bear. The ever-running water below, and the constant fall from above, affecting the two senses, hearing and sight, with the same monotonous din, and the same succession of airy spirits coming constantly through the narrow passage, and then leaping over into the cloud formed by their predecessors, produced a strange loneliness in their watching. And yet, as no man feels himself alone if a child be playing near him, so these men,

when they saw that playful stream tripping down to the brink and then stepping off with ease, felt that they had communion with the spirit of the region.

"'This is more than I bargained for,' said Bertram. 'I expected to see a wild country along the shores of the river, but not this precious gem of the mountains.'

"'First impressions are always the most effective; but I have been here when I felt the influence of the scene far more than at present.'

"'Still, Captain, you cannot help admiring the grandeur of the whole amphitheatre as your eye ranges around in search of some single object on which to rest, till you fix it on that watery spirit which leaps from the shelving platform into the capacious halls beneath. Indeed, when I look again, I can imagine so many winged spirits, sent forth from on high, meeting again below, as in airy sport, first in that dark, mysterious gulf, from which they recoil, as a place of punishment, to rise where the sunbeams shine upon them, forming the whole into a glorious crown, fit for the heads of seraphim.

"'I will tell you what I once saw here. It was winter; the snow all crusted over so that it would bear man or beast. After a hard run, we had taken a fox, near the foot of the hill there. By the advice of Frederick Saxe, the bear-hunter, we went down to see the falls frozen. We came up from the deep ravine below, and suddenly saw what we were quite at a loss to understand, as we stood speechless before it. It was a high tower, reaching from the bottom to the top of that lofty rock jutting out there, pure white, intermingled with glittering crystals. The stillness of the grave was around us. Some one whispered in my ear, 'The year is dead, and that is its monument raised by the Frost King.' Imagine, just now, that not a sound is reaching your ear—all that din stopped,

and the murmuring altogether lulled, so that you could hear the beating of your heart.'

"'You don't mean to say that the stream was all gone?'

"'No,' continued the other; 'the water ran as before up there, but was neither seen nor heard after it left the ledge at the top of the falls. Suppose, now, that from the place where we are sitting over to the other side of that "amphitheatre," as you call it, a round, thick tower of glass was built, hollow in the centre, rising up and up till it came to that shelf from which the water now runs, where would the drops go?'

"'Why, through the glass tower, of course. But what has that to do with your description?'

"'Everything; for there would be no murmuring sound of water as there is now; nor thundering roar, such as I have heard after a heavy storm, when that stream, now so small and tame, sprang like an angry beast, till it cleared the whole platform and fell into the lower basin yonder, two hundred and twenty feet.'

"'Yes, Captain, but your enthusiasm has made you forget your glass tower, which, as you describe it, must have been a large bottle, bottomless, taking in the whole stream at the neck and letting it run down its sides, so that it passed through below.'

"'Just so, and better than I could describe it. It was full eighty feet in diameter at the base, and one hundred and eighty feet high, pure as snow, till it rose to the neck, when it became clear as rock crystal, with the whole stream entering and passing through it, so as to be plainly seen.'

"'Certainly, that was a wonderful object, and equal to any of the peaks of frost I have ever seen or heard of. Does it rise so every winter?'

"'No, sir. Old Fred said that he had hunted among the mountains forty years, and had seen it complete only once

before. A half-bottle may frequently be seen, like what comes after a drunken frolic; but the perfect, full-blown vessel, out of nature's glass-house, comes but once in a lifetime.'

"'I hope you had something warm to drink, Captain; for cold water, from a bottle of frost, may be good in a hot summer day, but in winter it is quite another thing.'

"'We had plenty of the hot stuff, sir; and it was dearly paid for, too, with broken heads and bones nearly cracked. A little more, and I would not have been here to tell the tale. After we had freely drunk of Santa Cruz rum, our brains began to swim, and some of us did not know whether we were on our heads or our heels. I was ready for anything; either to scale the tower from below, or to slide down from above. Through recklessness I began to climb. The rough sides of the gigantic thing allowed me a footing, so that I reached one of the turrets, twenty feet from the ground, where I stood looking around me. All round, under the rocks, were huge pillars of ice, formed by the water which had flowed through the seams. It seemed a crystal theatre of display, and I have often wished that lights of a sufficient size and number could have been introduced, so as to show the effect of illumination in such a place.'

"'You must read, when you can,' said Bertram, 'the account of the Empress of Russia's Palace of Ice, where the thing you wish for was tried with full success. Then turn to the Arabian Nights, and you will see the power of Aladdin's lamp.'

"'Well, sir, I stood on the turret, admiring my own daring as much as the wonders around me, when Jim Crapser, that imp of Satan, cried out, "Three cheers for Gabe." They were never given; one was enough. It seemed as if that single cheer would never stop. Crack! crack!

crack! went the pillars all around, falling in pieces as big as a cannon, and others like the trunk of a tree. As to the small lumps, they were like a shower of grape-shot, mixed with forty-pounders. It sounded and seemed more like the last day than any battle I have been in. More terrified beings I have never seen in actual danger, with no way of retreat. As for myself, I was in the safest place, in the centre, looking at the shower. But to this day I feel the shaking of that mass beneath me. If the three cheers had been given the whole tower would have fallen, and I would have been crushed beneath the fragments.'

"'That would indeed have been a tale worth telling for ever after. Buried by an avalanche, and swept away by the stream when the spring floods came.'

"'We left in double-quick time for a look at the ice-tower from above. It reflected the different colors of the rainbow, and was, indeed, a frozen rainbow. But the half of the wonders of this spot has not been told you. Come here in summer, and after a fall of rain, if you look up from below, you will see an entire rainbow—a complete circle; and though you may laugh, I will tell it: I have seen my face as distinctly in the centre, as I have ever seen it in a looking-glass. I have stood hours looking up into that wonderful glass, where I would sometimes see a single face, then one other; and as the sun shone out differently through the clouds, there would be faces all around the circle, constantly changing their position, like a mystic wheel revolving, till the head grew so dizzy that I have believed them to be faces looking down upon me from the upper world—though they were not always of the most pleasant kind.'

"'While you were telling me of those cheerings which shook icicles on you in showers, I was reminded of how

Dante, the Italian poet, describes hell: where 'Naked spirits lay down, or huddled sat, trying to throw from them the flakes of fire which came like snow. The devils called out to other devils, thrusting the soul back into the boiling pitch.' And looking up, Dante saw them, walking on a mount of ice, their teeth chattering, and eyes locked up with frozen tears."

Thus much for Dr. Murdoch and his romance, in which some may perchance think that he romances in good earnest, drawing a long bow on his Scotch fiddle. As to this I will only say, that with regard to the falling of avalanches, and other large masses of ice and snow, when the heat of the sun and the air has made them very tender and frail, or has well-nigh detached them from the base on which they rested, or the mountain side on which they hung, it is known that the concussion of the air caused by loud tones of a single human voice, or of many voices at a time, may cause them to fall with wide-spread and desolating force and fury. As bearing on this point, my friend and fellow-student in theology, Rev. Dr. Perkins, who has for many years been a missionary among the Nestorians in Northern Persia, thus speaks of that region:

"For nine years we have had a mission station on the heights of Koordistan, just at the base of its loftiest mountain, which is fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and second in height to Mount Ararat alone, in that part of Asia. Cultivated men and women cheerfully forego the comforts of the mild plains of Persia, for the self-denials and hardships of a residence among those interior mountains. There is one young married couple, in a deep gorge of those central mountains, where the lofty encircling ranges limit the rising and the setting of the sun to ten o'clock A.M., and two P.M., much of the year; where the towering cones of solid rock, like peering Gothic spires,

cast their pointed shadows from the moonbeams on the sky, as on a canvas—nay, rear their tops against that canopy, which seems to rest on them, as on pillars ; and where, in winter, the terrific roar of avalanches, above and around, is one of the most common sounds that salute the ear. Often has the missionary scaled those mountains, and threaded their deepest gorges, to search out the sheep of those long-forgotten folds, and point them to the Good Shepherd. Sometimes he has crept along the steep and lofty cliff, towering threateningly above him, where whispers, at particular seasons of the year, must be his only means of communication, lest the sound of the human voice, by an echo, bring upon him an overwhelming avalanche, ever ready, at such seasons, to quit its bed at the summons of the lightest jar."

Dr. Murdoch's book has in it numerous Dutch phrases and expressions ; a language with which he was not very familiar. Having loaned my copy of his book to a friend, who has a good knowledge of Dutch, he returned it with the following lines, among others, on a blank leaf at the end of the work :

> Oh, Doctor Murdoch ! sin ye're dead,
> I ken there is nae mickle need
> To criticize you, or to rede
> Anent your Dutch :
> But were ye here, I'd say, indeed,
> It's mair like Scotch.

To see the water-scenery of the mountains, in all its richly-varied fulness, grandeur, and beauty, one should pass through the Cloves and visit the falls after a long and severe rain-storm, when the streams are wildly swollen and raging ; when every ravine is filled with a fiercely-rushing cascade, and from every fissure in the rocks the water is gushing out, while over their tops, and from each

cliff, copious streams are flowing; and the larger falls, with their swollen torrents and loud and deep-toned roaring, drown the voice and excite emotions rapturous and sublime.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Forest in Autumn.—The Sun and Frost.—Effect of Light.—Verses on Autumnal and other Mountain Scenery.—Winter Scenery of the Mountains.—Gifford's Painting.—The Mountain House.—Summer Life in the Mountains.—Hotels and Boarding-Houses.—Rip Van Winkle's Ravine.—Roads to the Mountains.—The Telegraph.—The Laurel House.—Palensville.—The Haines House.—Gray's Hotel.—Death of Mr. Gray and others.—Stony Clove.—Trout-Fishing.—Plattekill Clove.—Fatal Accident there.—Accident in Cauterskill Clove.—A Dog went over the Upper Falls and a Man over the Lower one,—Both survived.

ALLUSION has already been made in this work to the richly-varied splendor and peculiar attractiveness and beauty of the wide-spread mountain forests in autumn, when their leaves, ripened by the sunshine and rain, or by early frosts, or both, array themselves for death, for ruin, and decay, in hues of surpassing splendor and beauty. I have from childhood been familiar with this autumnal glory in various and widely-remote regions, and yet have never seen elsewhere hues so delicate, so varied, and of such richly-glowing and surpassing beauty as are presented in the valleys at the base of the Catskill Mountains, and all along their sides and lofty summits, when the leaves of autumn have fully ripened under the loving smiles of the sun, and the balmy rain and dew of heaven alone, with no rude withering frost-chill on them, though often, or rather commonly, the early frosts begin and hasten on this work of death. Color is, we know, the child of light; and hence, where the sun

shines clearest and brightest, we find, both in the animal and vegetable creation, the richest and most splendid hues. To the pure, clear air of the mountain region we may therefore probably ascribe the peculiarly rich, delicate, and brilliant coloring of the autumnal scenery there.

In allusion to the common agency of the frosts of autumn in coloring the forest leaves, the author, many years since, wrote as follows :—

View now our forests, spreading far and wide,
With richest hues by frosts of autumn dyed ;
No other lands such scenes as these behold,
These brilliant shades of crimson, scarlet, gold !
The hectic flush of Nature's wide decay,
Which brightly shines beneath the blaze of day ;
Like the fair glow upon the cheek of death,
Which there survives the fleeting mortal breath.

While residing for years among the mountains, the impressions there made were thus expressed :—

O'er the earth I've widely wandered,
Many a lovely scene beheld ;
Where the hand of God has squandered
Grandeur, beauty, that excelled ;
Yet more beauteous, oh, how few,
Than these mountains robed in glory ;
Such as greets my rapturous view
When the hoary frosts of autumn,
Give the leaves their richest dye—
Golden, crimson, scarlet, purple,
With brilliant splendor meet the eye.
Scenes like these ne'er greet the vision
Of those who dwell beyond the sea,
And these leaf-crowned hills and mountains
Have enrapturing charms for me.
Here they stand, as if the iris,
Shining robe of heavenly light,
By angelic hands extended,
Fell all glorious on the sight ;

Like the rainbow which the prophet
Saw around the throne of God,
Where no eye of man may see it,
Where no human foot has trod.

Closely connected with these autumnal glories are the brilliant and ever-changing splendor, magnificence, and beauty of the skies and clouds of mountain regions (so well described by Irving), as seen in light and darkness, in sunshine and in shade, morning, evening, and at noon-day.

View now the glories of the rising sun,
Like man of might, arrayed his course to run;
Decked like a bridegroom, soon to meet his bride,
In all the splendor of his richest pride.
While mists of morning wave before the eye,
Where mountain summits meet the lofty sky;
Now soars the mist, like bridal vestments white,
A flowing robe of waving, silver light;
Now hangs suspended in the upper air,
Like the bold eagle, poised a moment there;
Then graceful sinks, to peaks from which it rose,
Till every summit with new splendor glows.

Go stand awhile where walls of granite rise,
On either side, upheaving to the skies;
Reared by the hand of Him who made the world,
Nor by the Deluge from their basements hurled:
They proudly dare the tempest's blighting wrath,
And check the lightning in its burning path;
Now the dark clouds their course majestic run,
And veil the glory of the noon-day sun;
Then quickly pausing in their onward march,
They form on high a noble lofty arch;
It seems a temple, vast and rudely wild,
Whose towering columns God himself has piled;
To show his greatness, and the pride abase,
And vain presumption of our erring race.
Pause now and muse, beneath this broad expanse,
Far, far around thee cast thy searching glance;
Behold yon mountains stretching far away,
Fresh robed with glories of departing day;

Her sable clouds with richest blessings stored,
O'er the glad earth have showers of plenty poured;
And now uprolling from the shining west,
With radiant glory all the scene is dressed.
The brilliant sun lights up the evening sky,
And casts o'er nature hues of richest dye;
The glittering rain-drops on the waving trees,
Seem liquid rubies in the gentle breeze;
While the bright bow, uniting earth and heaven,
Tells erring man of sin's dark guilt forgiven.
The rising mist, a robe of living light,
The hill and plain have clothed in purest white;
The fair horizon, stretching far and wide,
With richest purple now is deeply dyed;
The gorgeous clouds above the King of Day,
In brilliant masses proudly float away;
Here shining amber o'er the sky is spread,
There the bright scarlet, or the deeper red;
All nature glows with fairest glory crowned,
With joyous music earth and air resound;
Then comes the twilight with its sweet repose,
And fading splendor o'er the landscape throws;
Then starry eve in silent beauty reigns,
And spreads her mantle o'er the hills and plains;
Eternal God! how great thy wonders are,
The winds thy coursers and the clouds thy car;
Thy word which spake all being into life,
Now guides the storm and calms the tempest's strife;
The wild tornado is thine angry breath,
Which whelms whole navies in the gulf of death;
The lofty mountains in thy balance cast,
Light as the dust which flees before the blast;
Old ocean's isles, deep rooted where they stand,
Are things of nought, suspended by thy hand.

THE WINTER SCENERY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Multitudes, to the number of thousands, flock to the mountains each summer, and farm-houses, boarding-houses, and large hotels, for miles around, are crowded with visitors and boarders, for two or three months. And yet the wide-spread glories and beauties of the richly va-

ried and ever-varying panorama of the summer landscape, embracing, as viewed from the mountain summits, portions of numerous counties and several States, with towering mountains, lofty forests, silvery streams, and a thousand hill-sides and valleys, clothed with richest verdure, or with waving fields of golden grain, and numerous towns and villages everywhere beneath and around you; this fair and lovely summer landscape has to me, so far as the mountains themselves are concerned, far less richly-varied and imposing grandeur, magnificence and beauty, than they present when winter has clothed them with her mantle of snow; the lofty evergreens, with undiminished verdure, gracefully bowing beneath the even covering, or the massive tufts of lightest snow, which find an airy resting-place on the slender and delicate foliage which sustains them, while ever and anon, as the wintry breezes move among them, a cloud of snowy mist or mist-like snow for the moment envelops them, passing quickly away; or these evergreens, with other trees of the forest, are richly crowned or heavily laden, for days or weeks at a time, and for miles and miles in extent, for a thousand feet or more down from their cooler upper heights, with a dense rich covering of ice, waving, sparkling, dancing, tossing, in the bright clear rays of winter sunshine, like vast fields of glittering diamonds of purest lustre, richly radiant with the brightest hues of ever-changing rainbow glories, as gently waved or briskly tossed by wintry winds, the rays of the sun at varying angles fall upon them.

When the trees are leafless, too, the grand, abrupt, and massive mountain heights, the uniform and long-drawn ribs which mark the outlines of the successive plateaux, and ranges of distinct and well-defined cliffs, which rise one above another from the base to the summit of the mountains, with the lofty upper peaks—all these in winter

stand forth to the eye in all their rude, bare, imposing magnificence and glory; or are covered in part with high, broad sheets of glittering ice; or long ravines show an icy, silvery gleam, from the mountain's summit to their base, while from projecting points and cliffs hang vast icicles, massive and long, like huge trunks of forest trees; or from beneath, columns and pillars of ice, high and large, arise beneath overhanging cliffs, in deep gorges, fed and slowly reared by water trickling from above until you see them with vast proportions, and when the sun falls upon them glittering with a prismatic beauty, which far

"Outshines the wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

But the most striking scenes of winter magnificence and beauty are met with in those deep mountain gorges, or passes, known here by the name of cloves, because the mountains are thus cloven, or cleft asunder, by Nature, or rather by the God of Nature. These cloves have abrupt mountain walls on either side, with rapid streams running through them—these walls, from one to two thousand feet in height—while down the steep ravines rush numerous torrents and cascades, which, in winter, by their frozen spray, make for themselves an icy bed or channel, while at their base there are at times magnificent caves or hollow pyramids of ice, like those at the Cauterskill Falls. I have seen nothing like the Plattekill, Stony, and Cauterskill cloves, at the White Mountains, in Europe, or South America, where so near at hand, so steeply abrupt, and so directly above you, there was, within the same space, so much of forest-crowned, imposing, and varied magnificence and grandeur. He who has not seen these cloves has seen but little of the Catskill mountains; yet but few of those who come here visit them.

Gifford has a fine painting of the gorge at the Cauters-

kill Falls, in which rudeness and grandeur have cast over them the calm and quiet beauty which mark his works. The following notice of this painting is from the New York "Evening Post," a high authority in such matters:

"We have heretofore recorded our satisfaction with the audacity shown by Gifford in selecting Kaaterskill gorge for a subject. We see no reason to revise last winter's verdict, now that the picture, plus a few more finishing touches, hangs in the Academy. The precipitation of one's whole artistic ability and reputation into a chasm several hundred times larger than that which Quintus Curtius stopped for the good of Rome, is a piece of boldness only justified by its success. Gifford has so bathed this vast unrelieved depression in the face of nature with broad yellow sunshine, and interpreted its giant distances by such curiously skilful gradations of distinctness in its forest lining from ridge to base, that one begins to admire a gorge as he does a mountain—in fact, as the largest kind of mountain turned inside out."

THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

This palace-like structure, large and long, with its imposing colonnade in front, all of purest white, is to me always a most interesting and attractive object of sight at the distance of some three miles from it in a direct line, as seen from the cliff above our house, or from numerous points of the roads near us. In the morning, when the sun shines clear and strong upon its front, its full and striking outline and columns can all be plainly seen; while near the close of the day, or when it rests as a light, airy, unsubstantial castle or palace in the air, on a dark, wild background of clouds, as if itself a shadowy part of the moving panorama, it has seemed to me more as if it had floated down from above, or was soaring upwards from

below, or like the chapel of Loretto, was making a journey through the air, than a solid, massive fabric, reared by human hands.

When I first came to this region to reside, my home was for some time in the ancient Dutch stone house of my friend and neighbor, Mr. B——, at the four corners, on the Hunter and Saugerties roads, half a mile south of the parsonage. This ancient dwelling has since given place to a larger and more tasteful mansion, in modern style. The Cauterskill Creek crosses the road a few rods from the house. The lines which follow were written there, in full view of what is described by them:

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

As I sit within my study,
With its shaded windows low,
In the ancient stone-built dwelling,
Listening to the river's flow;

Thence I see a stately mansion,
Resting on the mountain's brow,
With its wings afar extended,
Thus I look upon them now.

Like a palace built for angels
Pausing in its heavenward flight,
With its walls of snowy whiteness,
Shining in the sun's fair light.

There it stands, to bless the pilgrim
From the city's heated homes,
Worn and weary with life's contest,
To this mountain height he comes.

Here he rests, from care unbending,
Here he cools his heated brain,
With his thanks on high ascending,
That he may a while remain.

Here the sufferer, wan and wasted,
Bowed with sickness long and sore,

Breathes the bracing air of heaven,
And his pains and griefs are o'er.

Here the child whose anxious parents,
Feared its early hopeless blight,
See its health and strength returning,
Like the joyous morning's light.

Here the maiden, fair and lovely,
Sinking to an early grave,
Finds the healthful mountain breezes
Have a power to cheer and save.

Here the matron, worn and weary.
Wasted by life's toil and care,
Feels her health and strength reviving,
Fanned by bracing mountain air.

Here the aged man of sorrow,
Burdened with the weight of years,
Finds new strength, nor dreads the morrow,
Nor life's closing anguish fears.

Rest then ever, noble mansion,
On the lofty mountain's height,
Shedding round thee joy and gladness,
Like the morning's cheering light;

Till in mansions, higher, brighter,
Where no setting sun shall shine,
All earth's pure and sin-washed pilgrims,
Shall in peace and joy recline.

SUMMER LIFE AMONG THE CATSKILLS.

Having lived for years on one of the lower cliffs of the Catskill Mountains, in vigorous health, after years of city dust, debility, toil, and at times severe disease, a brief sketch of what is here done, as I have seen it during successive summers, might be of interest and value to readers at a distance, wishing to know how, where, and on what terms they can secure for themselves or others the pleasure and benefit of mountain scenery and mountain air,

with a view to recreation and health, or to enjoy or employ themselves as sportsmen, or as artists. Numerous letters of inquiry as to these matters from the pleasure-seeking, the care-worn and infirm, led me, some years since, to publish facts like those which follow, both to save myself the trouble of answering letters from abroad, and to benefit those who had no other means of accurate information as to the subjects before us. The result of this was that many came here from remote western states, and from all the region nearer to us, who had not before known that they could have board and quiet, comfortable homes here, in private families, without subjecting themselves to the expense of living in large hotels, with the noise and bustle often met with in such places, though the hotels in this region are very quiet, and in the main well conducted.

The mountains, during the summer, are peculiarly accessible by way of the village of Catskill, where the splendid boats on the Hudson River land, while a steam ferry connects it with the Hudson River Railroad, omnibuses from the village, and lines of stages and other carriages from the Mountain House, the Laurel House, from Bloom's, and other hotels and boarding-houses, meet the various trains and boats at the landing, half a mile from the village.

In May and early in June the large hotels and numerous boarding and farm-houses in and about Catskill, and on and near the eastern slope of the mountains, and among and beyond the upper heights, are opened for the season of four or five months. The region thus occupied extends from Durham, on the north, to Woodstock, on the south, and from Catskill, on the east, to Hunter and Windham, on the west, and many thousand persons, from all parts of the world, visit this region each summer, many of them remaining here for weeks and months. The region thus

described is from twenty to thirty miles or more in length and breadth. The main points of interest and attraction, however, are the upper heights, in the region of the Mountain House, from the Cauterskill Clove, on the south, and from those heights eastward, down the slope and along the base of the mountains, for several miles on either side of the broad meadows, fertile fields, and rapid mountain streams, of the valley of Kiskatom. This name, which is given to a stream, valley, and parish, is said to be of Indian origin, meaning a hickory-tree, or nut, or a group or grove of such trees, and in some parts of New Jersey and of Long Island hickory-nuts are still called "kiskatoms." As the tree in question abounds in this region, this tradition with regard to the word is probably a correct one.

Leaving Catskill, for the mountains, the road passes through a hilly region of singularly varied fertility and beauty, with frequent and inspiring views, at first of the river and the rich hill-sides and valleys on either side of it, and then of the mountain range, with its upper peaks from three to four thousand feet high, and from twelve to twenty miles distant. Five miles from Catskill is the "Half-way House," or "Catskill Mountain Retreat," of Mr. Bloom, an enterprising, energetic young man, in full view of the mountains, new, spacious, airy, and well patronized, and accommodating some fifty or sixty boarders or more. Passing directly on from Bloom's, two miles west, you cross the fertile and well watered plain of the valley of Kiskatom to the humble Dutch church, with its lowly spire, at the foot of the mountains. From this point the road, which is smooth and in fine repair, is mainly ascending for the first two miles, with farm lands on either side of it. Then at the toll-gate commences the steep, wooded mountain road, of three miles, to the Moun-

tain House. Just south of the toll-gate, in the rear of the large farm-house, there is a saw-mill, on a small mountain stream, which comes rapidly down through a wild, deep, rocky ravine. On the right of this stream, the road up the mountain runs at some distance above and parallel to it for nearly a mile, when, coming to abrupt cliffs, it turns to the left, over a bridge, and passes in a south-western direction on to the upper heights.

This ravine is the one through which Rip Van Winkle is said to have passed when he met the strange old man with a keg of liquid fire on his back, and at the head of which he saw the solemn, antique group playing nine-pins, the rolling of whose balls sounded like thunder among the mountains. On one of the airy heights above Rip is said to have taken his long sleep of years. Where the road crosses the ravine there has, for many years, been a small, white building, called "The Shanty," which was open during the summer for refreshments, mainly liquid, and where travelers and their horses drank of the cool, pure water, coming down from the rocky heights above. At this point a worthy friend and parishioner of the author has built a temperance boarding-house and hotel, cool and shady, with rooms for from thirty to fifty guests. Travelers must highly prize such a resting-place, while sportsmen, artists, and lovers of seclusion and repose will find there a quiet, well-ordered home.

From the woody road of the last two miles up the mountains there are occasional glimpses of the splendid panorama of forest and fields, of mountain and valley, near and far away, which is seen in all its grandeur of magnificent and widely-varied extent and beauty from the Mountain House, and the heights around it.

Going west and south from the Mountain House, between the two lakes near it, a ride of two miles and a half

brings one to the Laurel House, at the head of the Cauterskill Falls, in a cool, deep, densely-wooded ravine, where from fifty to one hundred boarders find a retired, pleasant summer home, commonly remaining much longer than do the guests at the Mountain House, where the expenses are much greater. At the Mountain House four or five hundred can be accommodated, with all the comforts and luxuries of the best hotels in our large cities, at about the same price charged there; while a line of telegraph from thence connects with other lines throughout the land—a recent effort of the well-directed enterprise and wealth of Mr. Beech, the proprietor of the Mountain House, and of the turnpike leading to it. At the Laurel House, Mr. Schutt receives and provides for his guests with kind, attentive care; and there I sometimes preach Sabbath evenings in the summer, meeting among the boarders with those of the highest social and Christian character, culture, and position in life, and I always find there a hearty welcome and good cheer for my friends and myself. At the Mountain House, too, they have preaching on the Sabbath, by able divines of different denominations from all parts of our own, and from other lands, often with fine vocal and instrumental music—the large parlor there conveniently accommodating several hundred persons. A few miles beyond the Mountain House, the road connects with the turnpike through the Clove, leading to Hunter, Prattsville, and further west. At a distance from the Mountain House to the east, it is seen to be in a basin, with the lakes in its rear, and other peaks, some of them nearly four thousand feet high, around; while water from a spring, a mile distant, is carried by iron pipes to the upper stories of the house.

If now we start again from Bloom's, and turn towards the mountains, taking the second road on the left, we cross the valley of Kiskatom and the road to Saugerties, which

runs along the eastern base of the mountains at a point a mile south of the Dutch church, and thence pass on to Palensville, and through the Cauterskill Clove, with its grandly-varied and magnificent scenery, on to Hunter, Jewett, Lexington, and Prattsville. It is some five miles from Bloom's to the foot or eastern entrance of the Clove, and three miles through it to the top of the mountain. From Bloom's to the Clove, most of the farm-houses for two miles north and south of the road have boarders in the summer, with pleasant, airy rooms, kind attendance, and fresh, wholesome, country food. Along the road through Palensville are large, well-kept, and well-filled boarding-houses; and there is one among the wild, deep, lonely gorges of the Clove, where sportsmen, artists, and fashionable boarders from the city may be seen, and where the apartments, as is true of many fashionable places of summer resort, strongly suggest to one the idea of close packing, and of that peculiar expansiveness and elasticity which belong to city cars and omnibuses, in which there is always room for one more. Very genteel-looking people may at times be seen coming from hay-lofts, at large hotels; and steamers, loaded with passengers, have had to accommodate them or carry them away, because there was no room for them on the mountain. The telegraph wires from the Mountain House, however, communicating with distant places, now enable guests to learn beforehand what accommodations they can have, and to secure rooms in advance when they wish to do so.

Near the upper end of the Clove is the Haines House, accommodating thirty or forty boarders, with the falls of the same name near them. The stream there is small, except after heavy rains, but the volume of water is much increased, as it is at the Laurel House, by opening a mill-dam above them, when visitors are present. These falls

are several hundred feet high, in all, with a succession of rapids and cascades connected with them, in a long, deep, narrow mountain gorge, of peculiarly varied wildness and rude and imposing impressiveness and grandeur. A few miles west of the Haines House is the large and popular boarding-house and hotel of Mr. Gray, formerly kept for many years by Mr. Norman Gray, who was killed some time since near the foot of the Clove, by being thrown from a carriage, his horses having backed off a high, steep bank, when he fell, his head striking a stone, leaving him senseless, and causing his death soon after. Other accidental deaths and suicides near the same spot, within a few years past, have given a sad notoriety to the place. From the Haines House, west, to the village of Hunter, and in and around the village, and beyond it, summer board may be found.

Before reaching Hunter, on the left, is a road leading to and through Stony Clove, a deep, narrow pass, through the mountains, shut in on either side by lofty precipices, wild and steep, and yet where well nigh perpendicular, thickly covered with a deep green mantle of plants and shrubs. Through this Clove there is a wild mountain stream, abounding in trout, where sportsmen sojourn or encamp, for days, or a week or more at a time, single parties taking sometimes many hundreds of these delicious fish, leaving behind them but a poor chance for unskilled fishermen, who know nothing of the mysteries of fly-fishing, and choice kinds of bait, and of strongly attractive aromatic oils, by which the shy and cunning fish are, with much tact and art, lured from their dark retreats. True, indeed, is it there, as the poet says, that

> "The angler, with unbaited hook,
> Will draw no fishes from the brook,"

while a stick and a string with a worm at one end and a fool at the other, are altogether out of place where trout are concerned.

About five miles south of Cauterskill Clove, and running parallel to it through the mountains, is Plattekill Clove, a wild, rude mountain pass, with a deep, rocky gorge, through which a rapid stream rushes down to the plains below. The precipices on either side of this Clove are not so high, imposing, and abrupt as are those of the Cauterskill and Stony Cloves, and yet there is in the scenery there much that is striking and grand, though the old road through it is anything but well made and smooth. These wild mountain roads, when covered with ice, in the winter, are in some places very dangerous. A few years since, a farmer, with a loaded sleigh, was passing down the Plattekill Clove, when coming to a place where the water from the upper side of the road had flowed over it, forming an unbroken surface of ice, inclining towards the lower side, his sleigh there suddenly slid sideways, over a precipice, causing the death of himself and his horses. In the Cauterskill Clove, too, a Mr. H., who lives near its upper end, while coming down the steep descent of the first mile, chanced to get the hind-wheel of his loaded wagon out of the iron shoe, by means of which such friction was caused as prevented the load from pressing too hard upon his team. The result was, that the horses were crushed to the earth; one of them was killed, the other so injured that it was necessary to take his life, to free him from suffering, and Mr. H. himself was made a cripple for life, by the breaking and dislocation of his bones.

At the Laurel House, a dog, of medium size, belonging to Mr. Peter Schutt, father of the proprietor of the house, some years since, went over the Upper Falls, a distance

of one hundred and eighty feet, into the basin below, and yet was able to climb up the steep bank to the house.

In the forenoon of July 20, 1850, Mr. C. B. F., a young man from Utica, aged nineteen, and weighing nearly two hundred pounds, was standing on the inclined surface of a rock, at the head of the Lower Falls, at the Laurel House, with two young friends near him, when he slipped and went over the falls, eighty feet, into the rocky basin below. There was at the time a high freshet, to which fact Mr. F. was probably indebted for the saving of his life, as the force of his fall was thus greatly lessened. One leg was broken above the knee, as was also the shoulder-blade. By deep wading through the lake, and much effort, Mr. Peter Schutt obtained help from the Mountain House, Mr. Beech, the proprietor, coming from a sick bed, and the old attaché of the house, Mr. Thorp, known as "the bear-hunter," aided in the difficult task of carrying the injured man up the steep banks, and recently described to me what then occurred. It was ten o'clock P.M., when, with much effort and exposure, two physicians arrived. By skilful medical attendance, aided by a vigorous, youthful constitution, and the kind and devoted care and nursing of Mrs. Schutt, wife of the proprietor of the Laurel House, Mr. F. was in six weeks able to leave for home. One year later his name is on the register of the house, as "alive and kicking," he being then a visitor there; and he is, I understand, still living.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Cauterskill Falls, by Bryant.—Road to the Mountains, and the building of Hotels there.—Catskill.—How Reached.—Road and Conveyances from it.—Objects and Places of Interest.—Underground Stream.—The Abeel House.—Moses Rock.—North Mountain.—Precipice Echoes.—Bear Den.—Road through Palensville.—Ravine and Falls.—A Toast to the Bee.—Falls near Palensville.—T. A. Richards.—The Clove.—Haines Falls.—North Lake.—South Mountain.—Pudding-stone Hall.—Portico Rocks.—Fairy Spring.—Elfin Pass.—South Lake.—Prospect Rock.—Maiden's Glen.—The Enchanting Vale.—The Sunset Tree.—Bear Track.—Trout Brook.—Juniper Springs.—Trout Fishing.—Plattekill Clove.—Emerald Pool.—Mountain Scenery.—Waldensian Hymn.

THE CAUTERSKILL FALLS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

MIDST greens and shades the Cauterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;
All summer he moistens his verdant steps,
With the sweet light spray of the mountain springs;
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn tide.

But when in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls—
He builds in the starlight, clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls;
With turret, and arch, and fretwork fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air.

For whom are those glorious chambers wrought,
In the cold and cloudless night?
Is there neither spirit nor motion of thought,
In forms so lovely and hues so bright?
Hear what the gray-haired woodmen tell
Of this wild stream and its rocky dell.

'Twas here a youth of dreamy mood,
A hundred winters ago—
Had wandered over the mighty wood,
Where the panther's track was fresh on the snow;
And keen were the winds that came to stir
The long dark boughs of the hemlock fir.

Too gentle of mien he seemed, and fair,
For a child of those rugged steeps;
His home lay down in the valley where
The kingly Hudson rolls to the deeps;
But he wore the hunter's frock that day,
And a slender gun on his shoulder lay.

And here he paused, and against the trunk
Of a tall gray linden leant;
Where the broad, clear orb of the sun had sunk
From his path in the frosty firmament;
And over the round dark edge of the hill,
A cold green light was quivering still.

And the crescent moon, high over the green,
From a sky of crimson shone;
On that icy palace where towers were seen,
To sparkle as if with stars of their own;
While the water fell with a hollow sound,
'Twixt the glistening pillars ranged around.

Is that a being of life that moves
Where the crystal battlements rise?
A maiden watching the moon she loves,
At the twilight hour with pensive eyes?
Was that a garment which seemed to gleam,
Betwixt the eye and the falling stream?

'Tis only the torrent tumbling o'er,
In the midst of those glassy walls;
Gushing, and plunging, and beating the floor
Of the rocky basin in which it falls;
'Tis only the torrent, but why that start?
Why gazes the youth with a throbbing heart?

He thinks no more of his home afar,
Where his sire and his sister wait;
He heeds no longer how star after star,
Looks forth on the night as the hour grows late;

He heeds not the snow-wreath, lifted and cast
From a thousand boughs by the rising blast.

His thoughts are alone of those who dwell
In the halls of frost and snow;
Who pass where the crystal domes upswell,
From the alabaster floors below;
Where the frost-trees bourgeon with leaf and spray,
And frost-gems scatter a silvery day.

And oh! that those glorious haunts were mine!
He speaks, and throughout the glen,
Their shadows swim in the faint moonshine,
And take a ghastly likeness of men;
As if the slain by the wintry storms
Came forth to the air in their earthly forms.

There pass the chasers of seal and whale,
With their weapons quaint and grim;
And bands of warriors in glittering mail,
And herdsmen and hunters, huge of limb;
There are naked arms with bow and spear,
And furry gauntlets the carbine rear.

There are mothers, and oh! how sadly their eyes,
On their children's white brows rest!
There are youthful lovers—the maiden lies,
In a seeming sleep, on the chosen breast;
There are fair, wan women, with moonstruck air,
And snow-stars flecking their long loose hair.

They eye him not as they pass along,
But his hair stands up with dread;
When he feels that he moves with that phantom throng,
Till those icy turrets are over his head;
And the torrent's roar as they enter, seems
Like a drowsy murmur heard in dreams.

The glittering threshold is scarcely passed,
When there gathers and wraps him round,
A thick white twilight, sullen and vast,
In which there is neither form nor sound;
The phantoms, the glory, vanish all,
With the dying voice of the waterfall.

Slow passes the darkness of that trance,
And the youth now faintly sees—
Huge shadows, and gushes of light that dance
On a rugged ceiling of unhewn trees;
And walls where the skins of beasts are hung,
And rifles glitter, on antlers strung.

On a couch of shaggy skins he lies,
As he strives to raise his head;
Hard-featured woodmen, with kindly eyes,
Come round him and smoothe his furry bed;
And bid him rest, for the evening star
Is scarcely set, and the day is far.

They had found at eve the dreaming one,
By the base of that icy steep;
When over his stiffening limbs begun
The deadly slumber of frost to creep;
And they cherished the pale and breathless form,
Till the stagnant blood ran free and warm.

Early in the present century a citizen of Catskill obtained a charter for a turnpike road over the mountains, west, to Unadilla, but having failed to carry out the enterprise, a company was formed, with a view to prosecute the work, but the road was made only some eight or ten miles from the eastern base of the mountains, to the road leading through the Cauterskill Clove, to Hunter, and further west. There was at first a rude building, or shanty, where the Mountain House now is, for the accommodation of summer parties and excursions, but not for lodgers. Soon after 1820, a company was organized, mostly in Catskill, with a capital of more than twenty thousand dollars, which built a hotel, three stories high, with a piazza in front, for the accommodation of summer travelers and boarders. About twenty years later, Mr. Charles L. Beech bought the house, which he has greatly enlarged and improved, and purchased most of the stock of the turnpike company, so as to have the control of the

road, which he keeps in excellent order. This whole speculation, or enterprise, rather, has been a peculiarly successful and popular one.

At the Cauterskill Falls there was for some time only a small, white building, overhanging the Upper Fall, kept by Mr. Peter Schutt, father of the present proprietor of the Laurel House. Then there was a small house for boarders, which has since been much enlarged. Gray's Hotel, on the Clove road, has been in successful operation for quite a number of years, while the Haines House is of recent construction. There is also a house on the southern slope of the mountains, in Woodstock, and there should be one at the Plattekill Clove.

Catskill is commonly reached by travelers, in summer, by the way of the Hudson River Railroad, stopping at the Catskill Station, crossing the river to the opposite landing; or by means of the large steamers which run daily between New York and Albany; or by the smaller steamers which connect Catskill with New York, Newburgh, Albany, and other places on the river. From the point where the steam ferry-boat lands, carriages and omnibuses take passengers to the village, half a mile distant, or carry them directly to the mountains or elsewhere, as they may desire. The hotels and some of the larger boarding-houses have carriages, or stages, which run daily, or oftener, to and from them and the landing and village, while from other houses carriages are sent to meet such as are coming to them as boarders, at times previously agreed upon.

Most of the wealth, taste, and beauty of Catskill, so far as houses, gardens, and ornamental grounds are concerned, are on the hill, east of the business part of the village, where are beautiful views of the Catskill mountains on one side, and the river and the distant heights of

the Taghkanic range on the other. There, too, is the quiet and richly-shaded cemetery, while from the roads leading from the village north, to Hudson on the right, and to Leeds on the left, are striking and inspiring views of the long and widely-varied range of mountain scenery, some ten miles distant, and stretching far away to the north and south.

One mile west of the village, on the way to the mountains, the road, for some distance, is cut from the side of a woody, rocky precipice, on the left of which may be seen the distant eastern mountains, the river, with the fair and fertile valley through which it flows, and the village, with its rural cemetery, all forming a landscape peculiarly picturesque, varied, and beautiful. Passing on thence, by a pleasant forest road, through the toll-gate, a mile beyond it, is a clump of trees, just where the road begins to descend, by a winding, rocky way, to a fertile meadow below. In the field just back of these trees, may be seen a deep rocky chasm, into which a small stream flows, passing from thence under the solid mass or mound of rocks on the right, and coming out near the foot of the hill, ten or fifteen rods distant, and at a point thirty feet or more lower than the rocky mound beneath which it flows. When the snow melts in spring there is more water than can pass under the hill, and thus a lake is formed by the roadside above, some forty or fifty rods in length.

Further on, after descending a long hill, and crossing the Cauterskill Creek, the road passes through the beautiful valley elsewhere described in this work. On ascending the hill beyond, a long low stone house may be seen, half a mile up the valley, to the left, from which the Abeels, father and son, were taken by the Indians and Tories, during the Revolutionary war, and carried away

captives to Canada. In the deep woody ravine on the hill, by the roadside further on, are beautiful cascades, much frequented by boarders in the neighborhood. Just beyond the "Half-Way House," or "Catskill Mountain Retreat" of Mr. Bloom, the road divides; the branch to the right, leading directly on, past the Dutch church, up the mountain, by the Rip Van Winkle Ravine, and the grandly solitary, and sublime wooded road, with its lofty overhanging cliffs, to the Mountain House. Half a mile or more before reaching the summit, there is an old road on the left, leading down the mountain, to Palensville, some two miles south. Passing down this road three-fourths of a mile, there is a precipice or cliff, some thirty feet high and eighty long, covered with moss, near the base of which, except in very dry weather, a stream of water gushes from a circular opening in the cliff; and this has given to it the name of Moses Rock, in allusion to *that*, or rather to *those*, from which the Israelites were supplied in the wilderness; for two miracles, with an interval of many years between them, were performed, in order to call forth from rocks water to quench their thirst, and save them from death.

In ascending the mountain, there are points where glimpses may be had of the wide landscape to the east, and just before reaching the Mountain House, you see it on an almost overhanging cliff above you. A little higher up, a path on the right leads to the North Mountain, following which, half a mile or more, you come to an abrupt rock, from the top of which the lakes and the high mountains to the south can be seen. On the north side of this rock a fine echo may be heard with four distinct reverberations. Further on is a precipice, ascended by a ladder, where is a large cavern, formed of immense rocks rudely thrown together, and called the Bear's

Den. From the summit there, the Mountain House and lakes, with distant towns, cities, far-off mountains, and wide-spread hills and valleys, can be seen.

The road, which inclines to the left soon after leaving Bloom's, on the way to the mountains, through the Cauterskill Clove, just beyond the flats, and where it crosses the road to Saugerties, goes over a bridge, about thirty rods above which is a narrow, wild, rough, shady ravine, where the water pours over a high rock, falling twenty feet or more, and after a heavy rain making a rush and a roar peculiarly impressive and imposing. The entire seclusion of the place, its glittering spray and refreshing coolness, made it a favorite retreat for friends who were with us in summer, as a path through the woods, of half a mile, led from our house to the Falls. One lady, an artist, made a sketch of the scenery there for an oil-painting, while another—a pupil of mine in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, the gifted authoress of "Geoffrey the Lollard," and "Marcella of Rome," whose *nom de plume* is Frances Eastwood, who spent much time in this wild and lovely ravine —as the result of one of her visits there wrote the playful and beautiful lines which follow. They were published in that able and popular magazine, "Hours at Home," from which I copy them:

A TOAST TO THE BEE.

Down in the glen, where the waters fall,
Sparkling over the rocky wall,
With its dripping moss, and lichens gray,
And bushes wet with the glittering spray;
Where the jealous trees shut out the sun,
That they may enjoy the wild beauty alone;
I stretched me at ease, by the fountain's side,
And dipped my cup in the bubbling tide.

Out of its sheltered stony bed,
One little clover raised its head;

But a busy bee, that had lost its way,
In the lonely glen, that summer's day,
Spied the treasure, and holding fast,
Drained from its cup his sweet repast.
And this was the toast I gave the bee:
To friends that I love, and friends that love me.

We drank it in silence—the bee and I,
He could not, I would not, have made reply;
Then away on his swift wing flew the bee,
And away fled my thoughts much swifter than he,
Far from the lonely glen, far from the rill,
Over the valley, over the hill,
Over the land, and over the sea,
To the friends that I love, and the friends that love me.

I found them all—not one did I miss;
I greeted each with a loving kiss;
All the dear faces I ever have known,
Looked with true sympathy into my own;
Curly heads were laid on my breast,
Baby lips to my own were pressed;
Love leaped up with enkindled flame,
As I called each dear-loved face by name.

My foot slid down from the slippery stone,
I started, and found I was all alone!
Over the rocks dashed the noisy rill,
The spray was dripping from branches still;
The bushes bent from the mossy wall,
And the soft clouds floated over all;
And fresh and strong the mountain breeze,
Stirred the boughs of the jealous trees;
This, and no more, my eyes could see,
No friend that I loved, nor friend that loved me.

Passing on west, from the point just described to the church in Palensville, and there turning to the left, there is a beautiful fall of twenty or thirty feet, half a mile south-west of the church. Returning to the main road, on crossing the bridge at the foot of the Clove, there are rapids and cascades above and below; of which, and of much of the scenery in the mountains, including that of

Plattekill Clove, spirited engravings may be seen, in connection with an article by T. Addison Richards, in *Harper's Magazine* of July, 1854. There are also similar sketches in *Harper's Weekly* of July 21, 1866.

The little village at the lower extremity of the Cauterskill Clove, with the region for a mile or more east of it, is known by the name of "Palensville," from a worthy family of that name who removed there some seventy years since, and erected and long carried on an extensive tannery. Speaking of the Clove, in connection with this point, Mr. Richards truly says: "Very few of the thousands who annually visit the Mountain House, ever explore this, the most charming part of the Catskills. Here, at the portals of the hills, you have an equal and ready access to the great valley on one side and the mountain solitudes on the other. Eastward from the hamlet half a mile, is a most lovable cascade, too much neglected by the few travelers who come to the Clove. A minute's walk through a dense copse will bring you to a fine point of observation. Seated on a moss-grown rock, and shaded by the sloping eaves of giant hemlocks, you muse on flood and fell. At your feet lies the deep basin of dark waters, the clustering foliage toying with their busy bubbles. The cascade and its accompanying rock ledges fill the middle ground, exposing beyond the entire stretch of the southern line of hill, until it is lost in the golden haze of the setting sun. A little way below and this picture occurs again, in a scarcely less pleasing form. The greater beauties, however, lie west of the village and along the bed of the torrent flowing through the Clove, rather than on the road which passes near it. You must make a thousand détours to properly explore the varying course of the stream, which dashes and leaps through this magnificent pass. You must risk your neck now and then in descend-

ing to the arena of a ghostly glen, far below the roadside; and then you must struggle manfully to pull your aching limbs back again. Ascending a mile and a half, you cross the stream on a wooden bridge at the picturesque and favorite point of 'High Rocks.' Below this bridge is a fall of great extent and beauty. To see it to advantage you must take the foot-paths leading to the edge of the water, on the upper bank, where a good granite lounge looks the roystering spray full in the face.

"Beyond this point the stream may be followed two or three hundred yards, to the base of another fall, known as the 'Dog Hole.' It is a perpendicular leap of some thirty feet, and the stream, here extremely narrowed by the rocky banks, rushes over an immense concave ledge into a cauldron from which a fish could scarcely emerge. Passing the ruins of the tanneries above the Dog Hole, and again springing and tumbling from rock to rock and from log to log, we make our way up the stream. Leaving on our right the brook which comes down from the lakes and falls on the mountain, we pass up the left branch, which leads to Haines' Falls, at the head of the Clove. Here is the favorite studio of the many artists who visit the Catskills. Nowhere else do they find, within the same narrow range, so great and rich a field for study. Every step is over noble piles of well-marked rocks, and among the most grotesque forest fragments, while each successive bend in the brook discloses a new and different cascade. Often in these wild glens have we looked upward, where

> 'Higher yet the pine tree hung
> Its darksome trunk, and frequent flung,
> Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
> His bows athwart the narrowed sky.'

"Or we have gazed below, where

'Rock on rock incumbent hung,
And torrents down the gullies flung,
Joined the rude river that brawled on,
Recoiling now from crag and stone.'

"As we walked joyously along up the mountain we spoke of the comparative charms of Nature, in the various seasons of the year. One loved the fresh and sparkling emeralds of Spring, and her pure and buoyant airs. Another rejoiced and dreamed happy dreams, fanned by the warm and soothing breezes of summer; while a third reveled in the fanciful and gorgeous appareling of motley autumn, in the rainbow beauty of the forest leaves. Our guide preferred the terrors of winter, when the fathomless depths of snow buried the hills, and the giant stalactites of ice sentinelled their narrow passes. 'You should see,' said he, as we stood beneath the towering rocks of Haines Falls, 'you should see those thousand rills trickling and leaping down so merrily from the summit of the mountains as they appear in winter, in the shape of glittering icicles a hundred feet in length. You should look upon these waters when bitter frosts have chilled them into icy monuments.'"

Another writer, who sojourned at Bracket's, in the wild depths of the Clove, where so many artists, sportsmen, and others find a pleasant summer home, thus describes the scenery there:

"There are about here the loveliest portions of the Catskill scenery. I do not know where to find a more charming stretch of mountain brook, a more picturesque succession of rock-forms, than one enters at 'Fawn's Leap' and leaves at the head of Haines Falls. At 'Fawn's Leap' the brook falls over a perpendicular wall, the brink of the precipice being but a biscuit-toss across, and so broken and channeled as to separate the water into

beautifully varied masses. There is a bridge across the stream, affording easy access to the best places from which to view the falls, while below it is the boiling mass of waters, some twenty yards in circumference and fifteen feet in depth.

"The whole brook-side, from 'Fawn's Leap' to Haines Falls, is a succession of charming, dewy rock grottoes, fresh mossy nooks, guarded by the graceful iron-wood, with its trunk of speckled and shining chestnut color, and its profuse, delicate spray of bright, dark green; by lithe mountain willows and spreading alders; by pines that nod and meet from cliff to cliff; balsams, spruces, white cedars and junipers, which make the air as spicy as Tidore; white, red, and holm oaks, extending their royal palms in shadowy benediction; the beautiful white birch, like a fair penitent trembling in her camisole; and maples innumerable, whose youngest leaves, in their first unfolding, simulate the dyes they put on in autumn, even as the peace and beauty of childhood shadow forth the glorious heaven at the end of a good life. Until within a few days the beautiful clustering flowers of the laurel made the woods gay with all shades of pink and white; now the ground is starry with blue-eyed grass, and snowy with the little trumpets of the pipsissewa. The mountain-ashes begin to ripen their coral ear-drops, the purple bells of the foxglove, the later anemones; this is the season for them all. Here are delicate maiden's-hair, and the sweet lady-fern; the plumy branches of the millefoil, which, but for their commonness, would be praised like any darling of the green-house; mosses of every shade and form, from the great mass of living velvet which covers old decay with the symbolic emerald of young immortality, to the straggling duck's-foot patch of crisp little green, which, close under the eaves of a waterfall, catches drops

on its web, and turns them to beads of iridescent crystal. The best way to see all that can be seen of this region is to go to Haines Falls, by the road from above or from below, up the steep ascent of a mile or more, in which you pass a place where the road was carried away by a tremendous land-slide, broad and deep, which has left its tawny scar on the breast of the ridge, from the place where the road has been mended with earth and spruce-trees, still distilling fragrance from their dead plumes, in the sunshine, down to the bed of the creek, hundreds of feet below. Here we pause and look back on the gorge through which we have ascended, and have, too, a distant glimpse of the valley of the Hudson, and the remote plains and heights of western New England.

"The Haines House, good-sized, cool, and piazzied, is redolent of health, freshness, and morality. Following the foot-path in the rear of the house to the wooded brink of the Clove, you pass through a gate, to the stairs leading down the deep descent. No one grudges the twenty-five cents he here pays, when, after sending back a man to the pond above, to let on its full stream of water, and clambering down the green bowered stairways, two hundred feet or more, with a drink, by the way, from a spring in the pocket of the cliff, clear as crystal and cold as ice, he stands on a broad, flat rock, where the cataract strikes. The fall has two leaps, the first of one hundred and fifty feet, and the second of eighty, with a third one below of sixty feet, and others still, so that in less than one-fourth of a mile the stream falls four hundred and seventy-five feet. The water at the two upper falls breaks up into snowy masses, like ghosts of naiads, plunging to the pool below, in a wreathed procession, their shadowy arms upheld, and twining with each other their misty finger-tips. Descending the brook, you pass

over ledges and boulders of gray lichened stone, such as Kensett loves and paints better than any man in America. The falls are seven or eight in number; the third and fourth of them, from a narrow flood at their brink, spread in their descent over the sloping surface of the rocks, to a broad and minutely broken sheet at the base, like a web of pearl and silver gathered together at one end, in the hand, and suffered to flow over the surface of a terraced cone, in exquisite folds and fringes. At the foot of the fourth fall there is a covert of mossy and lichened coolness, all silver-starred with dew, roofed in by huge projecting tablets of rock, and at noon beautiful with an arched portal of rainbow. This is a place to stay and dream in all day. The fifth fall is higher, and from it you can look backwards and see the whole succession of cataracts you have descended. Winding a little to the left, the snowy surface of the headlong brook seems one continuous tissue of foamy silver, now narrowing to a ribbon, now spreading to a rainbowed sheet, curving down a bowery vista of forest foliage, through which it reveals its beauty in coy glimpses, without a single pool where it stops to dally or to rest. This is the most lovely view I have found in the Catskills. Over long, shady reaches, where filtering sunshine strikes through the leaves the crystal waters, climbing fallen obelisks, wading amber pools, emulating Blondin on prostrate tree trunks, crawling, jumping, climbing, like chameleons, in fact doing everything but fly, we at length come to a wood-path, leading through a green alley of birches to the road. Down this gorge Gifford, McEntee and Whittridge have often gone, and from it they have drawn some of their happiest inspirations. Near the head of the Clove Gifford must have stood to study one of his simplest and most tender pictures—a view of the Clove, cradling a

flood of summer sunlight, and clothed from bed to ridges with one glory of living green, mellowed through golden haze.

At the point where you leave the main road to go to the North Mountain there is a path leading to the west, and conducting one along the shady shore of the North Lake to its head.

The path leading up the South Mountain begins near the Mountain House, and just south of it, not far from the eastern face of the mountain range. Two-thirds of the way up the mountain, one enters Pudding-Stone Hall, where are large masses of this kind of stone, and a narrow opening in the rocks, caused by the action of frost and water. Beyond the hall, turning a little to the east, the path then leads towards the west, under a cliff, through a region of moss and fern, by the Portico Rocks, to the Fairy Spring, a lonely and beautiful retreat. Returning a short distance, and then inclining to the south, through a narrow pass, in the rocks known as the Lemon Squeezer, or the Elfin Pass, the summit of South Mountain is soon reached, from whence a large rock may be seen to the south, where there is a fine view of the Clove, directly below—the Highlands, the Hudson River, and distant mountains in New England, New Jersey, and New York. Through a narrow pass in the rocks, a little east of this point, is a rough path along the southern line of the lofty precipices which overhang the Clove. There are also pleasant paths along and near the western shores of both of the lakes. There is a boat on the South Lake, with which some amuse themselves, or are aided by it on their way to the Falls, instead of walking through the beautiful forest path, or riding in an omnibus by the carriage-road from the Mountain House.

From the Laurel House, take a path to the south-west,

which leads through the woods to Cosey Retreat, and then inclining to the east, you come to Prospect Rock, where is a fine view of the Falls. Near the Laurel House and the Laundry, the stream from the lakes and the other from the North Mountain unite and form the Upper Cauterskill, near which are the Maiden's Glen and the Enchanting Vale. The Sunset Tree Is about two miles from the Laurel House, in the direction of Hunter, with the Bear Track below, while the high peaks beyond the Clove, Buttermilk Falls, and Santa Cruz Creek, at their base, the Valley of Hunter, the mountains beyond, and to the east, the Valley of the Hudson, may all be seen from this point of view. The Trout Brook is a mountain stream which is crossed in passing from the Mountain House to the Laurel House, and flowing east of the latter place. Near its source are Juniper Springs, about two miles from the road.

The principal places for trout-fishing in the mountains are Stony Clove and Warner's Kill. A few years since, some young friends of the author caught in Stony Clove 1,600 trout in a fishing excursion there of a few days, fifty of the largest of which weighed thirty pounds. More recently, two of the same party caught 700 trout in Warner's Kill, in a single day. This kill, or creek, is reached by passing through Stony Clove to near its southern extremity, and then turning to the left up the kill and its branches, which flow through a long winding mountain ravine, leading to the south-east, towards the eastern front of the mountains. Gray's Hotel, some miles west of the Clove, on the way to Hunter, is a favorite resort of fishermen, as Stony Clove and Warner's Kill are nearer there than to other hotels in the mountains, while the Haines House and Bracket's are more resorted to by artists.

Plattekill Clove is some six miles south of Cauterskill

Clove, and may be entered from the lowlands at the eastern base of the mountains, or from the upper heights to the west. The old road through the Plattekille Clove, which overhangs the fearful chasm and raging stream on the right, as you descend the mountain, is a very rude and rough one. On the other side of the dark ravine, however, is a new road, from the base of the mountains upward, which is much easier of ascent than the other. To see either of the two great cloves, however, to the best advantage, no other carriages should be used in passing through them than Adam and Eve had in Eden, well shod with thick boots; and instead of fig-leaves, clothing short, strong, and hoopless, unless ladies, on their return from their mountain strolls, would look as if they had just escaped from a rag-bin.

Richards, speaking of the Plattekill Clove, says: "It is scarcely less fruitful in the picturesque than is the Cauterskill, while it retains more of its native luxuriance and wildness. The stream which makes its rugged way in the gorge of the Plattekille, in the course of two miles falls two thousand five hundred feet. Its banks rise in colossal mountain walls, towering high in air, and groaning, with all their mighty strength, beneath the weight of their dense forests. A monarch among these hills is South Peak, with its crown lifted four thousand feet towards heaven. It is full of remarkable localities, each wrapped in legendary lore. Not the least lovely of its possessions is a gentle lake, perched in solitude upon its summits."

Those who have gone from the house of the author to the Plattekill Clove have given it the precedence of all the mountain scenery, in its rugged grandeur and wild and widely-varied magnificence and beauty. A pool, some ten feet by thirty, and ten feet deep, at the foot of a cascade, with overhanging rocks, and lofty trees meeting

above, giving the clear waters a deep green hue, was named by them, Emerald Pool.

In closing these sketches of mountain scenery, with its imposing and alluring grandeur, magnificence, and beauty, there rises yet again to the mind the higher moral and religious grandeur connected with those mountain heights which, as in past ages and in other lands, have been a refuge from persecution, oppression, and wrong; a strong tower and a rock of defence to those who, thus sheltered, have looked down in safety on their foes below. From such mountain fastnesses, too, how have those who there bravely fought for their liberties and lives, like William Tell, and others, noble patriots and grand old Christian heroes, driven down and destroyed the armed hosts who had pursued them thither; and in their hour of victory have made the wild ravines and cliffs to loudly echo back their joyful hymns of triumph and of praise, as with thoughts and words like those of the Waldensian saints and heroes, from their hearts they sang:

"For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God—our fathers' God;
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod;
Thou hast fixed our rock of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God—our fathers' God.

"We are watchers of a beacon,
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky.
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God—our fathers' God.

"For the dark surrounding caverns,
Where the still small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forest,
Which by thy strength is stirred;
For the storm on whose free pinions
Thy Spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God—our fathers' God.

"The royal eagle darteth
From lofty mountain heights;
The stag that knows no master
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for thy communion
Have sought the mountain sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God—our fathers' God.

"The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves;
The warhorse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves;
The dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God—our fathers' God.

"For the shadow of thy presence
Round our mountain camp outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle
Where lie our fallen dead;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God—our fathers' God."